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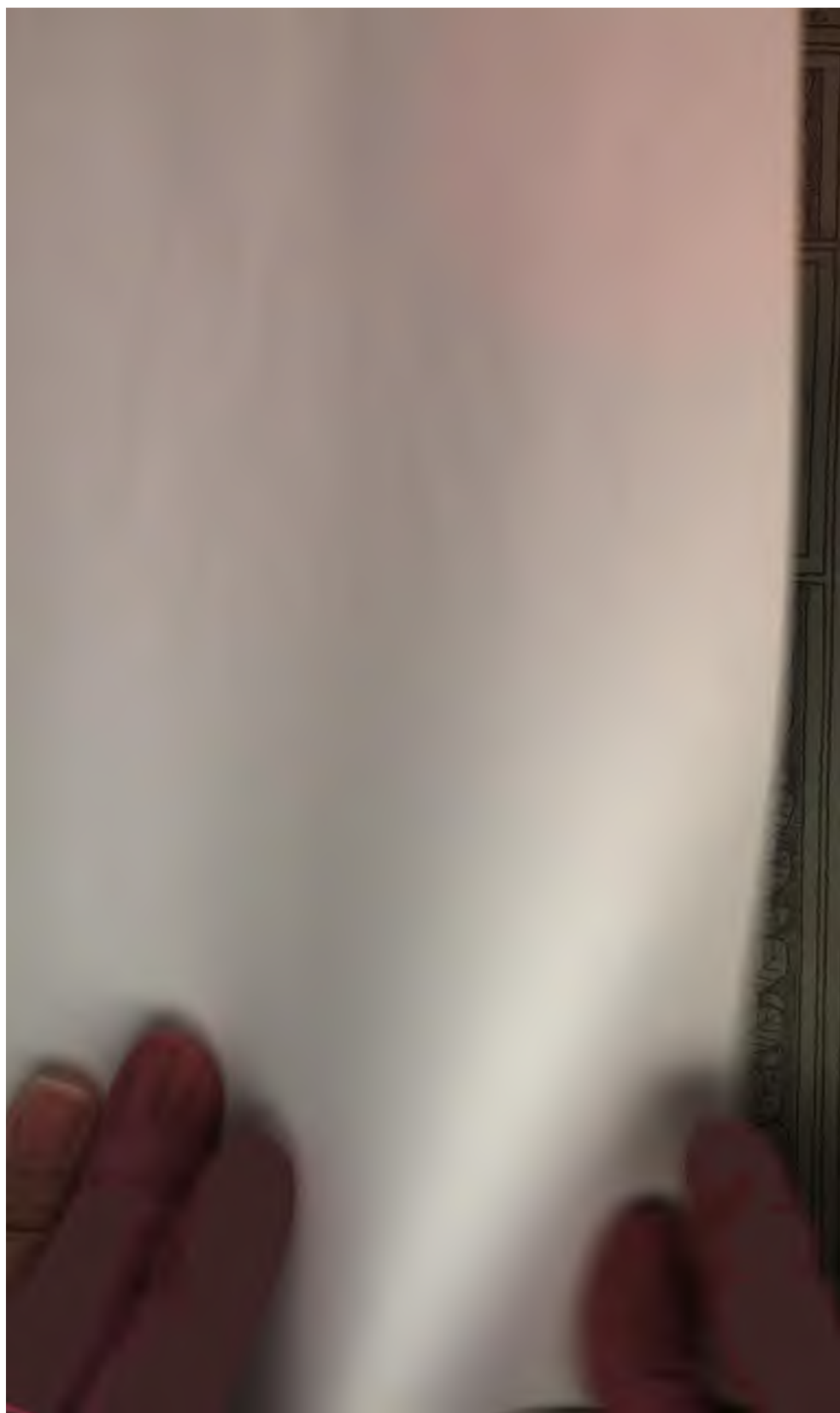
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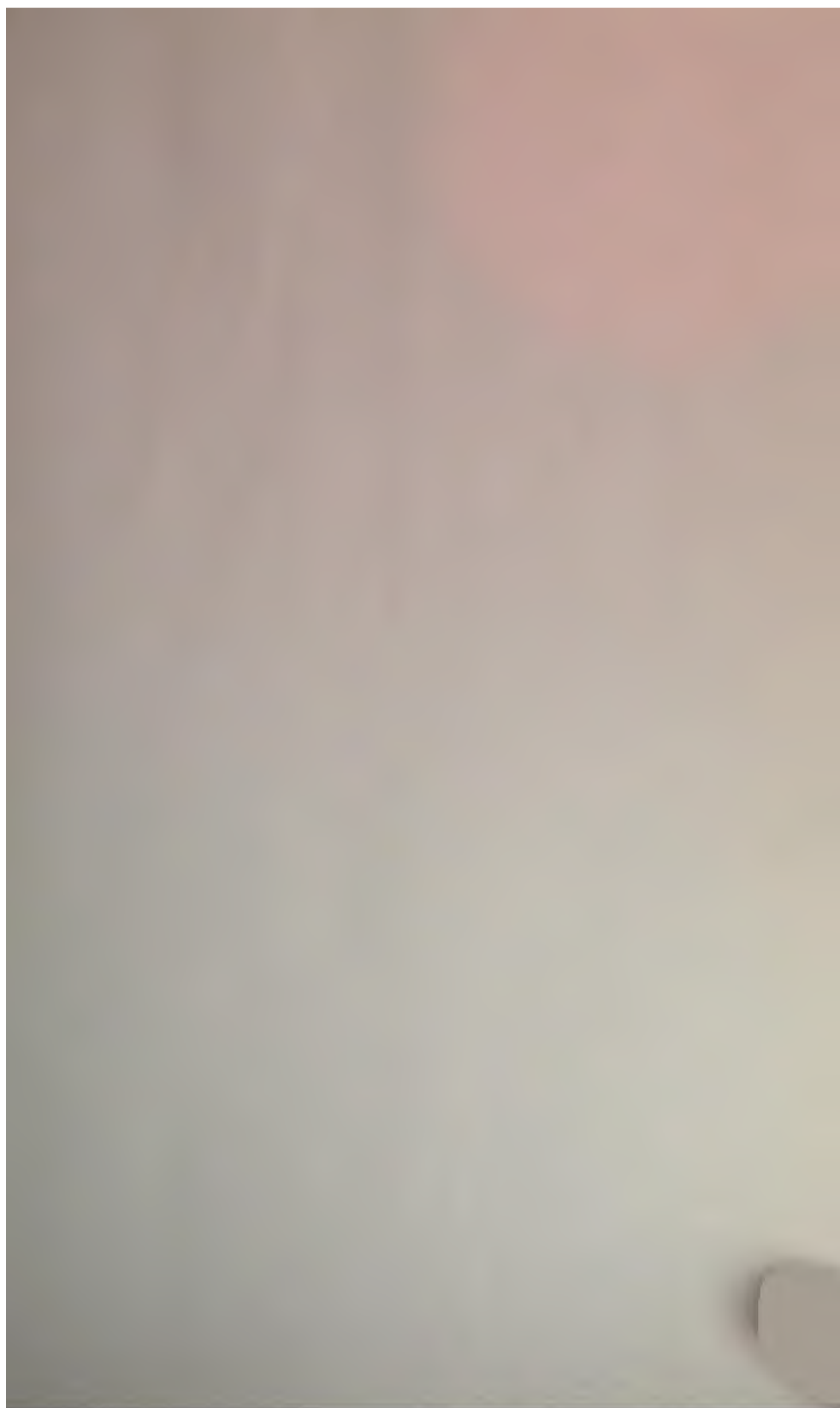
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## CRUELTY TO ANIMALS AND THEOLOGY.

WHILE Pius IX. was still nominally ruler in Rome the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals approached him for permission to establish a branch association in the city, where cruelty was rampant. The Pope's reply was set forth in a written document, in which he said that societies such as these might exist in Protestant countries, but could not be tolerated among Catholic peoples. This incredible pronouncement was published by Miss Frances Power Cobbe in her Autobiography. A more recent controversy was started among Catholics in England respecting the theological *status* of animals, in which the clerical brother of an exalted English ecclesiastic took part. Only this spring an emissary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty has, however, been placed in the *Via del Tritone*, a narrow and much frequented thoroughfare well known to all visitors to Rome; while a dinner given by fashionable Romans in aid of animals, and the simultaneous appearance in London and Paris of horse ambulances, have served to arouse afresh that hostility to the notion of any equality between the claims of your own sentience and that of the animals which is distinctive of the Latin. The Italian Catholic newspapers have been joined in the crusade by the Italian secular organs.

A

If we enquire why Catholic nations are so highly favoured as to be enabled to maltreat animals, and in divers ways outrage the moral sense, without a wince of conscience, we come upon the bedrock of doctrines underlying the Church's view of the "animal creation." We are introduced to a glorious hierarchy of celestial beings, in graduated subordination, and at their tail—man, made in the divine image. These, and these alone, are the entities contemplated by theology; any sentiment which wars against the strict hierarchical order "of nature" is an attempt against the designs of Providence, a playing out of the harmony of Zeus, an impiety. God, at the same time that woman was created for man, created also the animals for his use. Towards these creations the believer has certain duties, for he must not covet either the one or the other; but they have no correlative rights, for the coveting is evil in so far as it affects not the property but the proprietor. In such a theological scheme humanity to animals actually ranks among the matters which from the giddy heights of theology are contemptuously left to Protestants—along with half a dozen things which form the most honourable conquests of the human race since the days of the prophets of religions.

The Italian Catholic papers dip into the treasures of this theology for us, and share the results with their readers. It is regarded as an acceptable act of faith if you refuse to protect animals, because thereby you are "honouring the human species," and "rendering homage to the economy of the supernatural order of things." Such protection, indeed, appears "to the many" as "a simple eccentricity, and might even contain a satire," while it "is the result of the action of materialism and masonry against man the creature of God, and its end is to obey entirely the law of the senses like the brutes." To clerical minds it appears a monstrous thing that the "hands and feet and resources of gentlemen and the charms of gentlewomen should be put forth to obtain recognition for the rights of a class so truly inferior in the scale of creation." It is not at all depraving to the hands and feet and the resources of high and low to set themselves to torture dumb animals. To understand that other sentient creatures suffer

### CRUELTY TO ANIMALS AND THEOLOGY. 3

pain is "humanism," that is, an impious following of the "senses"; to allow of their torture is a homage to the supernatural order. What a very excellent text this would have made at a Smithfield bonfire! The attempt made by Marcus Aurelius at gladiatorial shows to fall back on the imperceptibility of pain was at least superior in the ethical scale to such "Christian dogma" as this.

Here is a further exposition of these principles from a recently published Roman clerical newspaper:

"How many steps of the wise and wonderful ladder of creation must a man descend in order to persuade him to share his rights with the beasts, and what confusion is thus introduced into our external social habits . . . Humanism . . . cannot assert itself, unless by bewailing the fate of the beasts just as one would bewail the misery of human creatures. . . . The natural order is thus overturned, through the corruption of mind and heart introduced by humanism, and the use of the beasts conceded to man is held to be an abuse, against which the law of the senses presumes to provide a remedy." A "special protection accorded to the beasts means that humanism, that is the law of sense, has forsaken the divine law," and we get "a state of things contrary to Nature, exalting the brute up to the man, and pitting the one against the other, so that they together may vituperate the divine economy . . . this is the punishment which God inflicts on that lay society which has desired to emancipate itself from faith in Him, from obedience to His precepts, from the history of the Creation itself."

I think these quotations fully demonstrate the existence in Catholic theory of a depraved and perverse ethical sentiment which well merits attention. But although the chief voice raised against the notion of any duty owed to animals is an ecclesiastical voice, it would not be difficult to show that the Church here, as elsewhere, blesses a racial instinct and exalts national temperament into a dogma. The vital Italian people have a curious aversion to the notion of equality between themselves and the animals. That this is not the result of their heritage of an ancient civilisation is shown by the fact that the non-vital Hindu does not possess it. It is no part of the spiritual consciousness, as is presumed, which refuses to the "brutes" the milk of human kindness, but it is part of the *vital* consciousness—a temperament not metaphysical like the Hindu, nor mystical like the Northern—



which, while it is neither sour nor sombre nor cruel, makes the outer personal needs speak with a quite peculiar insistence.

Now, when we find that it is in Catholic countries so diverse as Ireland and Italy that cruelty to animals is perpetrated in political campaigns; that all through the agrarian agitation cattle were hamstrung; that just now in Ireland a poor donkey was found with its tongue torn out by being tied to a tree on his offending master's estate, and that during the recent strikes in Italy the cattle of employers were collected and starved to death, we feel ourselves in presence of that often evil thing the interaction of race on religion and religion on race. The Latin callousness has been exalted by Catholic theology into a religious dogma sanctioning and blessing a moral insensibility; and the moral insensibility gets propagated with the religious doctrine. At the same time in Protestant England the Church Society is instituting an "Animals' Sunday," and a policeman who places himself between the shafts of a cart drawn by an over-taxed donkey is commended by the magistrate.

That insensibility to the claims of other animals than themselves is ultimately a racial not a religious expression is illustrated by the example of Catholic Germany, where in some prayer-books the examination of conscience previous to confession contains a question as to cruelty to animals. Here the theological dogma is at a discount because the Teuton does not discredit ideal relations. The "common sense" of the Roman, which is frequently extolled, has now been evoked by the clerical papers *à propos* of the treatment of animals. This common sense often denotes a moral want, not a mental quality—it indicates a certain bluntness, a certain coarseness of fibre. Not insensibility to moral perceptions, which can never be asserted of an artistic people, but the kind of bluntness that may come of the refusal to predicate reality of ideal motives—of an almost complete absence of spiritual (as distinguished from æsthetic) awareness. This is a factor in the ethical standard of a people which does not receive the attention it deserves. The issue, indeed, between the artistic and the mystic peoples lies here—Does the teaching of conscience from

## CRUELTY TO ANIMALS AND THEOLOGY. 5

within—the school of idealism—produce a moral delicacy which the instruction of conscience from without never achieves? If it be so, then it is a feather in the idealist's cap, for it demonstrates that the sublimer flights of the ethico-spiritual are evolved by an inner process, not empirically. The Italian non-attention to inner intimations, when compared with some of the moral realisations of the duller-witted Saxon and the uncouth Teuton, would suggest that the spiritual and idealist sides of human nature do in fact bestow on it the larger part of its delicacy and moral sensitiveness.

But while we fully realise that what has been regarded among us as a Christian dogma is not a product of Judæa, but of imperial Rome, the fact that callousness to the fate of animals is embalmed in Christian theology is an enormous aggravation of the case. We are heirs of the illiteracy of the middle ages, heirs also of its savagery. We have learnt a little and forgotten a little, but very little. Protestants took on a great deal of the savagery which could be justified by the Old Testament, of which they were the ardent disciples—enemies of the new learning, enemies of mysticism, enemies of dogmatic tolerance, their ethics found a natural support in Old Testament literature. But the Protestants have emerged from theological savagery in ethics sooner than we. This they have shown in several instances, of which I will mention two—the emancipation of the slave, and tenderness to animals. The Catholic teaching is backed by two favourite axioms. One is common to the theologians, "Animals have no rights"; the other is special to the Latin race, "Animals are not Christians." This latter is the sophism which sums up the theology of the situation and dispenses the Italian from all and every consideration for "the brutes." It is one of those pernicious catchwords which, like nicknames, have nearly always been used in history to buttress the wrong side of a question. The logical conclusion here is that all human beings who are not fortunate enough to be Christians (and Christians in Italy means Catholics) may be starved and beaten and neglected and overmastered with impunity. It may occur to us that this is not on parallel lines with the teaching of the parable of the

Good Samaritan, and the reflection is in point, for these notions about the "brute creation" are themselves the remnants of the cruelty once perpetrated in the name of theology on human beings.

The proposition, again, that "animals have no rights" is assumed to be a theoretical axiom of unquestionable validity. But I think it must be claimed once for all that as regards cruelty the rights of animals stand in precisely the same position as the rights of Christians, Jews, Mohammedans and Buddhists, namely, rights which correspond to the possession of sentience. If man were not sentient, the duty of not causing him pain could not exist. The more sentient nature of a human being can in no way be different from the sentient nature of an animal: physical pain, its painfulness, and its effect on the human perpetrator, are one wherever we have the complement of sense organs and nervous system. In the recent controversy amongst Catholics in England, the priest already referred to was no more disposed than Pius IX. to mince matters, and told his hearers that animals had no right to good treatment or life. He was answered with much spirit by a well-known lay member of an old Catholic family, who betrayed a large amount of moral contempt for his antagonist's position. In illustration of this position the clerk maintained that a Christian had a perfect right to kill a dog who had just saved his life. Now who can doubt that a man capable of doing this, for no alleged motive (otherwise the case has no point, for one might be obliged to kill a friend in the same circumstances for adequate motive), but merely as a demonstration of wanton power illustrative of the Providential "order of creation," would be a depraved and deformed moral monster. That the same mental and moral aberration which made such an act possible would land the man later in a gaol or a madhouse. That if a boy perpetrated such a crime we should have before us an incipient murderer with a miserable forehead and sensual lower features?

Cardinal Manning at one time tried to engage the interest of the Catholic clergy on the side of the animal creation, and turned with his appeal to the Franciscans, urging the love of S. Francis for birds and beasts. But he met with absolutely

## CRUELTY TO ANIMALS AND THEOLOGY. 7

no response—and he had no other shot in his locker. He found, as so many have found, that a saint may have a sentimental quality, which is published abroad as a diadem in his crown, but that our Christian sense is expected to be satisfied in the sterile invocation of his prayers, often for our pettiest needs.

But there are other shots in the locker. The ancient world—the official religious world—(with the conspicuous and distinguished exception of the Buddhist) paid no attention to this, as it paid no attention to other moral problems which I have already characterised as among the highest moral conquests of humanity, and which claim (for they make their appeal to) a more highly developed social sense. But the Bible contains three texts of great beauty which can afford to dispense with the entire scholastic hierarchy-of-beings theory, and which posit the psychological law in half a dozen words: "The merciful man is merciful to his beast"; "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox, which treadeth out the corn"; while for the purely sentimental aspect of the question—but that exquisite sentiment which is the essence of the moral sense—there is the verse: "Thou shalt not seethe the kid in its mother's milk." Obviously, Balaam's ass was of opinion that his rider had no indefectible right to beat him without a cause: what would this Scriptural beast have said to the human mongrel who slew him while he looked in his face after saving his life? It is, however, supposed that the New Testament is not concerned with our subject. It is assumed that our Lord was more ardently engaged in expounding the hierarchy of beings than in turning His face towards the humble life on earth. Yet as a theological reference to the "brute-creation," what can go farther than the simple declaration: "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father"? Far more especially is this so in the mouth of Him who never supplies the theological ground for an ethical truth. "If your ox fall into the pit on the Sabbath day, will ye not straightway pull him out?" is spoken of an act of mercy not of economical interest.

It has been said, *fiat experimentum in corpore vili*. Whether we have a right to sacrifice animals for some signal good to

mankind, whether we have the right to sacrifice one, ten, a hundred men for the same reason, as we hang a man as a measure of social protection, as we hanged him in England only a century ago to protect our old friend the Tenth Commandment when his hand coveted our horse or our sheep—shall not be discussed here. The moralist might tell us that such things are as little cruel as sending men to fight or slaying beasts for food. But it is certain that if the rights of animals are of modern date, so are the rights of children as against their parents. The right of life and death was once recognised in the case of the slave-owner, the father, the husband. It was lawful to kill in the case of the witch, and it is still conceivable that the Church might vindicate such a right in the case of the heretic. The condition of slaves and of the French peasantry before the Revolution are other instances of the point that these are not questions of inalienable or “natural” rights; they constitute rights of the moral sense rather than the moral law, and woe to the moral teacher who becomes the exponent of the latter only.

It is here that current theology traverses the modern conscience. The moral sense—because it is a moral sensibility—is one, and cannot be tampered with with impunity even under theological sanctions. How is it that the psychology of the Church has been so much at fault that it has failed to see that no special Providence presides at the act of cruelty perpetrated on an animal, and robs it of its appropriate effect on the perpetrator? No institution has understood in a greater degree than the Roman Church the influence of external suggestion on the emotions, the power of external acts to fix states of mind, the educative importance of little things. Yet here the historic Church of Christendom flouts elementary psychology, and is seen encouraging moral perversity in deference to sophisms the bare statement of which bespeaks the contempt of the thinker and moralist. Imagine what is lost by never working on the native delicacy of a child's nature. Imagine a pastor who, witnessing an act of cruelty in a child, looks upon it as the performance of a theological right; or plies him with a theological reason for what is

merely one of those strange ecclesiastical accommodations to the baser sides of our nature. When we consider what it means to neglect the question of cruelty to a sentient being apart from the question of our own "rights" in its regard, we realise that lack of a *spirit of education* in Catholic morals which is the greatest obstacle to Catholicism as a modern force. The maltreatment of "brutes" because the Creator has made them for our use works out into complete moral depravation to the human brutes who work their will on dumb animals, not out of respect to any theological formula but in mere outrage of the moral sense of civilised men. Our Catholic moral theology, our Catholic psychology, has flouted the pregnant lesson of the old Hebrew writer—for the merciful man cannot be merciless to his beast. And what has the Church obtained of such Christians? Has it educated their moral sense? Or has it merely succeeded in outraging the primal moral instincts on which all moral sensibility is based? Catholic casuistry knows nothing of a spirit of education; moral conduct is made to consist in waiting on the dispensing authority. In a recent work on casuistry by a Catholic, the writer in fact represents the morally *allowable* as that which the external authority permits; now men grow morally by allowing or disallowing what finds some echo in the human conscience, and that Christian men are educated in no other way is amply proved by S. Paul.

It is time that the notion of dominion as the unchecked exercise of power should cease, as it has ceased in the case of subjects, of wives, of children, last also of animals. That such a phrase as "The Lord has delivered them into my hand" should cease to be the formula of any human right, and should be held up to scorn as what it is, a relic of barbarism. There can surely be nothing more ignoble than the conception of any right as the uncontrolled and irresponsible expression of will and passion, nor one more degrading in its effect on the character. Where does the Gospel warrant the atrophy of conscience by a theological formula, the tying any part of the aspirations of our nobler nature? It is as evil a thing to quench the smoking flax as to break the bruised reed; and it is

time that the idea should penetrate Latin Christianity that the excuse of a "right" can in no case dignify cruelty and irresponsible power, for a man always owes allegiance to the moral sense.

I trust that spirituality has not been rendered less possible since Darwin stated (most of us think to demonstration) the great law of the solidarity of living beings? I trust that only the more debased among us will seriously claim that an increased respect for animal life is in inverse ratio to our respect for the laws of a good and merciful God. Only recently the inhabitants of Hodimont, in Belgium, determined to protest against the traffic in blind songsters of which their town is the centre. It seems incredible bathos when we turn to the chief organ for "Catholic interests" in Rome, and there read that such action would be stigmatised as "Liberalism (*sic*), dividing its sympathies between man and the brutes," as a profanation of the highest instincts of our God-given nature, as blasphemous ignorance or forgetfulness of our "place in the scale."

There are still among us ethical propositions as savage as *Suttee*, and the moralist may well cry woe when a false moral principle is taken under the wing of theology. If the cowardliness of cruelty to animals finds no reprobation in the breast of the theologian, cruelty and treachery have also no place among the mortal sins, and no confessor would allow them any such dignity beside the "mortal sin" of not hearing Mass on Sunday, or some other overt act of disobedience to ecclesiastical directions. These things do not make robust or illuminated consciences, and they are eminently unworthy of a Church which is the Church of the future as well as of the past. In its treasure there are things new and old, things of all time as things which have served their time. S. Gregory wrote: "'Preach to every creature' ? . . . but man has something of every creature. He has being with the stones, life with the plants, feeling with the animals, understanding with the angels . . . therefore the Gospel is preached to every creature when it is preached to man alone." The Gospel shows him how to use these creatures of common nature with himself; we want nothing more.

M. A. R. TUKER.



## THE WORK OF ERNEST SETON THOMPSON.

IN these days of eager haste to acquire knowledge at no matter what cost, and feverish haste to turn that knowledge to material account, it is refreshing to consider the work of a reverent student of nature who, from first to last, has recognised the sanctity of the life given by the Great Creator, whatever form that life may assume, and has never allowed his ideal to be obscured by any pandering to expediency. With eyes trained by long discipline to observe accurately; a brain capable of computing the relative value of that which is observed; a memory schooled to retain and compare results; and, perhaps most effective of all, so far as winning converts is concerned, a poet's power of kindling in others his own enthusiasm, Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton has indeed won the right to be called a leader in the campaign against ignorance, prejudice, and selfishness now being waged by the greatest thinkers of the day.

Of aristocratic birth, for he is descended in a direct line from George Seton, the last Earl of Winton, the celebrated artist, author, and naturalist combines with the hereditary refinement of his race an intuitive power of recognising qualities akin to his own in those with whom he is brought in contact, to whatever group of sentient beings they belong. The leading peculiarity alike of his character and of the work which is the outcome of that character is simplicity; his aim is a single one; he goes straight to the point both in writing and speaking, wasting none of his strength in excursions into side issues. His choice of subjects is the result of his own personality, and everything from his hand bears the unmistakable impress of his own

individuality. He has himself well defined the only true attitude of an author or an artist, in a letter to a friend written a few years ago:—

“I have spent all the afternoon at the Louvre, and as I went from one great master to another and saw all kinds of peculiarities and extremes—yet all resulting in great pictures—this is the lesson that impressed me more and more: That man who does immortal work develops *himself*. Here have I, living in Norway, been trying to grow a palm tree, because I saw that African palms were good. And each fresh frost cut down afresh my poor, puny sprout. My wretched seedling had to contend with a great, strong, frost-defying pine that kept springing up. It has only recently dawned on me that I must grow my pine. It is the timber of my soul. What a tree I might have had now had I realised this ten years ago.”

Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson,\* as he elects to be called, thus veiling his personality under a very thin disguise, was born at South Shields, Durham, in 1860, and was taken to Canada by his parents in early childhood. After pursuing a classical course at the Toronto Collegiate Institute, he went to London at the age of eighteen to study art, winning a scholarship entitling him to seven years' free tuition at the Royal Academy. He did not, however, avail himself for long of this privilege, but returned to Canada in 1882 to join a brother who had a farm on the Upper Assiniboine River, in Manitoba. Three years, perhaps the most important part of his education for the work of his life, were spent in the backwoods, during which the young naturalist traversed hundreds of miles eagerly studying the wild creatures in their own haunts, and from time to time contributing articles giving the results of his observations to the various scientific journals of America. Out of these articles, which were most highly spoken of by contemporary scientific men, grew the two books, “Birds of Manitoba” and “Mammals of Manitoba,”† the publication of which led to the appointment of their author as Government Naturalist to Manitoba.

The illustrations for these books and other publications,

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\* The personal details here given were supplied for the purpose of this article by Mrs. Thompson Seton.

† Published by Messrs. Scribner and Co., of New York.

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remarkable as they were for truth to nature and poetic feeling, attracted almost as much notice as the able articles they illuminated, and in 1885 the Century Company of New York invited the artist to remove to that city to aid them in the preparation of the Encyclopedic Dictionary on which they were then engaged. Mr. Thompson agreed to the suggestion, and whilst in New York he produced no less than one thousand excellent drawings of animals and birds for the new Dictionary.

This great task completed, Mr. Thompson resolved to go to Paris, still the fountain head of art-education, where he worked for a short time in the studio of Henry Mosler, and painted his first picture, "The Sleeping Wolf," which was hung on the line at the Salon. To the succeeding exhibitions he contributed a considerable number of very fine pictures of wolves, which won for him the nickname of "The Wolf" amongst his intimate friends. In 1892 he returned to America, and at the Columbian Exhibition of 1893 was hung his remarkable composition, "Awaited in Vain," representing the triumph of the cunning of a wolf over that of his enemy, man.

During 1893 the now celebrated artist went to New Mexico, and there he greatly distinguished himself by killing a famous wolf, the original of the famous Lobo, immortalised in "Wild Animals I have Known," that for many years had devastated the country and eluded every effort of the most skilful hunters to trap him. After nearly a year's wandering in the wilds, Mr. Thompson went back to Paris, and studied for some time under Gérôme, Bougereau, and Ferrier, working between whiles at the drawings for his "Art Anatomy of Animals," which he published through Messrs. Scribner on his return to America in 1896. It did much to increase his renown, and has become recognised as a handbook for art-students, but its fame has been altogether eclipsed by that of the later works, "Wild Animals I have Known," "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag," "Lives of the Hunted,"\* and the "Biography of a Grizzly,"†

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\* Published in New York by Messrs. Scribner, and in London by David Nutt.

† Published in New York by Messrs. Scribner, and in London by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

which have made their author's name a household word wherever the English language is spoken, so eloquently do they appeal to the heart and brain of those whom their author is anxious to win over to his belief, in the claims of animals to sympathy and consideration.

Many others have striven to prove the danger of upsetting the balance of nature; many eloquent men have preached the doctrines of mercy and forbearance towards those unable to plead for themselves; but it was the luminous eloquence of the great naturalist which first brought home to the hearts of the rising generation with convincing force the kinship between animals and men, and aroused a genuine healthy interest in the primal joys and woes of the wild creatures he himself knows so well. His incisive force of phrase, and his life-like pen-and-ink sketches, have a persuasive power rarely exercised by any but spoken words, and his characters live in the memory as if they had been intimate personal friends, very much as do those of such authors as Tennyson or George Eliot. The scenes in which were enacted the pathetic drama of the Kootenay Ram's long struggle with his human enemy, and the Pacing Mustang's tragic love story, are as familiar as are the home of the Miller's Daughter or the grove in which Arthur and Adam fought for the mastery. The fact that, as Mr. Seton has himself explained, he has thrown into the experience of one animal, incidents which really happened to many does not detract from the value of his work. Each selected hero or heroine is a type, just as is Tennyson's Enoch Arden or George Eliot's Hetty Sorrel; it is no straining of terms to say that his stories are all ethically true, and that his animals are, as he claims for them, real characters, who lived the lives he has depicted, and showed the stamp of heroism and personality more strongly far than it has been in the power even of his pen to tell. "The real personality of the individual and his view of life" are, Mr. Seton says, his theme, "rather than the ways of the race in general, as viewed by a casual and hostile human eye."

Of the drawings which supplement the text of his remarkable stories, Mr. Seton says very little, yet they are, if possible, even

more unique than the tales themselves. They are as original, and full of character, as anything produced even by such a masterly interpreter of animal life as Albert Wolf, whose work, in spite of its undoubted beauty, is sometimes a little too suggestive of the studio. No one who turns over the pages of "Wild Animals I have Known," of "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag," or of "Lives of the Hunted" could ever suspect any of the creatures depicted in them of posing for their likenesses, as do certain of Wolf's models. They are in every case their true selves, perfectly unconscious of being observed, and their most fleeting expressions have been caught with absolute fidelity. Yet, strange to say, as Mr. Seton once remarked to a friend, he did not care to attempt to portray his animals when he was in the woods or amongst them. "Then I am content to study them. I must be amongst and working with them in some way." How perfectly delightful, however, in its truth and sense of absolute freedom from restraint is the baby rabbit "Raggylug" following the snow-white beacon of his mother's tail; what energy and go there is in the "Coyote's Race for Life"; what poetry of motion in the "Wingless Birds," in which the graceful forms of the deer seem to be literally flying over the snow; what pathos in the "Death of Krag's Mother," in which the orphaned ram is sniffing at the body, wondering why it is so cold and still; and how exquisite is the vignette portrait of the same ram in all the glory of his prime; what fun there is in the "Johnny Bear" hiding behind his mother, and in the "Springfield Vixen" watching her cubs tearing the stolen hen to pieces. Even more effective, if possible, are the marginal sketches, many of them scarcely more than a few dots and scratches, yet full of expression and meaning, giving fresh point to some incident of the text, and proving how truly every apparently trivial detail has been observed. How perfectly true to life, for instance, are the Vixen's portrait in "Wild Animals I have Known," in which there is really no drawing at all; the groups of baby bears in "Lives of the Hunted," each funny little fellow his own individual self, not to be taken for any of his brothers; and the "Footprints" in the "Biography

of a Grizzly" ! Could any written description convey environment as do these apparently hasty and absolutely informal notes ?

Published in 1898, "Wild Animals I have Known" went through no less than ten editions in the first year of its existence, a record recalling the success of the equally famous "First Jungle Book" of Rudyard Kipling, with which it has sometimes been compared, although, as a matter of fact, it differs essentially in spirit from that imaginative masterpiece, the illustrations of which, by the way, cannot bear comparison with those of Mr. Seton. Mr. Kipling, in spite of his undoubtedly keen insight into the nature of the animals he describes, does not really enter fully into their point of view, but endows Mowgli's teachers and playfellows with thoughts and feelings they could not possess. Mr. Seton raises his characters to the level, or above the level, of their hunters ; Mr. Kipling drags his hero down to that of those with whom his childhood was spent, and neither Baloo the Bear nor Bagheera the Panther are worthy to rank with Lobo or with Krag.

The famous wolf Lobo lived his wild romantic life from 1889 to 1894, and, after carrying all before him as leader of a band of wolves as fierce, though not as cunning, as himself for five years, and working terrible havoc amongst the herds and flocks of the Currumpaw district, he finally met his tragic fate through his devotion to his lost wife, Blanca, whose dead body was used as a bait. "Poor old hero," writes his biographer, "he had never ceased to search for his darling, and when he found the trail her body had made he followed it recklessly, and so fell into the snare prepared for him."

It is impossible to help feeling that it would have been more merciful if, when the grand old fellow was in his power, Mr. Seton had put him out of his pain at once, and it is evidently with some compunction that the victor confesses that he could not resist the temptation of taking his prisoner to the camp alive. Arrived there, the dying wolf was laid upon the grass, and food and drink were placed beside him, but in vain.

"He lay calmly on his breast, and gazed with those steadfast yellow

eyes down through the gateway of the cañon away past me over the open plains—his plains—nor moved a muscle when I touched him. When the sun went down he was still gazing fixedly across the prairie.”

Equally beautiful and full of interest are the other stories in “Wild Animals I have Known,” especially that of the Springfield Fox, telling of the devotion of a vixen to her last remaining cub, to whom she gave poison rather than let him linger in captivity, and the life of the Pacing Mustang, with its vivid description of the mighty stallion’s untrammelled life upon the rolling plains. They are all alike rivalled by the opening tale in the “Lives of the Hunted,” and by the “Trail of the Sandhill Stag,” published separately. In these two remarkable stories Mr. Seton would seem indeed to have touched his highest point of excellence. They are full of exquisite sentiment for the beauty of nature, and inculcate with irresistible force the truth that to love is to know. In both the individuality of the hero is realised in a manner that has never been rivalled, and the infinite superiority of the unspoiled instincts of Krag over the brutalised propensities of the degraded Scotty; of the noble Sandhill Stag over the as yet unredeemed Yan, is brought home to the reader with painful intensity. It is such knowledge as this that can best raise the ideal of humanity and transmute the eager pursuit of self-interest into a life-giving care for others. Who that has followed the long pursuit of Krag and gazed in imagination into his amber eyes, gleaming with the light of an undaunted spirit, can fail to sympathise with him rather than with his pursuer, or doubt for a moment to which of the two the name of brute would best apply? Who that has traced the gradual evolution of the boy Yan from a reckless young human animal, careless of all but his own pleasure, into a man of unselfish ambitions, can fail to recognise his kinship with the beautiful creature whose life he would once have taken without a pang? “Yes,” cried Yan, as he stood at last face to face with the noble form of the long-hunted stag, and it raised its head, crowned with the wondrous bronze and ivory horns, to gaze at him with its melancholy truthful eyes:



"Yes, you are as wise as you are beautiful! I will never harm a hair of you! We are brothers, oh bounding Blacktail, only I am the elder and stronger, and if only my strength could always be at hand to save you, you would never come to harm. Go now, without fear, to range the piney hills. Never more shall I follow your trail with the wild wolf rampant in my heart. . . . We have grown, little brother, and learned many things that you know not, but you have many a precious sense that is wholly hidden from us. . . . I may never see you again. But if only you would come sometimes and look me in the eyes and make me feel as you have done to-day, you would drive the wild beast wholly from my heart, and then the veil would be a little drawn and I should know more of the things that wise men have prayed for knowledge of."

Had Mr. Seton written no other sentence than that, his claim on the gratitude of all interested in the progress of true humanity would be great, for in it he goes to the very root of the matter, proving that in his case knowledge has brought the wisdom that recognises love of others to be the fulfilling of the law, the beginning of that victory over self which is the real solution of most of the problems besetting the path of men; the key to the stronghold of the Holy Grail!

In the remaining stories from the eloquent pen of Mr. Seton humour rather than pathos predominates; the "Johnny Bear," "Tito," "Chink," and "Biography of a Grizzly" are all alike full of fun, and the troubles of their heroes and heroines do not tear the heart of the reader as do those of Lobo or Krag; yet they teach many a useful lesson, quickening the sympathies of those who read them, and justifying their author's claim that "the animals are creatures with wants and feelings differing in degree only from our own," and that therefore they, like their human brethren, have rights which it is the duty of all to recognise. Mr. Seton tells his readers what was his motive in publishing his charming pictures of life in the woods and on the plains.

"My chief motive, my most earnest underlying wish, has been to stop the extermination of harmless wild animals, not for their sakes, but for ours, firmly believing that each of our native wild creatures is in itself a precious heritage that we have no right to destroy or put beyond the reach of our children. I have tried to stop the stupid and brutal work of destruction by an appeal—not to reason—that has failed

## THE WORK OF ERNEST SETON THOMPSON. 19

hitherto—but to sympathy, and especially the sympathies of the coming generation.”

That he has succeeded not only in arousing but in retaining those sympathies there can be no doubt, and he may yet live to see the movement he has inaugurated spread throughout the civilised world. Mr. Seton, who since 1896 has made New York his headquarters, has delivered during the last few years no less than 600 lectures to audiences ranging from 500 to 3,500 in many cities all over America. The schools have been closed at mid-day in order that the children might attend, and it is impossible to over-estimate the good this oral teaching has done.

It seems difficult to believe what is, nevertheless, asserted by Mrs. Seton, herself a writer of some note, in a letter to the present writer, that the eloquent pleader for the rights of animals is not exactly fond of individuals amongst them. “He does not care to make pets of them. He cares not at all to domesticate them. To him they are only objects of observation or study, and his interest in them is chiefly scientific.” “In this,” she adds, “his work seems almost without a definite purpose ; is without, in fact, so far as the animals are concerned. His one great purpose, however, is to know and then to express. He is indifferent to results in any worldly sense. He is impelled to work in his own way and direction, and then to reveal. He is driven from within. He is one of the world’s rare ones who is himself. He antagonises no law laid down for him by others ; he is simply unconscious of them. They have no existence. Circumstances are, for him, just what he makes them. He is mildly but entirely indifferent to them, and somehow they seem to shape themselves to fit his needs. . . . Those who know Mr. Seton best declare that no matter what the medium—whether prose, paint, or plaster—which he uses to express his ideas, through it one can see, primarily, the naturalist.”

The foundation of the National Sanctuary for Wild Animals in British Columbia in 1887, with which he had much to do, must have rejoiced the heart of Mr. Seton ; and his eloquent descriptions of the animals in it, published in the *Century*

*Magazine* for March and May, 1900, prove how much it has already effected. Very earnestly does their author plead for the multiplication of such sanctuaries, looking upon them as the true solution of the difficulty. There will always be, says he, wild land not required for settlement, and how can we better use it than by making it a sanctuary for living wild things? The Buffalo, the Antelope, the Grey Wolf, and the Elk have been rescued from extinction almost as it were at the last moment, but he adds: "There is as yet no refuge for the Bighorn Sheep, the Coast Blacktail, the Mule Deer, the Moose, and the Mountain Goat." How better could some millionaire, satiated with the pleasures of spending, restore new zest to his own jaded life than by supplementing this one successful American sanctuary by others throughout the length and breadth of the vast Continent? What better means could be found of educating the coming generation, in which Mr. Seton places his chief hopes of reform, than by providing near every large town a tract of land, if only a small one, where nature should be allowed to have her own way unchecked, and bird and beast and flower to live their own natural lives undisturbed? How far more fitting a memorial of the great ones passed away would be such sanctuaries of peace and love than costly, unremunerative monuments, the original meaning of which is often obscured or lost. Already in the British Isles something has been done in this direction, and the success which has attended the initiative of the Marquis of Bute and the Duke of Bedford in the parks they have set apart for native and acclimatised wild animals, and of certain land-owners in the Highlands of Scotland in their sanctuaries for birds, might well lead others to follow their example. Would it not be well if a portion of Hainault Forest, when it becomes the property of the nation, could be reserved for such animals as could live untended in the English climate? Epping Forest already supplies a vast recreation ground within easy reach of London, and a portion of the new land could easily be spared.

NANCY BELL.

## THE MAY-FLY.

EVERYONE knows the May-fly—or at least some member of the tribe, of which there are said to be fifty species in Great Britain alone. The most well-known perhaps is that one which anglers call the Green Drake or the Grey Drake, and the scientific folk call *Ephemera vulgata*—a little fairy with four pearly lace-like wings, and whitey-green body about an inch long, and tail of three long hairs. They appear in numbers on any hot day towards the end of May, or in this neighborhood (Derbyshire) in June, and continue to be seen for two or three weeks; and they love to dance—scores and hundreds together—in the sunshine, whizzing vertically upwards for a few feet, and then letting themselves float luxuriously downward on poised V-shaped wings; then up again; and so on for the few short hours of their life—during which they do nothing but dance, make love, and lay their eggs. They cannot eat, for their mouths do not admit of their taking food! Their numbers are sometimes so great that they look like snowflakes in the air, and the ground and even the water are strewn with their dead or dying bodies.

For they come from the water, from running water; there is no doubt about that. They are found generally near a stream; and if you go down to the stream you will see them rising as if by magic, from the weeds by the brook side, or even from the clear surface of the water. Look closer, and

you will see what appear to be the empty husks of them floating in the water, or tangled amid the marginal grasses. But though you feel sure these *are* their husks, yet it is most tantalising, for to put the two together and to see the fly actually emerging from its case is most difficult. You may watch for an hour without success—for the trick is done, the lightning change is made, literally “in the twinkling of an eye.”

The larva of the common may-fly is a semi-transparent brownish scaly creature, clumsy and sluggish, that crawls about the bottom of running streams or hides itself in small semicircular burrows in the banks. “Bank bait” it is called by the anglers, for it too, as well as the perfect fly, is much beloved by the Trout. It remains in this condition apparently for two years or so, during this period casting its skin several times, and undergoing on each occasion slight transformations in structure. At last the wings develop and “become prominent under the larval skin, and the intestine (so says Swammerdam) is emptied, and the colour of the animal changes in consequence.” Then it is ready for its transformation.

One day, when the weather is warm, and in its retreat the insect knows that the right moment has arrived, it creeps from its burrow, swims rapidly up to the surface of the water, and there performs the feat which is so difficult to witness. Swammerdam, in 1675, speaking not of *Ephemera vulgata*, but of an allied form, the *Palingenia longicauda*, says:—

“When the larvæ have left their burrows they make their way with all speed to the surface, and the transformation is effected with such rapidity that even the most attentive observer can make out little, except that the winged fly suddenly darts out from the midst of the water.”\*

And Réaumur, observing in 1738 another allied form, the *Polymitarcys*, says:—

“The rapidity with which they cast the larval skin is truly wonderful. We cannot take our arm from the sleeve of a coat more readily than the Ephemera extricates its abdomen, wings, legs, and its long tail-filaments from their sheaths. During the operation they rest upon

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\* See Miall's *Natural History of Aquatic Insects*, ch. viii.

objects standing out of the water or upon the water itself. The thorax splits lengthwise, and the rest of the business of extrication is over in a moment."

And of their enormous numbers he says:—

"The exclamations of my gardener, who had gone to the foot of the stairs [by the river Marne, near Paris], attracted my attention. I then saw a sight beyond all expectation. The Ephemeræ filled the air like the snow-flakes in a dense snow-storm. The steps were covered to a depth of two, three, or even four inches. A tract of water five or six feet across was completely hidden, and as the floating insects slowly drifted away, others took their place. Several times I was obliged to retreat to the top of the stairs from the annoyance caused by the Ephemeræ, which dashed in my face, and got into my eyes, mouth, and nose."

Any observer who cares to take the trouble will be able to verify the remarks of Swammerdam and Réaumur as to the rapidity of the May-fly metamorphosis, and the difficulty of observing the actual details. For some seasons in succession I watched, on favourable days, in a certain brook, for the transformation of *Ephemera vulgata*, but always without success. At last, however, I was rewarded. I saw what at first I thought was a mere husk floating down the stream; but there was a silvery glaze at the thorax end. Immediately that end opened, a perfect May-fly glided out, head first, stood for a moment on the wave beside its own corpse, stretched its wings, and flew away. The whole operation was so rapid that it was completed even while the stream moved forward about three feet, say, in two seconds. Since that time I have witnessed the change frequently. Sometimes the grub seems to creep and wriggle up the bank side till it gets onto a stone or twig just on the water surface; the glistening air-space appears quite at the front end of the thorax. This or the back of the head itself opens, the skin on the two sides turns over, leaving, as Sir John Lubbock describes,\* only a small aperture, through which, as from a glove, the insect delivers itself—the legs from the legs, the antennæ from the antennæ, the jaws from the jaws, the eyes from the eyes, and the three tail-filaments (in the case of *E. vulgata*) from the three tail-sheaths.

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\* *Origin and Metamorphoses of Insects*, p. 21.

But the jaws now, in the perfect insect, are rudimentary, and useless for eating purposes; and the eyes are compound and many-faceted, instead of flat and smooth as they were in the larva. Only the gills, which were large and branched in the larva, are completely gone; and four wings, completely absent in the original grub, now adorn the perfect insect.

Curiously, it appears that even now—at any rate in the case of the common May-fly—the transformations are not finished. For though it has its mature form and power of flight, yet presently its skin splits once more, a final veil falls from its wings and its whole body, and it emerges—lighter both in colour and in weight than at first (the *Grey Drake* now, whereas in its all-but-perfect state it was the *Green Drake*)—and joins its companions in the mazy dance, in which the remaining hours of its existence will be mostly passed.

Mostly, but not altogether. The one serious duty of the Ephemera is egg-laying and fertilisation. As we have seen, it does not eat. It is freed from the necessity of collecting and consuming food. It has come to the end of its life as an individual, and its only call is to provide for the race. And this seems to be a reason why so many insects put on wings in their final and reproductive stage—or why their egg-laying is delayed to the winged stage—in order, namely, that they may be able to spread their progeny to a distance from the original location. Especially is this true of water insects, which, with the drying up of streams and ponds at certain seasons, might be in danger of perishing entirely, if the perfect creature were not able, being winged, to fly to distant places where the conditions were more favourable.

Accordingly, our Ephemera takes care to lay its eggs in the water of some stream—either that from which it emerged or some other—where its grub will find itself at home. Réaumur, speaking of *Polymita*, says that “they skim the surface of the water, and support their bodies upon it by means of the tail-filaments while engaged in egg-laying. The eggs fall at once to the bottom, and soon become scattered, for the jelly in which they are embedded is soluble in water.” De Geer, speaking of *E. vulgata*, gives much the same

account, and adds, with regard to fertilisation, that the aërial dances of the Ephemeræ are usually composed of males only, but that when, as often happens, a female mixes in the swarm, two or three males pursue her, until one of them succeeds in flying away with her—generally to the top of a wall or summit of a tree.

With fertilisation and egg-laying the duties of the individual terminate. The parent insects perish; and the life-round begins again.

The metamorphoses of insects—of which that of the May-fly, with its very sudden transition from a lethargic subaqueous existence to a giddy dance in the sunshine is such a striking example—are mostly rather dramatic and impressive. But it is well, in considering the subject, to remember that they are only pronounced instances of an event which is very universal in Nature. Slighter transformations are common, and continually taking place. The larva of the May-fly undergoes several minor changes, as I have already mentioned, before its final liberation into the air. One of the species, *Chloeon dimidiatum*, goes through *twenty-one* moults, according to Sir John Lubbock, while it is preparing for its imaginal form. Caterpillars and other grubs, as is well known, frequently cast their skins and take on slight changes of structure or colour. In the case of worms and insects, as there is no interior skeleton, the skin, horny or otherwise, forms the attachment and support of the muscles and internal organs, and with any change of these latter a new skin has to be formed, and the interval of forming the new skin and casting the old one often necessitates a dormant or pupal stage, which may be brief or prolonged according to circumstances. Crabs and other crustacea similarly cast their shells and go through periods of seclusion, accompanied by changes of structure.

In the case, however, of the vertebrate animals and man there is not the same necessity to change the skin, and the transformations are not so obvious. Yet they are taking place all the time. The human being passes through several very distinct phases as an embryo in the womb; besides these



there is a marked change at birth ; then another at the coming of the milk teeth, and again at the casting of the same ; another at puberty ; and again another in age, with the lapse of the sexual functions. Possibly yet others of a slighter character might be distinguished. These that I have mentioned as taking place during the actual life of an individual, and corresponding to the growth and change of teeth, to puberty and to the meno-pause, all imply considerable changes of structure and organisation, and (what is worth noticing) are generally accompanied by periods of lethargy, subversion of the system, and even symptoms of disease, which are suggestive, to say the least, of the pupal stages in insects. So far, then, we seem to see that transformations, more or less pronounced, are a common, and one may perhaps say normal, phenomenon of animate nature.

With regard to Man and the Mammalia, it has been, since the time of Von Baer, an accepted doctrine that the successive changes in the embryo and the young form a kind of epitome of the history of the race to which the individual belongs. It is pointed out that the embryo of man, for instance, at an early stage shows characteristics which assimilate it to the fishes, and, later, characteristics which assimilate it in succession to reptiles, lower Mammals, and higher Mammals ; that, again, the lately born infant has some characteristics of the monkey or other arboreal animals, and that the boy has the habits and conformation of the savage ; and so on. Some of these stages in the development of the individual may be fairly distinct and well marked ; others may glide quite imperceptibly into each other. But, anyhow, the point is that the growth of the individual thus resumes and rehearses in brief the age-long previous life and growth of the race. Now the theory with regard to insects seems to be that here, too, the life of the individual, from the egg onward, through all the changes and transformations of the grub, the larva, the pupa, and the perfect insect, is, in a similar way, a recapitulation of the life-history of its race. In a similar, yet not exactly the same way, as will presently be explained.

But first a word about what race-history means.

For long periods in the life of a race, slow growth and modification of the organs and faculties may take place, and yet the general balance of the organic centres in the normal individual may be little changed; the general type of the race may remain much the same. But then again there will come a period or periods when changes of conditions or the natural course of evolution will occasion rather rapid and complete changes in the balance of the functions, possibly even the growth of quite new organic centres. Then the type of the race will alter very decidedly. When, for instance, the monkey-like animal first took to climbing trees, however slow and continuous its development had been before, now a rapid transformation began to take place. A new centre organising and controlling the prehensile activity quickly developed, and soon assumed a commanding position among the other organic centres; the balance of functions in the race suffered a kind of revolution. So when the precursor of the dog first came under the influence of man, a new formative plexus arose which modified the whole mentality and activity of the animal; or when certain kinds of worms or insects by accident or by necessity took to marshy and watery grounds, and ultimately became aquatic, the same kind of thing happened. Thus race-history, from this point of view, means the gradual growth and re-distribution of organic centres in the animal; gradual, that is, as a general rule, but varied by occasional rather rapid changes in the balance of these centres and their functions; and may be looked upon as a combination of slow evolution with, now and then, what may be termed revolution.

If we apply this to the history of any single individual—say, of an individual man from his commencement as a germ, through his life and growth as an embryo, a babe, a child, a boy, and so on to maturity, we seem to see the same thing, slow, continuous evolution, interrupted now and then by rather rapid and considerable transformations, and the grouping of the life round new organic centres. Thus, early in the life of the human embryo (between the fourth and eighth week\*) the arrangement of its blood-vessels, which hitherto has been

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\* W. B. Carpenter, *Human Physiology*, 8th edition, p. 1011.

slowly developing on the type of the fishes and cold-blooded animals, begins to transform itself to the type of the Mammals, and at the moment of birth the first use of the lungs completely changes the actual character of the circulation. In fishes the kidneys do not exist, their function being partly fulfilled by certain other bodies; and this is also the case in the human embryo between the fourth and seventh week; but at the latter date the true kidneys first begin to present themselves, and a re-adjustment soon takes place with respect to these bodies and their importance in the system. Again, with regard to the Brain, Dr. W. B. Carpenter says that in the sixth week of the human embryo there is a "certain correspondence" between its brain and that of a Fish; in the twelfth week there is a "strong analogy" with that of a Bird.

"Up to the end of the third month, the Cerebral Hemispheres present only the rudiments of *anterior* lobes, and do not pass beyond that grade of development which is permanently characteristic of the Marsupial Mammalia. . . . During the fourth and part of the fifth months, however, the middle lobes are developed . . . and the posterior lobes, of which there was no previous rudiment, subsequently begin to sprout. . . . In these and other particulars there is a very close correspondence between the progressive stages of development of the Human Cerebrum, and those which we encounter in the ascending series of Mammalia."\*

Here, all along, then, we may see changes of structure and function, and the alteration of balance in the organic centres, taking place gradually or rapidly in the brief life of the individual, just as on an infinitely more extended time-scale they have taken place in the far-back life of the race from which the individual is descended.

And, digressing for a moment, it is difficult in all this—however unwilling we may be to use terms which we cannot fully justify—not to see something very like *memory*. Memory it may not be in exactly the ordinary sense; but when we consider how like the process is to that which we use when recapitulating mentally the events, say, of our past years—the rapid summarising in thought of what has gone before, the

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\* *Ibid*, p. 1034.

actual re-assuming in some degree of the old attitudes and expressions—as of children when thinking of our own childhood, or of boyhood when thinking of our school days—the faint and more general delineation of the distant and the slower and more detailed reconstruction of the nearer past; when we think how near habit and custom are to memory, and how physiological habit is often held to explain our resemblance to our ancestors: I say it is difficult not to see in this recapitulation by the individual of the general outlines of the history of his race, something very like the working of a racial memory transmitted to the individual. The expression may not be really our final word on the subject, but it may be practically the best that we at present have at command. And we seem to see the individual creature, when faced with the problem of its own unfoldment, leaning back on its racial memory, and so repeating the things which it finds there, and which have been done before—just as we all, when faced with the daily problems of life, first of all in any case repeat what our own memory tells us we have done before—and only when that process is finished, or fails to serve us, cast about to try something else.

Now, in the case of insects the theory is, as I have said, that each individual insect “recapitulates” the life of the race from which it is descended, in just the same way as does the young of man or the higher animals, but with this difference—namely, that while the young of man and the higher animals recapitulates all the earlier portion of its life-history in the womb of its mother (as an embryo), the young of the insect recapitulates in the open arena of the world. And this at once brings in important considerations.

The foetus in the womb recapitulating the immense past (dreaming over again, if you like, the ancestral memories) can do so undisturbed (or comparatively so) by outer events, and can thus keep pretty closely along the line of its proper evolution. But the insect, commencing first as a primitive cell-like egg, then developing to a mere grub, then becoming a caterpillar or aquatic larva, with spiracles in the one case or

gills in the other, then turning to a butterfly or winged image, has to pass through all these stages in the face of the outer world, and exposed to its severe competition and criticism ; and it is obvious that under these circumstances the line of its growth may be deflected, and may no longer quite coincide with the line of ancestral evolution.

Among the winged or partially winged insects, the *Orthoptera* (Grasshoppers, Cockroaches, Earwigs, etc.) and the *Hemiptera* (Bugs, Pond-skaters, Aphides, etc.) are considered, I believe, to be those whose line of growth has been least deflected in this way, and whose changes consequently best represent the sequence of ancestral evolution. These two orders are looked upon as very primitive, and probably nearer than any others to the wingless ancestors of the insect tribe.\* Their wings, or such rudiments as they may possess, grow quite slowly, and are acquired in successive moults, without any distinct pupa stage. We may, therefore, suppose that there was a time when their ancestors had no wings, and not passing beyond the creeping and crawling stage of existence, bred and propagated in that stage. Subsequently, however, some of the species developed membranous appendages which, with the aid of the wind, enabled them to skip and traverse the ground quickly ; and, later still, these became perfect wings. The period of fertility was naturally delayed to the winged stage, on account of the advantages of widespread propagation, etc., and each individual insect now—recapitulating the life-history of the race—begins to acquire wings as it approaches maturity.

The *Orthoptera* and *Hemiptera*, however, being insects which do not use their wings to any great degree, have not been very much modified by such use, and consequently, as said, they have kept very much along the ancestral line of growth. But when we come to insects like Butterflies, Bees, Gnats, Dragon-flies, etc., which in their final stage almost live on the wing, it is obvious that, owing to this fact, their structure

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\* See F. M. Balfour's *Embryology*. Lubbock agrees with Darwin in regarding *Campodea*, a certain insect of the wingless kind which passes through no metamorphoses, as representing the original stock whence all insects sprang.

in the final stage has been greatly altered from the previous stages, and a kind of gap created between. The Butterfly must have a light body; it must have a suctorial proboscis instead of mandibular jaws; a complex eye adapted to long range, instead of the simple eye of the caterpillar, and so forth. Furthermore, the gap between it and the caterpillar may be widened by a thousand changes of condition and environment acting on the latter which were unknown to its predecessors. Among these may be reckoned the fact that the necessity of fertilisation being removed from the caterpillar stage to a later one, the caterpillar would no longer need to go actively about in search of a mate, thus exposing itself to dangers, but would rather adopt a policy of quiet ease and concealment. Thus it might easily grow to a much greater size than its ancestral type, and take on changes of form and habit which would lead it away from the old line of evolution. In this way, for example, the great gap and difference, in size and colour and every respect, between the caterpillar of the privet-hawk-moth and the perfect insect itself might be accounted for.

But the gap between the two stages having once appeared or begun to appear, an intermediate or pupal stage would be the necessary result. For, to take the last-mentioned instance, the caterpillar endeavouring to develop along the line of its racial memory, and yet having strayed somewhat from the ancestral tradition, would find, when the time came for its wings to appear, that it was off the track somehow, that its body had grown too big and lumbering for flight, that its skin was too thick perhaps for wing-formation, that its jaws, with continual exercise, had become too horny and monstrous to be possibly adapted for sipping honey, and so forth. What would it do? What could it do? It could not go on indefinitely in its new line as a gigantic caterpillar, for experience and memory would give it no clue how to do this. On the other hand, its whole racial instinct would be surging up within it in the direction of flight. What would it do? What could it do? Clearly, it could only give up its errant and strayed larval life as a bad job, coil up, and try to dream itself back

again into its racial memory, and the proper line of its evolution. It could but refuse to eat, bring its existing career to a close, seek some retired spot, and withdrawing deep within itself, allow its wings to grow as quickly as may be, its overgrown jaws and digestive apparatus to shrivel and disappear, its old skin to harden and fall off, and the interrupted order of its evolution to be resumed. This then is what it does; and this is its pupal or chrysalis stage.

The pupal stage is an exaggeration of the ordinary moult, and is caused by a certain discontinuity which has arisen in the course of time between the larval and imaginal stages. It is a stage of internal changes, by which the continuity of development is recovered, and it resembles in some respects an effort of memory.

The necessity of quiescence during this stage is involved (at least in most cases) by the nature of the changes taking place. It is evident, for instance, that the transformation of mouth-parts must mean a considerable period without food. Similarly, the casting of the old skin, and the formation of a new one, with fresh attachments for new muscles and organs, must mean temporary retirement and unfitness for the world. The pupal stage is like Memory; it is an abandonment of present complications, in order to knit on again to the long chain of the past. It is like Sleep; changes are going on in it, often rapidly enough, but they are of an internal character, and must not be interfered with by the outer world. It is like Death; for indeed large tracts of the old creature die, and other tracts take on a new life. And it is like Disease; for revolutions are in process within, the balance of centres is displaced and re-created, and for the time discomfort and uneasiness prevail.

The transformations of the animate world are, as I have said, endless. They are not confined to insects. It is sufficient to mention in this connection the extraordinary facts of asexual reproduction, alternate generation, and pelorism, to show how widely the principle ramifies. Of the higher vertebrates and Man, every individual goes through

transformations, not only in the womb before birth, but afterwards in its proper and external life. In the case of Man, the transformations connected with teething, with puberty, and with the lapse of the sexual functions in age, are so considerable, and the disorganisation and re-adjustment of centres so great, that the change has often the appearance, and is accompanied by collateral symptoms, of Disease. And the query is suggested to us whether some illnesses which occur, and which leave patients greatly changed in temperament, and even improved in health, should not be looked on as natural and necessary accompaniments of some quite normal transformation which is going on deep below the surface, and as steps *forward* in the line of evolution, rather than as mere back-slidings and signals of failure. As to Sleep, we may almost regard each night's rest as a brief pupal stage, for certain it is that every human being, man and woman, and especially boy and girl, comes again into the world each morning subtly transformed; something has passed into or out of their faces; a veil of thinnest texture has fallen from their souls. And when one thinks of it, one sees that Sleep is a state which allies itself easily to the condition of the chrysalis. For, however far we have travelled from our normal line of growth during the day, whatever wild excursions we have made into the regions of care and folly, the night's rest restores us, as we say, to our true selves, and we take up again the thread of our proper activity. In fact, in sleep we lapse more into the domain of racial memory; primitive instincts and thoughts come to the front in our dreams, and we are refreshed by bathing, as it were, in the morning dew of our own natures.

But this flooding of the soul with its own primitive life and instinct is most marked of all in the period of puberty. Strange that accompanying the physical changes which then take place in the body should occur this drenching of the mind in a sea of emotions and thoughts and fancies unknown to the child. It is as if a world of race-memories and experiences hitherto forgotten were suddenly recalled. The old infantile objects of pursuit and interest fade away; the whole perspective of the world is changed. Plato, of course, insists that Love is a



reminiscence ; the mania of Love is caused by the vision opening back in the soul once more of that celestial world, and of those divine forms and beings, which in ages past it had once beheld. We may or may not agree with Plato ; but in any case it is interesting to find that he relates this powerful force, transforming the lives and fates of human beings to Memory, and looks upon the changes so induced as a renewal (may we say a recapitulation?) of a long-past existence.

Apart from puberty, apart from illnesses, apart from sleep, there are other periods, more obviously mental in their origin, of strange transformation in our lives—periods not unlike those of the “ conversions ” of religious folk—when after weeks or months of mental depression and lethargy, or of inward conflict and strain, or even of accompanying physical illness and incapacity, the whole nature seems to veer round and organise itself about new centres of interest and activity, and a sudden joy and outbreak of fresh life occurs. In these cases, taking the thing from the psychological side, we shall generally find that the impression produced on the mind is that it has found a long-lost key, that it has come *back* to something deep within itself. We speak of the return to Nature, return to Self, to Truth, to God, as if we were remembering something forgotten and neglected—taking up a broken thread ; and the idea is suggested to us (though we cannot call it more than a suggestion) that the great well-springs of growth and transformation are indeed within ; and that the successive stages of our human life are but the falling away of larval husks, which in time must disclose an universal Form. The allegory of the beautiful winged psyche—the very idealisation of life and love, delivered from the crawling worm and the cold, unpleasant chrysalis—has haunted the imagination of mankind from earliest times, kindling within it an immortal hope ; and even the cold light of Science leaves it clear that in every creature sleeps this impetus of transformation towards an ever-wider range and capacity of life.

To come back to our particular May-fly. It is quite probable that this, and the other winged insects which emerge from the

waters, were not originally aquatic, for in an aquatic life such insects could never have *learned* to acquire wings.\* It was probably *after* the great body of Insects had acquired wings that the larvæ of some of these found themselves in marshy surroundings, and ultimately became adapted to an aquatic life. Then, though deeply changed and modified by their sub-aqueous existence, the memory and habit of wing-growth still came back upon them at its appointed time, and urged them once more to a terrestrial and aerial habitat. Thus the May-fly was able, and is able to-day, to effect that marvellous transfiguration from a watery grub to an aerial fairy which so astonishes us, as with an exhibition of strange determination and evolutionary force in so slight a creature. It is not only, as we have seen, the *extent* of the transfiguration, but the rapidity of it, which is surprising, and the cause of this final rapidity is the fact that the change has to be made in the presence and before the eyes as it were of the insect's most implacable foe and pursuer—the Trout! Whether as a larva in its bank-side burrow, or as the perfect image in the air, the Trout loves the May-fly; and if the latter delayed for a moment, even over the unbuttoning of its last garment, it would inevitably be snapped up. We may wonder that, under such circumstances, it did not give up the game long ago; but, in truth, though so innocent looking, the May-fly is an old hand, and this illusive little thing, that we call the creature of an hour, has really for thousands of centuries been practising her magic trick; and now so perfect is she in it that even while he, her enemy, is swimming towards her, darting from the dusky depths of his pool, she has already slipped her shroud, and is soaring in the eye of the sun.

After seeing that, one can but conclude that there is nothing that Man or other creature may not do, provided he only chooses.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

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\* Other reasons for believing that the aquatic Insects were originally terrestrial are (1) the common persistence of air-tubes and spiracles in aquatic insects; (2) that the most primitive forms of insects are terrestrial rather than aquatic; (3) that the aquatic species are more closely related to terrestrial species than to each other. (See Miall's *Nat. Hist. Aquatic Insects*, pp. 4 and 5.)

## THE SAFETY OF SOCIETY.

WHILE I was in Georgia a few months ago a prisoner made his escape in a daring manner from the new Federal prison at Atlanta. Descriptions of the man were at once telegraphed all over the country, and in them he was designated as a "desperate character." And what do you suppose was the occupation which had been assigned to this "desperate character" in the prison? He had been appointed barber, and as there is a good deal of enforced barberism in such institutions he had been accustomed from morning till night to wield a sharpened razor upon the throats of his fellows. He had been trusted to this extent—and could trust go farther?—and he had fully justified the trust reposed in him. The story was a lesson to me in penology. It showed me that the safety of the community rests upon the good will of our fellows far more than upon the threatening arm of the law, and that the kindness even of ruffians is one of the bulwarks of society.

Men in prison differ very little from those outside. Ask any humane and sympathetic warden, and he will tell you that a small proportion of the prisoners in his charge have the criminal head, and seem to have been predestined to a life of crime. Is it not rather hard to punish men for the shape of their skulls? An asylum would be the proper place for them. And then the rest of the prisoners, he would tell you, are very, very much like you and me. So that, barring the small class of defectives, if all the prisons were emptied to-day, and you and I and our friends put in instead, the world would go on

very much the same. Mankind is not divided into good and bad people, but each individual has his good half and his bad half, and the best of all discipline is that which is exercised by the saint in a man over the sinner in him. This is the only real self-government, and the education which tends toward it is worth more for the public safety than all our penal institutions put together.

And how ineffectual those institutions are! Over ten thousand homicides are committed in this country every year, and probably not ten per cent. of the perpetrators are punished. The other ninety per cent. are at large—not only of last year, but of the preceding years—and yet we are not afraid. Then we know that all the men who will commit next year's murders are free to-day, and the murderers of the immediately succeeding years as well, and that nothing can prevent it; and yet we go on living in tranquillity, not relying evidently upon the power of the law so much as upon the good-will toward us of the human beings among whom we are placed.

Then when the law does intervene how far does it protect us? It usually imprisons the criminal. A life-imprisonment is rarely served out to the end, and we may practically consider imprisonment as a temporary punishment. We take a "desperate character," put him in prison, keep him there under harsh and forbidding circumstances for five or ten years, and then release him absolutely. Is it likely that he will come out with greater feeling of consideration for his fellows than when he went in? Is he not perfectly sure to be a more "desperate character" than he was at the beginning? And can such a policy be considered to any great extent protective of society?

Our penal laws have only one legitimate object, and that is to make better men. Crime is the result of lovelessness, when it is not a disease, and the true field of reformatory activity is to produce a spark of love in human souls. How little our prisons are adapted to this end is sufficiently evident. As for capital punishment, it is a clear evasion of our duty. What right have we to make a sort of Botany Bay of the world to come, and send our hardest cases there without consulting the wishes of the inhabitants? Nurses in hospitals fight over the

most desperate cases, and prefer them to all others ; and so the true penologist should long to exercise his healing influence upon the most advanced, and consequently the most interesting, cases of wickedness.

Whether we ever arrive at such a conception of the police powers of the government or not—and there are not wanting indications that society is headed in that direction—it is, at any rate, a pleasure to find that we owe most of our security not to gibbets and dungeons and the resulting cowardice and fear, but rather to the natural kindliness of our fellow-creatures, an atmosphere which is conducive not only to safety, but to happiness.

ERNEST CROSBY.

Rhinebeck, N. Y.

(From the *Brandur Magazine*, New York.)

## CATTLE SHIPS.

ONE of the most important problems of the day, and one which perhaps scarcely receives the consideration it deserves, is how best to secure a sufficient food supply for the ever-increasing number of the toilers of Great Britain? With wants that have outgrown our home production, we have, fortunately for ourselves, been able to requisition the boundless resources of the Colonies and the United States, as well as those of other countries, and so far they have been able to respond adequately to our calls upon them. Upon this position of dependence our very existence as a nation is based, and under ordinary conditions it may not operate to our disadvantage. But assuming for a moment that the above conditions were reversed, and that from whatsoever cause the country had to rely on its own food supply, our position would be one of the utmost gravity. This aspect of the problem is one with which political economists are chiefly concerned; but there is another aspect which calls for most earnest attention on the part of humanitarians and all who desire to minimise the sufferings of the lower animals in relation to the food supply of this country.

Probably not one in a thousand of us ever considers how or whence we get our beef and mutton supply. The average Englishman, if he thinks about it at all, will perhaps have heard that much of it comes from America; a few, better informed, will know that still more of it comes from Ireland. The still fewer who reflect on the *how* will probably conclude that the victims of the trade must have a rough time of it.

It is our business as humanitarians to throw light into the dark places of the earth—and of the sea—to spread a knowledge of the facts, to insist upon the public sharing with us that knowledge and the responsibility of the iniquities which are daily and nightly perpetrated in the sacred name of Trade ; and to leave our rulers and our neighbours no peace till all has been done that can be done to mitigate the mass of suffering which seems to be the penalty attached to our carnivorous habits, combined with an ever-increasing population.

#### TOTAL IMPORTS.

Out of the 2,961,320 animals (of all sorts) which were imported into Great Britain in 1901 from all sources, over two million came from Ireland ; and 879,228 were from Canada and the United States. Imports of European cattle are so small that they need hardly be considered ; indeed, owing to fear of disease, the trade with most European countries has been entirely prohibited since 1892. We need, therefore, only deal with the Irish and American trades.

#### IRISH TRADE.

*Inland Transit.*—The Irish section, being the largest and also one of the worst conducted, claims our attention first. And in considering the sea transit, so much depends upon the condition in which the animals are shipped that it is desirable to begin at the beginning and consider the previous (as well as the subsequent) land journey. Let us take an instance of cattle in the interior of the island. These are driven from their native farms to the fair or market—it may be one mile or it may be ten—where they stand, perhaps a few hours, perhaps all day ; often without food or water, and almost continuously under the stick. When sold, they are driven, along with others, to the railway station and packed into trucks—a process which entails much beating and violent usage, of which ample evidence was given before the Departmental Committee on the Inland Transit of Cattle which sat in 1898—and, possibly still fasting, are sent down to the port of shipment. On the way they are liable to delays and shuntings,

and they often arrive in a bruised and exhausted condition. Whether they are rested and refreshed before embarkation depends on (1) Whether the consignor has ordered hay for them at the lairages or other places of detention ; (2) Whether there is anyone to see that they get it ; and (3) Whether there is time before the vessel sails.

*Inspection.*—There is a staff of veterinary and port inspectors of the Irish Privy Council stationed at every Irish cattle port, whose respective duties are to examine the animals for the prevention of the spread of disease and to see to their proper loading and stowage on board. The former have power to detain any animal which, from dirt, exhaustion, or other cause, may be in an unfit state, *for inspection*; but not on account of suffering alone; and how far their services ensure the humane treatment of the cargoes may be judged from the following extracts from the report of a competent official observer:—

“No opportunity was given to these animals to obtain water, nor was any food provided. From the moment they entered the yard till they were placed aboard ship they were hurried about, slipping, sweating, and beaten.”

This was at Dublin. The same eye-witness goes on to comment on the careless method of penning—too many in one pen, too few in another. In one pen were placed thirty-one pigs, “lying on each other.”

“A quay policeman was in attendance, but displayed indifference to the continued ill-treatment, beating, tail-twisting, etc. . . . Some of the animals received as many as twenty and thirty severe blows . . . and weals resulted whilst they were on the gangway, in two or three minutes. . . . No remonstrance was made by the police.”

We will suppose our consignment of cattle has passed the inspection, and been branded: they are then driven on board. The gangways by which the animals have to pass on to the boat are slippery and often steep; they have to be forced down them by blows and tail-twistings, and often fall by the way. On board, all is calculated to terrify and bewilder; they are surrounded by unwonted crowds, sticks are freely used, lights are few and uncertain.



It is a rough night, and the motion of the ship begins to tell. The floors are wet and slippery, the battens, or footholds, ineffectual as soon as an animal changes its position; naturally many lose their footing and fall; and once down, it is no easy matter to escape trampling. Some manage to regain their feet, others are assisted—not too gently—by the cattle-men, who, from time to time, visit their charges; but as the night grows worse their visits become more rare, while the need for them increases; and the scene becomes more distressing as the struggle to get air and escape trampling continues.

It has been repeatedly stated by eye-witnesses that the provisions of the Animals (Ireland) Order of 1895 are frequently ignored; that the pens are often overcrowded; that no proper or sufficient foothold is given; that the ventilation is anything but what it ought to be. The eye-witness already quoted says:—

“... There was negligence at yards and certain obvious non-compliance aboardship as to fittings, etc., though I can only speak with certainty of one pen of beasts, *the only one visible—there being no lights to facilitate inspection*. With every roll of the boat... they became a medley. No attention was paid to them at this time, and unless a lamp had been brought, it was quite impossible to see the nature and extent of any injuries. . . . The captain exhibited no concern whatever about the live stock.”

Did space allow, many instances might be quoted in which contravention of the 1895 Order has occurred. If these things are so obvious to other observers, why cannot the Government inspectors see them?

*Landing.*—Arrived in port, the often exhausted and sometimes injured animals are forced up the steep gangways again and driven off to the market or railway station. At some landing-wharves—nominally at all—water troughs are provided; and, if these happen to contain any water, some lucky individuals may be able to quench their thirst; but the greater number never find the water, or are driven from it by the drovers, either to save time or because the latter fear the effect of cold water on the weary and fasting creatures, and many have to wait until they reach their final destination. This may yet be a day's journey distant, in a rough railway truck and

with many shuntings, whereby old bruises are accentuated and fresh ones contracted. No wonder it often takes them weeks to recover from the effects of their long journey.

Thanks to the attention called to the subject during the last few years, the treatment meted out to the cattle arriving at Liverpool is not what it was; but it would be vain to expect patience or gentleness from the class of men employed on this work. That the whole business has a demoralising influence on the youth of the neighbourhood is shown by the fact that the gangs of drovers are followed about by crowds of small boys, each armed with some sort of weapon, who hang on the movements of the men like a troop of jackals, each one eager to use his small strength in adding to the fear and pain of the jaded creatures that file past.

*Food and Water.*—A very objectionable feature of the Irish trade is the length of time which the animals are sometimes kept without food or water. By the 1895 Order feeding and watering are made compulsory on the longer voyages; but it is exceedingly doubtful how far this is carried out, and, even if attempted, sick and frightened animals can rarely be induced to feed. It is to be feared that cattle often have to fast for twenty-four, thirty-six, and even occasionally forty-eight hours.

*Attendance, Light, Ventilation.*—The sufferings of cattle on board ship are obviously aggravated by the rough character and often insufficient number of the cattle-men, and by the want, on many vessels, of sufficient light to enable them to attend properly to their charges. But perhaps the most common and most prolific source of suffering is defective ventilation. Some ships are comparatively well-found in this respect; but in port, when the cattle are put on board some time before the vessel sails; in the river, or in foggy weather when the ship has to slow down; or when the wind is "fair," natural ventilation will fail; and unless some very reliable mechanical ventilation is provided, the cattle will suffer severely. Anyone who will watch the unloading of animals from an Irish cattle-boat after a bad passage will see signs of this. It has frequently happened that cattle have been actually

smothered during the passage. What, in such a case, must be the sufferings, not only of the few that die, but of the many that survive?

*Injuries.*—The evidence of Liverpool and Glasgow butchers before the Departmental Committee of Inquiry in 1894 declared a loss upon Irish cattle, as compared with American, of from 10s. to 30s. a head—a loss to the trade of at least £250,000 a year—caused simply by the fact that they are Irish, and therefore, in the experience of the trade, presumably more or less damaged. There is improvement on this point during the last few years, but the evidence as to its extent is very conflicting.

The injuries received by the fat cattle are soon discovered in the slaughter-house. The store-cattle are distributed all over the country, often travelling to the East of Yorkshire and Norfolk, and may change hands many times in the course of a few weeks. Except where they are so severely damaged as to necessitate speedy slaughter, their injuries may exist unsuspected or unrecognised for an indefinite period. If slight, the animal will recover with rest and food; if severe, it may die of them weeks or months afterwards; but whatever they may be, it is practically impossible to trace them to their source or to get redress.

*In-Calf Cows.*—There is a cruel practice in the Irish trade of shipping cows in-calf. The fatigue, fright, and general rough treatment these have to undergo frequently brings on parturition during the journey, in the jolting railway trucks, on the bustling quays, or in the crowded 'tween-decks of the steamer; and frightful suffering ensues. There have been cases of six, seven, and eight calves born during a single night at sea on one vessel, with no hospital pen or other accommodation on board for the care of sick animals. This practice is universally condemned by all persons of ordinary humanity—yet no steps are taken by the authorities to prevent it.

*Habitual Suffering.*—Thus we see that, in addition to the wholesale losses which from time to time occur through stress of weather, there are—in the Irish trade at all events—the less recognised forms of suffering that are not occasional or acci-

dental, but systematic, and to a great extent preventable, such as prolonged hunger and thirst, bruised flesh, partial suffocation from defective ventilation, insufficient loading and unloading accommodation, and general rough handling; while cases of broken bones, of partial blindness caused by the foul air of the hold, and of cows calving during transit still occur.

#### NORTH ATLANTIC TRADE.

*Imports.*—The North Atlantic Trade dates from about 1875. In 1877, 20,000 cattle and a somewhat larger number of sheep were imported. In 1901 the numbers were 493,914 cattle, 368,162 sheep.

As everyone knows, in the early days of its existence, this traffic was infamously conducted, and the losses were very heavy, owing chiefly to the careless way in which the animals were shipped. Unsuitable vessels, imperfect fittings, improper food, bad ventilation—these and other causes not infrequently resulted in the loss of an entire cargo. Since 1889, when the losses amounted to twenty-one in every 1,000 shipped, there has been a steady decrease of mortality among this class of animals, until, in 1893, it was reduced to three per 1,000, and has not since risen above five. Some of the best lines, indeed, can show a better record than this.

*American Regulations.*—The care and method with which the Canadian and United States Governments regulate this traffic are very creditable. Every animal sold for shipment is examined, numbered, tagged, and registered in such a manner that its history and antecedents can easily be traced. On board ship care is taken for the welfare of the animals; the fittings are substantial; there is sufficient space for rest and change of position; the better ships are fitted with water-troughs in every pen, and as a rule the ventilation is sufficient. Apart from the inevitable suffering consequent upon rough weather, long confinement, and change of diet, it is probable that the chief part of the cruelty connected with the North American trade now takes place during the previous land journey. A very large number of cattle are now being brought from the neighbourhood of the Rocky Mountains,

entailing a journey of six and eight days. It does not need much imagination to picture the terror and sufferings of wild cattle driven together by the "cow-boys," forced into railway trucks—by no gentle methods of "persuasion"—and kept there, with intervals for rest and feeding (entailing un-trucking and re-trucking with their attendant evils), for days together.

A few years ago cattle raised in Texas were shipped from the Gulf of Mexico, in order to save the more expensive railway journey to the eastern sea-board. But owing to want of proper accommodation both at the ports of shipment and on board, and the excessive heat, the losses were so considerable that this branch of the trade was discontinued, and is at present in abeyance.

Generally speaking, the ships now used in the North Atlantic cattle trade are large vessels, permanently fitted, and often built for the purpose, and "tramps" are fast disappearing. All this means a vast improvement; but there can be no doubt that very great discomfort must always attend an ocean traffic in live stock, especially in bad weather. The Report of the Departmental Committee appointed to inquire into the conduct of the Transatlantic trade in 1891 ends its summary of conclusions thus:—

"That in heavy weather . . . even in the best ships, cattle are always liable to suffering and sometimes to heavy loss; but that with *sufficient* shelter, *adequate* fittings and space, *proper* stowage, *good* attendance, and a due amount of skill in navigation, the average loss and suffering *can be still further diminished*." (The italics are ours.)

This paragraph, though not recent, is significant, as showing how impossible, in the opinion of that Committee, it must always be, even under the best conditions, to entirely obviate the sufferings of the unfortunate animals who commence their long journey to the slaughter-house in the interior of a continent 3,000 miles away.

#### THE ARGENTINE TRADE.

*Imports.*—This branch of the foreign cattle trade has grown with marvellous rapidity, and it is hardly too much to say that, up to within a few months of its suspension on account of

disease, early in 1900, it was conducted with almost as much barbarity and callousness to animal suffering as was the case in the North Atlantic trade twenty years ago. Beginning in 1890 with 650 cattle and 22,000 sheep, the numbers in 1899 reached the totals of 85,365 cattle and 382,080 sheep.

*Losses.*—The percentage of losses in the Argentine trade previous to 1894 are not obtainable. In the years 1895-1896 they amounted to seventy-two and fifty-five per 1,000 respectively of the cattle, and thirty-six and twenty-six per 1,000 respectively of the sheep. Compare this with the North Atlantic trade, where the losses have been reduced to from three to five per 1,000. The reasons for this difference are not far to seek; and that they are not even far greater is probably due, not to any care taken of the living cargoes, but to the fact that on the voyage from South America bad weather is less often encountered than is the case further north. In 1897, in addition to the more or less regular lines which work the River Plate trade, not less than about fifty companies participated in the carriage of cattle to this country from Argentina in 120 separate vessels of the "tramp" class. Most of these now come to London, perhaps on account of the vigilance exercised at Birkenhead by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Captains charged with cruelty at that port have declared that in London they are not interfered with. The following are a few samples out of many recent prosecutions at Birkenhead by the R.S.P.C.A.:—

(1) "All the forward fittings were carried away; vessel lost 64 cattle from 156, and 385 sheep from 1,150 shipped."

(2) Prosecuted for "improper fittings." ". . . Pens were like birdcages perched on deck. No shelter for cattle, which were cramped and shivering from extreme cold."

(3) ". . . This vessel carries animals between-decks, and lost nearly all the animals" [which were lost] "whilst lying at the quay at Buenos Ayres, owing to want of sufficient ventilation." [Lost 51 out of 277.]

(4) "On the 12th of June the *Port Victoria* arrived from Buenos Ayres, having lost 154 head of cattle from 318 and 1,010 sheep from 1,320."

And in rather more detail:—

(a) (s.s. *Sicily*, Captain Taylor.) Inspector Pocock visited the defendant's ship at the Wallasey Stage. He found eight animals badly injured, all having to be killed and the beef destroyed as unfit for food. . . . The animals were nearly dead and none of them could stand. One had its back broken. When killed, all were a mass of bruises and corruption, and had to be destroyed. Inspector Dowty corroborated, and said the stench was so bad they could not examine for broken bones. Wm. Smart, Board of Agriculture inspector, also corroborated. He said some of them were badly bruised about the head, and one of them with its back broken he thought was dead until he touched its eye. He had to stop the men driving the live cattle over the injured ones. Defendant said he hove-to several times on the voyage from Buenos Ayres to ease the cattle and have them attended to, and had had seven of them killed on the voyage. Fifteen also died during the voyage. Samuel Lewin said the injured beasts should have been killed long ago; he had to cut them down himself because his men would not work at them on account of the stench.

(b) (s.s. *Newton*, Captain Royce.) "The *Newton* left Buenos Ayres with 157 cattle and 1,150 sheep, and 60 cattle and 400 sheep were lost. In the same week a large number of other vessels arrived in port, and the most that any of them lost was three sheep. . . . Every animal in the fore part of the ship had been lost." These losses were caused by bad fittings—the pens too large and the stanchions insecurely fastened to the deck.

(c) (s.s. *Norseman*, Captain Rees.) On going on board this vessel, Inspector Wilson "saw among the cattle the carcase of a freshly-killed cow. . . . The flesh was all swollen and flabby, and when the carcase was dressed the whole of the left side was found in a state of corruption from bruises and inflammation. The muscles of the forelegs were lacerated and the cow had evidently been severely trampled by the other cattle. It must have suffered excruciating pain. . . . The head cattleman had reported the injury the day before, and the cow was killed upon the arrival of the ship."

Attempts have been made by the R.S.P.C.A. to fix the responsibility of such cases as the above upon the owners of vessels instead of on the captains; but hitherto without success. If this could be done, the much heavier fines that would be inflicted, together with the undesirable notoriety which would be acquired, would have a very wholesome deterrent effect.

*Official Reports.*—The Reports of the Board of Agriculture

for the past few years—reports not, certainly, inclined to exaggeration—reveal better than can anything else the scandalous state of affairs prevalent in the Argentine Trade. That Report for 1897 says:—

“The record of this branch of our foreign cattle trade compares very unfavourably *even with the unsatisfactory results obtained in the previous year*. . . . The majority of animals brought to this country from Argentina are still carried in ships usually described as ‘tramps.’ . . . The amount of loss due to these causes may be estimated from the fact that more than twice as many cattle were lost, in proportion to the number carried, in vessels of this class than was the case in vessels regularly engaged in the trade. . . . The journey from Buenos Ayres occupies nearly three times as long as that needed to complete the voyage from any North Atlantic port; whilst the extreme vicissitudes of climate, which rapidly succeed each other on a voyage from South America, must always prove a source of serious danger to the animals carried.”

The Report adds a hope that owners of stock and insurers will

“recognise the imprudence of permitting the embarkation of animals that have received no proper preparation for *a voyage that must, even under the most favourable conditions, be a trying one*.” (The italics are ours.)

A previous Report says:—

“ . . . By far the most serious losses seem due to the unsuitable condition in which the South American cattle are usually shipped. For the most part, they are brought direct from the ranches where they have been bred, and it is said that they are often more like wild than domestic animals. Treatment of a very severe, if not of a cruel, character has to be resorted to before and during shipment, and consequently the animals not infrequently receive severe injuries resulting in their death during the voyage. Being without previous experience of eating or drinking from troughs or buckets, many of the cattle, during the earlier days of the voyage, cannot be induced either to eat or drink; while the variations of climate encountered during the journey and the complete change of diet from green to dry food are circumstances that greatly add to the hardships that must be endured by cattle during a long sea voyage, even in the best constructed and most suitable vessels. . . . The length of the voyage and the great heat generally experienced during some portion of it must remain as permanent sources of suffering.”



The Report for 1898, though going less into detail, shows very slight improvement, and says:—

“ . . . . It is often stated . . . . that the animals were so wild when brought to the ship's side that it was impossible to get them on board without the infliction of serious injuries, and that these injuries, aggravated perhaps by the hardships of the voyage, have either caused the death of the animals or reduced them to such a condition as has rendered their slaughter necessary. . . . .”

And more to the same effect.

#### THE AUSTRALIAN TRADE.

The evils formerly prevalent in the North American trade, and still, unfortunately, common in the South American, reached their climax when, at the end of 1894, a trade in live cattle was attempted from Australia. In 1895, 1,659 head were sent from Queensland, and about 1,000 sheep, with a loss of 98 and 101 respectively per 1,000. And in 1896 a single shipment of these wretched creatures resulted in a loss of 349 out of 383—or 916 per 1,000. The Board of Agriculture was forced to take notice of this scandalous state of things, and one or two vessels were presently “suspended”—*i.e.*, forbidden to carry cattle—for twelve months (only), a penalty obviously miserably inadequate. There were, in the above cases, no facilities for shipment of cattle at the port of embarkation. The animals had to be taken out to the ship in lighters, whence they were hauled on board by their horns by a steam-winch. The description of the scene given by an eye-witness was sickening. For three days after they were shipped no water was supplied, and when they got it it was bad and caused illness. Many of the cattle were carried on the upper deck, exposed to the weather, and died of inflammation of the lungs.

The attempt to establish this trade was so far unsuccessful as to lead to its discontinuance; but it is to be feared that efforts will be made, and are already being made, in favour of its renewal.

#### CAUSES OF LOSS AND INJURY.

1. *Want of Preparation*, in the matter of resting, feeding, handling, and generally getting the cattle, before they are

shipped, into proper condition to withstand (as far as may be) the hardships and novel surroundings of a sea voyage.

2. *Fittings*.—The giving way of fittings in heavy weather has been the immediate cause, both in the foreign and Irish trades, of the most wholesale and noticeable losses. It is obvious that unless the fittings are extremely strong, the great weight of a mass of cattle suddenly thrown upon them by a lurch of the vessel may cause them to break somewhere; then the extra weight of those which have become loose will cause other fittings to give way, and so on; and there have been only too many instances of whole deck-loads being thrown in struggling heaps and masses to one side of the vessel, necessarily causing each other most frightful injuries. In the case of a small vessel this may give it a list from which it cannot recover until the cattle can be shifted; while it has been impossible, sometimes for days together, for the crew or cattlemen to get among the wretched, mangled creatures to release, give water, slaughter, or render any help whatever. When the storm abates, or the vessel comes into port, many are found to be smothered, drowned, or trampled to death; while many more are so shockingly injured as to necessitate immediate slaughter. Every winter this sort of thing occurs to a greater or less degree in all branches of the trade.

3. *Navigation*.—In the Ocean trade much of the comfort of a live cargo depends upon the navigation of the ship. A careful and experienced captain will watch his cattle, and if he sees them getting distressed will ease off or alter his course; but in the Irish trade no such consideration is practicable. The cattle are shipped to reach a certain market at a certain time; consequently these boats put to sea whatever the weather may be, and drive through thick and thin, regardless of the suffering entailed.

4. *Landing*.—In both branches of the trade further suffering is caused during disembarkation by the defective arrangements at many of our cattle ports with regard to gangways, landing stages, etc., and by the conditions of the tides causing hurry in discharging.

## SHEEP.

In considering the hardships undergone by cattle in sea transit, we must not overlook those of the sheep, of which little comparatively is heard. More than half the animals which come from Ireland are sheep, and in some respects these seem to suffer even more than the cattle. They are not usually carried below; but they suffer from exposure on the upper decks, even when these are not washed by the seas; they often arrive more or less blinded by the action of the salt spray, and, thus adding to their apparent stupidity, provoke extra rough treatment; they are helpless creatures, and are very easily smothered or otherwise injured.

## EXISTING REGULATIONS.

*Foreign.*—By the American Regulations of 1890 and our own of 1891 (Transatlantic Cattle Order, 1891), regulations are laid down for the more safe and humane carriage of cattle across the Atlantic, and there can be no question that great improvement has followed their introduction *where observed*. But we have been unable to discover that any means are taken, by Government veterinary or other inspection, to ascertain how far they are observed *during the voyage*; and they are couched, perhaps necessarily, in such vague language—"proper and suitable shelter," "sufficient ventilation," "competent assistants," "proper accommodation," etc. [the italics are ours]—that it would be surprising if the law, thus laid down in spirit rather than in letter, were not sometimes stretched to meet the convenience or increase the profits of the shipowner and the cattle-dealer.

The South American trade, in particular, requires further regulation. The Liverpool underwriters now require the clause "no 'tween-decks" in this business; if the London ones would do the same something would be accomplished towards abolishing 'tween-decks loading. It is common to ship an excessive number of animals in relation to the size of the ship, and the worst results tend to follow this practice. Above all, it is important that the cattle should be got into suitable condition *before shipment*; and to effect this something more

may be needed than a "representation" to the Argentine Government by our Board of Agriculture.

*Irish.*—The Irish trade is now professedly regulated by the Irish Order of 1895, which demands improved practice in penning, lighting, passage-way, and other details. But, up to now, the two most important and comprehensive clauses of this Order are to a great extent stultified by a sort of post-script at the end of each, stating that they do not apply "until further order" to vessels at present engaged in the trade. Thus a large portion of the improvement which is said to have taken place is on paper only.

Certain other recommendations were discussed, and some of them adopted by the Departmental Committee which presented its Report in 1894, the chief of which related to: (1) a period of compulsory detention for rest and feeding before shipment; (2) putting to sea in the teeth of a gale; and (3) shipping in-calf cows—all of them very important for the humane treatment of the cattle. But none of these were adopted by the Board of Agriculture. It is now more than fifteen years since the Liverpool and Glasgow butchers began to agitate for reform in the Irish trade, and it is discreditable to our rulers that so long a period should have elapsed before even the late improvements have been effected. Even the Departmental Committee, from which sprang the Order of 1895, was the result of private effort, and has been given the least effect that was possible. That this Order was issued, however, and that the Board of Agriculture has in some few instances prosecuted for cases of contravention of it, is a step in the right direction, and points to the Board having been roused to a sense of its responsibility.\*

#### DEAD MEAT TRADE.

One of the chief aims of this paper would remain unfulfilled if a short reference to the Dead Meat Trade were omitted.

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\* The Board has, however, seen fit to rescind, in several cases, their order of "suspension"—or prohibition from carrying cattle—within seven months of the pronouncement of it—owing to the representations of the ship-owning interest.

The rapidity with which this fresh meat trade has grown is astounding. The year 1880 was practically the beginning of it: year by year the quantity of meat imported has gone on increasing, and in the year 1901 the imports into the United Kingdom of dead meat from foreign countries and British possessions show a total of 18,372,564 cwt.

It is interesting to learn, from the Report of the House of Lords on foreign meat (1893), that only experts—and not always they—can distinguish between home-grown and imported meats, and that the average quality of imported meat is as high as the average quality of home-grown meat. And it is as well to lay stress on the fact that the public are unwittingly consuming a very large amount of foreign meat, for which they are paying the higher price charged for the home-grown article.

On the ground of economy the saving should be considerable, if, instead of importing live animals, with the attendant cost of feeding and risk of loss, these were slaughtered before shipment and came over in the dressed carcase. This view of the matter cannot be too strongly urged, and it is sincerely to be hoped that its adoption will soon extend throughout the country.

These remarks do not apply to the Irish cattle traffic, as there is a large trade done between that country and Great Britain in "store" cattle, which the farmers on this side buy for the purpose of fattening. This, probably, will continue. But the trade in "fat" cattle for sale to butchers may be more and more largely affected by an increasing demand for foreign supplies, which can be imported in as good or better condition and quality, and at prices which compare favourably with those in the Irish trade.

#### CONCLUSION.

Thus, it seems that the Frozen Meat Trade, being so satisfactory, there exists no sufficient excuse for bringing live meat from distant countries. But even were it otherwise, any trade which entails the confinement of live animals on board ship for weeks together; attached by a head-rope

eighteen or twenty inches long ; travelling through the heat of the tropics, and the rough weather often encountered further north ; and subjected, while in a practically wild state, to a sudden and complete change of diet, must always remain a questionable one from a moral point of view. But whether efforts be made for its suppression or for its amelioration, these—to be of use—should be made without delay, before the traffic is further established, and vested interests have grown too strong to be interfered with.

Nevertheless, although progress is slow, and fresh outlets for trade with its attendant cruelties are constantly being opened up, we need not feel discouraged. By preferring frozen to “English-killed” meat, each can do something to discourage the live-meat trade ; and by a judicious limitation of the ship-owning interest in the House of Commons electors may be able to insist upon improved conditions of transit, while shareholders in steamship companies may exercise pressure in the same direction from within. Thus we may hope in time, with persevering effort, to induce a more general acknowledgment of our moral obligations towards the fellow-creatures we make use of.

I. M. GREG.

## AN INDIAN VILLAGE TRAGEDY.

ON the 30th of October, 1902, the sun rose bright and fair upon a secluded Indian village called Malkowal, situated to the south-east of Gujarat, in the Punjab. The villagers, simple, hard-working agriculturists, commenced their daily routine of humble tasks, serene and contented, for things were improving in the sum total of their limited life-experiences. The famine fiend had fled, seed-time and harvest were in a more promising condition than had been the case for some years; no epidemic, fever, cholera, or plague wrought suffering and sorrow and death in their midst, and in the philosophical frame of mind of the true Hindu each member of the little hamlet went with cheerful placidity to the performance of his common round, when, like a thunderbolt from the blue, came an *avant courier* of evil. A whisper, a report, a warning, spread like a lightning flash from one end of the village to the other—"The plague Sahib comes!"

At this dread premonition the most active of the community fled in haste, some on horseback, while the rest, in helpless terror, concealed themselves in secret places in the vicinity. A little later the cause of this sudden change from peace to confusion appeared on the scene in the shape of an European plague inoculator, armed with a tube of Haffkine's serum, and accompanied by the native Tahsildar and other officials. They found the place deserted, the birds flown, and the nest empty. Chagrined, the doctor and staff were about to wend their way back from whence they came, when the native officials recom-

mended the irate experimenters to possess their souls in patience and remain till the evening, when home ties and domestic considerations would oblige the frightened villagers to return. Such was, in fact, the case. In the gloaming of the Indian sunset the heads of the various families, with their trembling wives and children, stole back into the hamlet, and were at once interviewed by "the doctor Sahib," who offered to inoculate them with plague serum then and there at the expense of a generous and paternal Government. But, such is the fatuity of ignorance and superstition, these unsophisticated natives refused the tempting offer. They argued ingenuously that they were perfectly well, strong, and healthy; that there had been no case of plague amongst them; that they feared greatly this new and fearful remedy for a disease that was not yet in existence; and one and all strenuously declared that they would rather leave well alone than expose themselves to evils they knew not of. "But," in the words of *The Voice of India*, "they were somehow operated upon, with the result that within a week the whole lot of them went to their eternal rest," dying in all the agonies of tetanus, the result of contaminated serum. The victims numbered twenty-five of the young and healthy breadwinners of the hamlet.

The widows of these unfortunate men complained bitterly that their husbands were inoculated in a batch *against their will*, though naturally this statement is contradicted by the Government officials, who assert there was not "any direct official pressure," leaving it to be supposed by the impartial observer that these timid Punjabis of their own accord gave themselves up into the hands of the inoculators.

On further inquiry, it appeared that these poor creatures were actually re-inoculated, and thus the reason for their terror and sudden flight is easy of explanation. Having passed with immunity once through the dread ordeal, they did not see the necessity for a second experiment. The medical authorities also are judiciously silent as to the motive which demanded a second trial of the efficacy of Haffkine's panacea, though they admit this "deplorable calamity" was due to contaminated serum; *where* contaminated deponent sayeth



not, nor whether the wholesale Bombay manufacturer or the Punjab operator is responsible for the tragedy.

The Punjab Government meanwhile has undertaken to compensate liberally the families of all those who died owing to this lamentable experimental operation. Now, I desire to draw attention to the following facts, of which the incident above recorded is but one in a chain of condemnatory evidence against an ill-advised and mischievous policy. I cannot but consider that the system which could lead to such a frightful loss of life, besides the agony, horror, and suspicion involved, is very little understood in this country.

Briefly, the situation is as follows:—

In the summer of last year the Punjab Government, in a paroxysm of plague-stricken terror, conceived the brilliant idea of the wholesale inoculation of the Punjabis with Haffkine's serum, as a preventative of the dreaded disease. For this purpose they imported some hundreds of "trained and experienced" medicos from England, at large remunerative fees (paid, it is needless to remark, out of the Indian Exchequer), to visit the various districts, and initiate the simple people in the gentle art of inoculation of disease. The natives were to be convinced, even against their will, of the saving effects of this new European nostrum, and they were, above all, to be assured of the good will and *bond-fides* of the Government in thus generously experimenting upon them at the country's expense. The remedy was heroic; they on their part must show heroism in coming forward with cheerful alacrity as object lessons to humanity at large. Compulsion, of course, was to be strongly deprecated; all adverse criticism, or frail shrinking of the flesh, was to be met by gentle persuasion; and thus opposition would be stifled in the bud in all but the most wrong-headed and contumacious individuals.

With preternatural wisdom and circumspection the Punjab authorities did not put their ambitious scheme in practice on the immediate arrival of the newly-imported doctors on strange Indian shores in the month of September. For though undoubtedly "trained and experienced," it was dis-

covered they had had no experience of the plague in England, nor had they been able to study the manners and customs of the mild Hindu from the few natives to be met with in the London Docks. Therefore, during the space of three weeks these wise men of Gotham were set to study the disease they professed to cure, the unknown habits, customs, and physique of their forthcoming patients, the superlative advantages of inoculation, and the potential efficacy of preventive measures. And not to be behindhand in the dissemination of useful knowledge, the general secretary of the local government proposed bringing out, if time would permit, "a historical and critical exposition of plague policy in general, and of the detailed plague measures in the Punjab in particular, together with a code of rules for the guidance of inoculation officers in their direct personal relations with the people."

Armed with these good intentions, and the superficial coaching of a few weeks, the zealous disciples of *Æsculapius* were sent early in October broadcast over the land, with the result that on the 30th of the month the tragedy of Malkowal took place, and a score and more of victims fell "a sacrifice to the Government's policy of experimenting." In truth, wholesale inoculation is but the natural corollary to the mania for human vivisection now possessing the greater part of the medical profession. Now, however, it cannot be gainsaid that the airy edifice of empirical prophylactics built upon the anti-toxin theory has fallen to the ground, and the whole system that advocates its practice is now viewed with growing and well-deserved suspicion by the native population of India. Even supposing the efficacy of the nostrum prescribed by the medical authorities was thoroughly established, and that the effects of inoculation were proved to be sure and safe, still it is open to question the wisdom of using either gentle persuasion or official compulsion upon an alien and subject people, so as to make them undergo an operation, however slight, that rouses their suspicion and their fears. But it is a well-known fact that the efficacy of the much-vaunted serum is doubted by many eminent leading medical authorities, and also that it has been amply proved that inoculation is by no means a harmless

preventative against a dread disease, but is often attended by effects as terrible as the foe it is said to destroy.

On the first point, I will quote a paragraph from *The Voice of India*, Dec. 6th:—

“We share the regret of the Punjab Government at what has happened, and wish their campaign had not been carried into the far interior till after its results had been known in the cities and towns, where we have some sort of public opinion. But it seems hopeless for Europeans and Natives to look at such things eye to eye. The ideals are so different. To the European it probably matters little if a hundred people die in order to obtain immunity from plague for the population of the district. To the Indian the death of one innocent man, even in order to save a thousand, appears in the light of an unpardonable murder. The European is coming to believe so much in vivisection that we shall not be surprised if he by-and-by clamours for human subjects to operate on. The average Indian, on the other hand, shrinks from vivisectioning a rabbit, whatever his other pursuits in cruelty. Such are the ideals of the two races; how can these extremes meet? The British Government profess to bring up India more or less according to Indian ideals. Let them see to it, then, that the most cherished ideals and the most sacred personal rights are not made light of by official over-zeal.”

If England is to govern India, it can only be by consummate tact and the highest consideration for native customs, prejudices, and susceptibilities. And how can this goal be attained by the means I have just described, exciting among the mildest of peoples a suspicious and fearsome antagonism to any projected schemes for their benefit that we may desire to carry out in the future?

But upon the second point still stronger evidence is to hand as to the wide difference of opinion in the medical profession itself on the preventive properties of the extolled serum, and therefore exposes the folly, or worse, the cruelty, of subjecting any human beings to experiments that may prove fatal, and are totally subversive of the policy the authorities honestly desire to pursue.

No one can doubt the sincerity and ability of Deputy-Surgeon General Thornton, the highest but one of the medical advisers of the Indian Government, who addressed the following letter to Lord George Hamilton, when the proposed

scheme for the wholesale inoculation of natives came to his knowledge:—

“MY LORD,—

“I beg to draw your attention to the statements which have appeared in the Press to the effect that the Punjab Government has under consideration a great scheme for inoculating six or seven millions of people in that province with anti-plague serum; that a great number of European medical officers are to be engaged for this work, and that the expenses will be enormous. If these statements are correct, I trust your lordship has already positively forbidden so dangerous and impracticable a scheme, which would assuredly excite general opposition, and might even provoke rebellion against British rule in India. The present craze for attempting to secure immunity from disease by preventive inoculation is unsound in theory and unsuccessful in practice. It quite ignores the possibility that these inoculations may exercise a subtle and incalculable influence upon the human economy, and may cause remote consequences of a very unfavourable character. An eminent biologist has declared that ‘when once you interfere with the order of Nature, there is no knowing where the results will end’; hence it follows that inoculation is a leap in the dark, the consequences of which cannot be foreseen. It would be far better and safer to avoid such dangerous methods, and to employ suitable sanitary measures to prevent, or at least mitigate, epidemic disease. In conclusion, I would urge your lordship, with all the earnestness of which I am capable, to consider carefully this very important matter, and to refrain from permitting the Indian authorities to force preventive inoculation upon the Indian people against their will.

“I have, etc.,

“(Signed), J. H. THORNTON, M.B.”

This opinion is on a line with the practical measures adopted at Bangalore in combating the plague. The policy, initiated by Colonel Robertson, the British resident, though proceeding on the most strictly enforced sanitary rules, is carried out with due deference to the wishes and prejudiced habits of the people. Instead of compulsory evacuation of their homes, and voluntary (?) inoculation, “a system of wholesale disinfection of street after street and house after house in the infected areas has been adopted. . . . Eleven parties are at work simultaneously in different quarters of the city.” The occupiers must, of course, vacate the houses to be disinfected, but full forty-eight hours’ notice must be given them before the

operation actually commences. Special precautions are taken to safeguard the property left in the evacuated houses, and if so desired, a member of each household may be present during the operation. Free sites have been given to the poorer residents for building huts, and a small sum is advanced for this purpose; also, instead of demolishing the old houses in the city, the Government undertakes to buy them up. A hospital assistant is deputed to each district for treating poor patients in their own homes, who are supplied with free food, and, in case of death, a small sum is given for funeral expenses. And what is the result of this tact and judgment on the part of the authorities, supported by the sympathy and approval of the Maharaja? The people have willingly co-operated, and the plague is being rapidly stamped out of Mysore. Would it not have been wiser to have spent the twenty-four lakhs of rupees (said to have been expended by the Punjab Government on the importation of alien doctors at exorbitant salaries, and the other expenses involved in the prosecution of the inoculation scheme) directly on the people themselves, in bettering their condition, in rendering their bodily health stronger, and their psychical state in harmony with regulations promoted for their good? Above all, we must remember that the European, especially the Englishman, in his dealings with the Indian, is bringing all the dead weight of his ponderous materialism in direct antagonism with the deepest metaphysical thinker on the face of the earth. He may submit, but he will ever query, if, on logical grounds, there can be any efficacy in a preventative of disease that first instils into the system the very poison that is pronounced fatal to life.\*

FRANCES SWINEY.

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\* In consequence of the facts narrated above, the inoculation scheme is for the present held in abeyance. But it is much to be feared, that until public opinion takes up a more critical and determined attitude than it has hitherto done regarding the various anti-toxin nostrums foisted on the ignorant by a certain section of the medical profession, this disastrous object-lesson in the Punjab will be no guarantee of experimental treatment, based on untried and possibly dangerous remedies, being abandoned in the future, if brought out under the ægis of a handful of scientists, desirous at any cost of earning fame.

## BISHOP BUTLER ON PUNISHMENT.

BISHOP BUTLER is rightly regarded both as one of the greatest of English moralists and as one of the ablest defenders of Christianity, and his works are still in high repute at more than one of our Universities. As a writer, he is the reverse of a sentimentalist. His style is dry and sometimes almost repellent—chiefly, I think, from his desire to put what he has to say into the smallest number of words, while at the same time omitting none of the qualifications which almost all assertions on the subject of morals require in order to make them strictly truthful. He aimed at principles, not details. He dealt with the controversies of the day in the most general terms, and hence his works have not suffered the fate which seem to be overtaking those, for instance, of John Stuart Mill, who occupied himself too much with controversies which have ceased to possess any interest for the general reader. But Butler's writings were notwithstanding influenced by the spirit of the time. Christianity and the Bible on which it claimed to be based had fallen into disrepute among the educated classes, and it was these classes that Butler was primarily addressing. Therefore, though the part of his works with which I am concerned were sermons preached from Scriptural texts, and Scripture was often quoted in the course of them, his main appeal was to human reason and to the moral sentiments of mankind. He maintained that Christianity was

entirely in conformity with our reason and our natural affections, and a large part of his sermons was occupied in pointing out the teachings of our reason and of our affections on the subjects with which he dealt. Our nature, he said, had come from God. So had revelation. Therefore they must agree ; and for the most part he rather relied on human nature in interpreting revelation than on the contrary process which is still frequently resorted to.

The sermons to which I refer were preached in the Rolls Chapel, chiefly, we may presume, to barristers and young men studying for the bar ; and the volume of sermons which he published was dedicated to Sir Joseph Jekyll, the then Master of the Rolls. He was addressing the present and future administrators of the criminal law, who might also have opportunities of amending it. And this accounts in part for the style which he adopted. Legal arguments of the most conclusive character were, and often still are, as dry as the bones in the vision of Ezekiel, and an audience trained as his was would be unlikely to be carried away by eloquence, even if that had been Butler's forte. But legal arguments then involved more of principle and less of precedent than at the present day. My present object, however, is not to point out how the preacher adapted his sermons to his hearers, but to call attention to the fact that the leading principles of Criminal Jurisprudence could not have been absent from his thoughts, though he sought rather to lead his audience up to them than to lay them down in direct terms. He was not then the eminent Bishop of Durham. He was a young clergyman only a few years ordained, who would have been regarded as impertinent if he had attempted to instruct judges and barristers in the true theory of crime and punishment ; and if we recollect who the preacher was, and who the hearers were, we shall be struck by the remarkable tact which Butler displays in some of his sermons, especially those on Resentment and Forgiveness of Injuries.

Butler, it is well known, adopted an intuitive theory of morals. Conscience—the moral faculty—told us what was right and what was wrong. If ill-informed, it might pronounce

a wrong decision, but the only appeal was from conscience ill-informed to conscience better-informed. It was like a Court which was bound to decide on the evidence before it, but whose decision might well be erroneous if this evidence were erroneous or incomplete. But he also maintained that (at least in all ordinary cases) this intuitive moral faculty declared that what was beneficial to the human race was right, and what was injurious to it, wrong; nor, I think, were the other animals wholly overlooked in his moral system. And with his intuitive basis of morals and his practical utilitarianism, he combined a theological element which formed a kind of link between them. God, the author of our nature, intended that our chief duty should be to benefit others as far as it lay in our power to do so. He intended conscience to be the supreme faculty—the authority which, like the law, all men were bound to obey, though they often, in fact, disobeyed both; and God had so constituted this supreme faculty that (with perhaps a few exceptions of a special character) it always enjoined the doing of good to others, and prohibited the doing of harm. Conscience, not considerations of utility, was to be our ultimate guide in all our actions; but when conscience seemed to require us to do anything that was not beneficial to mankind, there was good reason for suspecting that it was ill-informed, and further consideration was necessary before acting.

Butler commences his Sermon on Resentment thus:—  
 “Since perfect goodness in the Deity is the principle whence the Universe was brought into being, and by which it is preserved, and since general benevolence is the great law of the whole moral creation, it is a question which immediately occurs, Why had a man a principle implanted in him which seems the direct contrary to benevolence?” These principles were not new to his audience. They are laid down in other parts of his works, and had no doubt been stated in previous sermons. In answer to the question thus raised, Butler says that he will not discuss the question why men were not made more perfect creatures or placed in better circumstances, but, taking our condition and circumstances as they are, he will inquire why and for what end such a passion was given to us,



"chiefly in order to show what are the abuses of it." He then proceeds:—"The persons who laid down for a rule 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy' made short work with this matter. They did not, it seems, perceive anything to be disapproved in hatred more than in good-will; and, according to their system of morals, our enemy was the natural object of one of these passions as our neighbour was of the other of them. But this cannot be satisfactory, because hatred and malice and revenge are directly contrary to the religion we profess, and to the nature and reason of the thing itself." He therefore concludes that hatred, malice, and revenge cannot arise from the proper use of the natural principle of resentment, but only from some abuse of it.

He divides Resentment into two kinds, hasty and sudden, and settled and deliberate. Psychological objections have been made to this distinction, but its importance in jurisprudence cannot be doubted. It marks the distinction between what may be called crimes of passion and crimes of deliberation, and would form the most rational ground for distinguishing between manslaughter and murder in cases where the indulgence of the passion has led to a fatal result. Sudden anger or passion is mere instinct. We see it in infants and in the lower animals. It is aroused by hurt or violence, and appears to be given to men and animals for self-preservation. "It stands in our nature for self-defence, and not for the administration of justice," and for that reason he passes it over lightly, and deals chiefly with the kind of resentment which does affect the administration of justice. The chief abuses of sudden anger are permitting it to rise too high or to arise on occasions where there has been no real hurt or injury.

Deliberate resentment is, according to Butler, excited only by injury. It "is not naturally excited by, or intended to prevent, mere harm without appearance of wrong or injustice." But the appearance of wrong may be deceptive, and deliberate resentment may therefore be aroused when there is no real injury. He points out that it is aroused by a description of injury and wrong even in a novel, and that the fact that injury

was intended is sufficient to arouse it, although the actual injury may have been prevented. "The natural object or occasion of settled resentment, then, being injury, as distinct from pain or loss, it is easy to see that to prevent and to remedy such injury and the miseries arising from it is the end for which this passion was implanted in man. It is to be considered as a weapon put into our hands by nature against injury, injustice, and cruelty." But he immediately adds, "How it may be innocently employed and made use of shall be presently mentioned." It may be desirable and even necessary to possess a weapon, and yet it may be wrong to use it except in extreme cases.

Butler proceeds to state the abuses of deliberate resentment. He mentions five, which I need not set out in detail. One of course is allowing our resentment to rise too high—a fault from which the members of the judicial bench are by no means exempt. But that on which he lays most stress is "*when pain or harm of any kind is inflicted merely in consequence of and to gratify that resentment, though naturally raised.*" It would be impossible to characterise the whole vindictive theory of punishment more explicitly in the same number of words. But Butler not merely describes this vindictivism as an abuse of the natural passion, but proceeds to prove "the absolute unlawfulness of revenge." He does this in his next sermon "On the Forgiveness of Injuries," which is a continuation of the preceding discourse. Retaliation, he says, is the only abuse of deliberate resentment which does not seem unreasonable at first sight, but "custom and false honour are on the side of retaliation and revenge when the resentment is natural and just, and reasons are sometimes offered in justification of revenge in these cases," and therefore he has to give this abuse of deliberate resentment a special consideration. In the passage which I have last quoted he refers chiefly to the practice of duelling, which prevailed extensively when these sermons were preached; but in the course of his reasoning he introduces arguments which go far beyond the private exercise of revenge for personal wrongs (which, moreover, seldom takes the form of retaliation), and points out the principles which

should be adopted by society—by the State—as regards offences against it. Passing over the passages directed against private revenge, which are less needed in the present state of society than in the days of Butler, I read:—

“It hath been shown that the passion of resentment was placed in man upon supposition of, and as a remedy to, irregularity and disorder. Now, whether it be allowed or not that the passion itself and the gratification of it, joined together, are painful to the malicious person, it must be with respect to the person towards whom it is exercised, and upon whom the revenge is taken. Now, if we consider mankind, according to that fine allusion of St. Paul, as one body and every one members one of another, it must be allowed that resentment is, with respect to society, a painful remedy. Thus, then, the very notion or idea of this passion as a remedy or prevention of evil, and as in itself a painful means, plainly shows that it ought never to be made use of but only in order to produce some greater good.”

“Never to be made use of” by whom? Plainly by “society”—by “mankind.”

But our author fears that he may be charged with using figurative language, and he accordingly puts the argument into another form—

“That mankind is a community; that we all stand in relation to each other; that there is a public end and interest of society which each particular is obliged to promote, is the sum of morals. Consider, then, the passion of resentment as given to this one body—as given to society. Nothing can be more manifest than that resentment is to be considered as a secondary passion placed in us upon supposition—upon account—of injury; not, to be sure, to promote and further it, but to render it and the inconveniences and miseries arising from it less and fewer than they would be without this passion. It is as manifest that the indulgence of it is, with regard to society, a painful means of obtaining these ends. Considered in itself it is very undesirable, and what society must wish very much to be without. It is in every instance absolutely an evil in itself, because it implies producing misery; and consequently must never be indulged or gratified for itself by anyone who considers mankind as a community or family, and himself as a member of it.”

Here we have a wider view taken of the subject than legislation for any one nation or country. All mankind is a community, and that community should never indulge resentment for its own sake. No law should tolerate its indulgence, even against aliens and enemies, unless with a view to a greater good.

Again, he urges that resentment should never be gratified except for the sake of a greater good, because "the gratification of resentment, if it be not conducive to the end for which it was given us, must necessarily contradict not only the general obligation to benevolence, but that particular end itself. The end for which it was given is to prevent or remedy injury, *i.e.*, the misery occasioned by injury, *i.e.*, misery itself; and the gratification of it consists in producing misery, *i.e.*, in contradicting the end for which it was implanted in our nature. This whole reasoning," he adds, "is built on the difference there is between this passion and all others. No other principle or passion hath for its end the misery of our fellow-creatures; but malice and revenge meditates evil itself, and to do mischief—to be the author of misery—is the very thing that gratifies the passion. This is what it directly tends towards as its proper design. Other vices eventually do mischief—this alone aims at it as an end."

He next proceeds to deal with the argument that the man who commits an injury deserves punishment, and that we ought not, therefore, to love him or to sympathise with him. He admits that resentment and love are passions which to a certain extent conflict with each other and weaken each other's force. But they are not inconsistent, for we see both sometimes combined in a high degree in the feelings of parents towards their children and other cases of the like kind. And the obligation to benevolence—to love—is universal. "When this resentment entirely destroys our natural benevolence towards him" (the man who has injured us) "it is excessive, and becomes malice or revenge." He then puts the argument into the mouth of an objector, "But though mankind is the natural object of benevolence, may it not be lessened upon vice, *i.e.*, injury?" His answer is, "Allowed; but if every degree of vice or injury must destroy that benevolence, then no man is the object of our love, for no man is without faults." The objector is then supposed to resume, "But if lower instances of injury may lessen our benevolence, why may not higher or the highest destroy it?" Butler's answer is worth noting, for it plainly embraces animals as well

as man. "It is not man's being a social creature, much less his being a moral agent, from whence alone our obligations to good-will towards him arise. There is an obligation prior to either of these, arising from his being a sensible creature, that is, capable of happiness and misery. Now this obligation cannot be superseded by his moral character." And then comes his defence of the infliction of punishment by the State, which he extended even to capital punishment. "What justifies public executions is not that the guilt or demerit of the criminal dispenses with the obligation of good-will—*neither would this justify any severity*—but that his life is inconsistent with the quiet and happiness of the world; that is, a general and more enlarged obligation necessarily destroys a more particular and confined one *of the same kind, inconsistent with it*. Guilt or injury, then, does not dispense with or supersede the duty of love and good-will." We should still, perhaps, have fewer executions, if before deciding that any death-sentence should be carried out, the Home Secretary would put to himself the question, Is this prisoner's life inconsistent with the quiet and happiness of the world? That was the only test which Butler recognised nearly two centuries ago. And he contended that his doctrine was the only rational doctrine, as well as the only Christian doctrine. He only asked that "we should not indulge a passion which if generally indulged would propagate itself so as almost to lay waste the world," and that "uneasiness and misery should not be produced without any good purpose to be served by it."

It may be thought that Butler sought to eradicate deliberate resentment altogether. But he contended that when kept within legitimate bounds it tended to prevent or remedy injury. "It is necessary for the very subsistence of the world that injury, injustice, and cruelty should be punished; and since compassion, which is so natural to mankind, would render the execution of justice exceedingly difficult and uneasy, indignation against vice and wickedness is, and may be allowed to be, a balance to that weakness of pity and also everything else which would prevent the necessary methods of severity. Let us suppose a person guilty of murder, or of any other action of

cruelty, and that mankind had naturally no indignation against such wickedness and the authors of it, but that every one was affected towards such a criminal in the same way as towards an innocent man, compassion, among other things, would render the execution of justice painful and difficult, and would often quite prevent it." And not only is resentment useful in enabling the convicted man to be punished, but it is also of great use in bringing the criminal to justice and securing a conviction. As implanted in our nature by God, resentment is, he declares, "not only an innocent but a generous movement of the mind. It is in itself and in its original nothing more than indignation against injury and wickedness—that which is the only deformity in creation and the only reasonable object of abhorrence and dislike." But as implanted by God it must be consistent with that universal benevolence which He has also implanted, and which embraces every sensible [sentient] creature; and the only way to make them consistent is to restrict the indulgence of resentment to the cases in which it conduces to a good end. And, as we have seen, Butler is not merely laying down moral rules for individuals; and he puts on the utterances of Christ what seems to me to be their natural interpretation, viz., that the principles inculcated in the Sermon on the Mount and elsewhere were intended to have at least as wide an extension as the parts of the Mosaic Law on which He was commenting—and to guide the legislation of Christian States as well as the actions of Christian men. It never occurred to Butler that while the individual Christian was forbidden to indulge his resentment unless with a view to some greater good, a Christian community might indulge it freely without the slightest regard as to whether it did good or harm. But this seems to be the last ditch in which the Vindictivists who profess Christianity are now compelled to fight.

I have not, of course, quoted the whole of these remarkable sermons or altered Butler's language. He uses (as already noticed) the word *sensible* in the meaning which we now attach to *sentient*; *particular* in the sense of *individual*; and *obliged* as implying a moral obligation. But the humanitarian

theory of punishment has seldom been more clearly or forcibly expressed than by this young clergyman when addressing a legal audience in the reign of George I. He did not, indeed, consider the question whether the system of punishments then in force might not be relaxed with advantage. That was a subject which would hardly have been suited to the pulpit if he had formed a definite opinion on it; and capital punishment was then so universally practised that he may well be excused if he assumed that it was necessary and natural. And perhaps it *was* necessary when he preached. There are always two elements to be considered in the punishment of crime—the certainty of detection and the severity of the punishment when the criminal is brought to justice. When detection is very uncertain and the chances are that the criminal will escape with impunity, the best chance of preventing crime is to impose a very heavy penalty on those who are caught; whereas if detection were more certain, lighter punishments would prove sufficient to deter. In the time of Butler our means of detecting criminals and bringing them to justice were very deficient; and therefore when they were caught and convicted, the protection of the public required much severer punishments than will now suffice for the same purpose. But Butler has, at all events, clearly stated that we are not justified in taking the life of a criminal either because (in our opinion) he deserves death or because the *lex talionis* requires a life for a life. It is only when his life is inconsistent with the quiet and happiness of the world that a public execution—an execution carried out by public authority—can be justified.

There is a passage in the Preface to these sermons which I commend to the attention of those promoters of societies for the prevention of cruelty to children or to animals who cry out for an infliction of the lash on the offenders with whom they are concerned. “The divine precept to forgive injuries and love our enemies, though to be met with in Gentile moralists, yet is in a peculiar sense a precept of Christianity, because our Saviour has insisted more upon it than on any other single virtue. One reason of this doubtless is because it so peculiarly becomes an imperfect, faulty creature. But it may be observed also that a

virtuous temper of mind, consciousness of innocence and good meaning towards everybody, and a strong feeling of injustice and injury, may itself—such is the imperfection of our virtue—lead a person to violate this obligation if he be not on his guard.” It is often good people, not bad people, who require to keep their resentment and indignation under strict control.

I have dealt only with Butler’s theory of Punishment. His humanitarianism appears in many other sermons (*e.g.*, those on “Compassion” and on “Love of Our Neighbour”), and, indeed, in the Analogy also. Butler is, I fear, more admired than read—and might I not say the same thing of Moses? Moderate as he usually is, his trumpet never gives an uncertain sound, and he never mistakes assertion for argument. If those who are in the habit of describing humanitarians as sickly or morbid sentimentalists would pay a little more attention to the writings of Butler, they would find reason to modify their views. Reason alone, he points out, is not a sufficient motive to action in such a creature as man. It must be joined with our natural sentiments in order to produce any effect on our conduct in life. These sentiments were all implanted in us for good and wise purposes. They all lead us right if we keep them within proper limits. They are all liable to excess—even compassion itself—but the abuses of resentment and indignation are both more common and more mischievous. But the great function of our sentiments is to guide us in action, and the sentiment that is divorced from action—such, for example, as sympathy with the sufferings of the dead, whom we can no longer relieve—is a sickly or morbid sentiment. In these remarks I am not quoting the words of Butler. I am giving what I regard as the substance of his teaching. Sentiments are only useful as tending to form a habit of right action. As the habit becomes stronger, the sentiment becomes weaker. The old, experienced, physician is not so strongly moved by the sufferings of his patient as the young man who has just entered the profession, but he proceeds more speedily and certainly to adopt all the measures that his experience and skill suggest for relieving the pain. Habit supplies the place of emotion. The



function of emotion is to form the habit. When it has no tendency to form a good habit it becomes sickly or morbid. In other cases we can only say that it is excessive. (This theory of habits is to be found in the *Analogy*, not the *Sermons*.) Butler was a keen observer of human nature, and he recognised a divine element in all that he saw there. But the divine element was not always supreme, and to establish its supremacy, as far as in him lay, was the task of the clergyman, the moralist, and the legislator.

LEX.

## REVIEWS.

*A Century of English Fox-Hunting.* By GEORGE F. UNDERHILL. (Messrs. R. A. Everett, London.)

With the historical part of Mr. Underhill's work we are not specially concerned, and what he says of the treatment of dogs and horses will often commend itself to the humanitarian. But there are some erroneous economical principles stated in the volume which are worth commenting on, as they are pretty widely prevalent, while our author states them with unusual distinctness. We do not here refer to his chapter on "Sport : Its Relation to the State," for in that chapter he deals with sport in the wide sense of "healthy recreation and excitement" to which no humanitarian can object, and seems quietly to assume that whatever can be said in favour of sport as thus defined is equally applicable to fox-hunting, which forms the subject-matter of his work. Nor need we deal with the parts of the book in which he dwells on the value of fox-hunting as a preparation for warfare. One would imagine, to read some recent books, that the great object of the State should be to prepare the male population for warfare, whereas the best soldiers are often men of little brains and less education, and even officers in peace time seem to experience a difficulty in abstaining from doing mischief. And we do not imagine that it was in the hunting-field that Oliver Cromwell and his Ironsides learned to become the finest cavalry of the day, led by perhaps the greatest cavalry

officer that ever lived. It is in Mr. Underhill's Introduction that we find the theories to which we would chiefly advert.

"Fox-hunting," writes our author, "has long been regarded as one of the principal factors in our agricultural economy. If it were what some of its enemies declare it to be, merely the amusement of the wealthy few, it would long since have been relegated to ancient history, together with the portwine-drinking squires of the last century; but every schoolboy who has studied the rudiments of political economy knows that sport produces national wealth—directly through the encouragement of the horse-breeding industry and the consequent demand for fodder, and indirectly through the circulation of money throughout the country which would otherwise be diverted into foreign channels. It may be said without exaggeration that fox-hunting is the foundation of our national country life; for if it were not for hunting, the large country seats would be either closed or let to tenants, between whom and the farmers there could be no sympathy. Farms would fall into decay, and the capital, without which the poor farmer is helpless, would be taken abroad; thus the small farmer would find himself without a market for the produce of his farm. This is a dismal picture to draw, suggesting probabilities of agricultural ruin."

Now, the first thing that occurs to us on reading this paragraph is that the writer assumes that if fox-hunting were abolished the landlords would reside and spend their money abroad—fox-hunting being the real attraction that binds them to the soil. We do not think so badly of the race of English landlords as Mr. Underhill does, and we believe that many of them would continue to reside and to spend their money in the country even if fox-hunting were prohibited by law. Nay, we do not despair of landlords in time listening to reason on the subject, and giving up fox-hunting of their accord without any compulsion, while still continuing to reside and to spend their money at home. But we would further suggest that the people are now masters of the situation through their influence on the Legislature; and that if we had a race of absentee landlords who spent their money on the Continent, it would not be very long before we would have a Land Bill not at all to their advantage. The other remarks which the passage suggests to us may be made more conveniently later on.

The details of the financial profit which the farmers derive from fox-hunting are next given in statistics—our author apparently relying on the assumption that all this money would

be spent on the Continent or in America if fox-hunting did not exist; for he does not seem to deny that it would be spent somewhere. "There are 150 recognised packs of fox-hounds in England alone. For each pack we may assume that there are on the average 100 horses used exclusively for hunting purposes, i.e., 15,000 horses are kept in England for fox-hunting. Take the average life of a horse in the hunting-field at five years, and the average price paid for him at £100, and we find that the £300,000 is spent annually on hunters, a large proportion of which must go into the pockets of the breeder, i.e., the farmer. Again, every one of these 15,000 horses costs in fodder at the lowest estimate ten shillings a week, i.e., £7,500 is spent weekly, or £390,000 a year, on fodder for horses out of which sum at least £350,000 goes into the pockets of the farmer—" by which term, as he afterwards explains, he means "the large farmer"; and he regrets more than once that the number of large farmers is decreasing. And he presses into the service the statements of some well-known politicians that extended stock-breeding is the best remedy for agricultural depression, as if "stock-breeding" meant the breeding of horses. We need not pursue this reasoning through the details. The reader is already in a position to judge of its value.

Why is agriculture and the agricultural interest of value to the State? Is it merely because it puts money into the pockets of the farmers, and especially of the large farmers? Certainly not. Agriculture, including stock-raising, is of great national importance because it supplies the population with food and clothing, and other necessities and conveniences of life. It provides them with corn and vegetables; with beef and mutton; with butter and milk and cheese; with wool and leather, and many other articles which we need not enumerate. It is true that our mineral wealth and our manufactures enable us to import many of these things from abroad, but the home supply is notwithstanding of great value, and in certain possible contingencies we might be thrown on it almost exclusively. Much of our agricultural labour is done by horses, and horses are also of great value as a means of locomotion, though their importance in this latter respect has of late been much diminished by the use of steam and electricity and still more, perhaps, of the bicycle. Still, the horse is a very useful animal, and the breeding of horses must be

included among the proper uses of the soil, though we do not require as many of them as we formerly did. But can we extend this remark to the breeding of horses not for use, but for sport? We do not condemn all sport, or even all sports in which horses are used, but we fail to see the benefits which the breeding of horses for sporting purposes confers upon the community. The farmer who breeds them may get large prices and realise a handsome profit; but is not this merely calculated to induce him to rear useless horses instead of useful ones? If the rearing of hunters and racehorses interferes with the production of farmhorses, carthorses, and other horses that are used in the ordinary business of life, it is not beneficial but injurious to the community. Again, Mr. Underhill insists that hunting raises the price of fodder. Be it so. But what we should aim at is to lower the price of fodder. Some kinds of fodder—oats, for example,—are also used for the sustenance of human beings. How is the country benefited by raising the price of food? But even when the fodder is only fit for horses, is it desirable to render the maintenance of our working horses (including those of our cabmen, our physicians, our clergymen, etc.) more expensive? Cheap horses and cheap fodder would be far better for the community than dear horses and dear fodder. Even those who regard warfare as the great object of society should reflect that running up the prices of horses and fodder will make warfare more expensive. We cannot provide our cavalry with hunters and racehorses. During the late Boer War English fox-hunting (and other kinds of hunting) did not enable us to obtain the necessary supply of horses and mules at home. We had to seek them abroad. The farmers, perhaps, may gain something for a time by the high prices, but it would not be long before the landlords stepped in to capture their profits by raising the rents. The object of the State in promoting agriculture, however, is not to put money into the pockets either of the farmers or of the landlords, but to provide the public with a copious and cheap supply of the necessities and conveniences of life. Fox-hunting has quite the contrary effect as our author practically admits.

Moreover, Mr. Underhill's statistics afford no answer to the objection which he is considering, viz., that fox-hunting is the amusement of the wealthy few, in which the vast majority of the people do not and cannot participate. If it puts money into the

pockets of the farmers this does not make them participators in the sport. Mr. Underhill, indeed, says that the large farmers participate in it, while admitting that the small farmers do not; and he regrets that the result of the agricultural depression has been to diminish the number of large farmers while increasing the number of smaller holdings. As he regards any man who holds less than 500 acres as a small farmer, it will be seen that in any event his class of large farmers would be too small in number to remove the objection in question; and one of his great complaints is that the number of persons who try to participate in the pleasures of a foxhunt has become too large—strangers not only coming from distances by train to ride after the hounds, but even daring to come on bicycles and follow the hunt by the nearest available road. He thus practically not only admits that the sport is the amusement of the wealthy few, but desires that it should continue to be so. A man who comes from a distance and rides after the hounds without paying a subscription is denounced as a "fox-poacher," though perhaps he has not come within sight of the fox during the entire hunt, which might have been after a red-herring rubbed with aniseed for anything that he knows to the contrary.

There is a good deal more in this volume which we might criticise did space admit—for instance, the connection between fox-hunting and classical literature—but we shall only refer to the author's attack on the renters of shootings. We object as strongly as he does to the wholesale slaughter of pheasants and other inoffensive birds who are not only carefully preserved but tamed in order to be killed with ease and thus to produce a "big bag"—a result which is desired, not merely to afford an occasion for boasting on the part of the shooting party, but for mercantile considerations also. Big bags go a good way towards paying the shooting rents. But Mr. Underhill's ground of complaint is that the gamekeepers kill the foxes—whereas to kill a fox by any other means than having him torn to pieces by dogs is regarded as a high misdemeanour, deserving almost of capital punishment. The gamekeepers also kill dogs, cats, hawks, and various other animals in their anxiety to preserve the game until the season arrives for the amateur chicken-butcher and poulterer to come down and massacre his feathered friends; but for this Mr. Underhill has no word of blame. He even contends that the foxes do not kill the game; but if so, why should the game-

keepers display such inveterate enmity towards them? He intimates that the gamekeepers often kill and sell the game, and then lay the blame on the foxes. Possibly, but the gamekeeper in these instances would take care to preserve the foxes and be able to give his employer clear proofs that the alleged depredators actually existed. Mr. Underhill professes to be an optimist, but it is evident that he entertains grave apprehensions as to the future of fox-hunting between the increased number of small farmers, the non-paying attendants at the meets of the hunt, and the shooting tenants who hold that foxes have other ways of dying than by the mouths of the hounds. We so far agree with our author that we think this bird-shooting is in many respects a worse sport than fox-hunting, though there is, of course, something to be said on both sides. And, after all, is not a man who can kill twenty pigeons in succession without a miss as likely to prove a valuable soldier in the next war as the man who can ride across twenty miles of country without a fall? And if it is a crime for a fox to die otherwise than in the hunting-field, may it not equally be a crime for a pheasant to die otherwise than under the guns of those who deal with the birds as Jehu did with the worshippers of Baal? But we hope that in another century the fight between the shooting-men and the hunting-men will be classed with the fight between the Iguanodon and the Plesiosaurus.

THOMAS STANLEY.

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*Robert Buchanan: Some Account of His Life, His Life's Work, and His Literary Friendships.* By HARRIETT JAY. (Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square, London, 1903. 10s. 6d. net.)

We have already spoken in THE HUMANE REVIEW of Mr. Buchanan as poet,\* and if, in dealing with this powerful and moving biography, we confine ourselves mainly to the humanitarian aspects of Buchanan's life, our readers will not suspect us of any lack of appreciation of the other features of his many-sided character. It is the more necessary that we should do so, because, while some justice has been done in the general press to Buchanan's poetical genius, there is still a marked tendency

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\* "Robert Buchanan." By the Rev. A. L. Lilley. *Humane Review*. (January, 1902.)

to ignore his humanitarian sympathies, and to regard him as the literary man, and nothing more—and this in spite of the fact that Miss Jay, who may be presumed to be the best judge, has given a full and fair account of him in all the phases of his life, as man, as friend, as writer, as sportsman, and as humanitarian.

The truth is that Buchanan's temperament was irrepressibly *human*, and it was for this reason that he was so often in conflict, both in literature and in ethics, with the artificial canons of certain dominant cliques. One has only to glance, for instance, at the *Times*' review of Miss Jay's book (February 13th), to perceive the utter inability of the orthodox critic to comprehend the strange outspoken man of genius, who penned "The Devil's Case" and "The New Rome." "Robert Buchanan," he opines, "neither by performance nor by character, was subject for the near-of-kin biographer; but he was eminently fitted for the brief biography by a student of men and letters." Ah, that "student of men and letters"—how well we know his handiwork! How dearly he would have loved to trim and tidy and whitewash and dehumanise Buchanan, as he tried to dehumanise Shelley, by eliminating from his portrait all the offending and really characteristic traits! And how thankful we must feel, in this instance, to the near-of-kin biographer that she has spoiled, once for all, the little game of the "student of men and letters" by depicting her brother-in-law, not as some literary purist would have wished him to be, but as he actually was! One is reminded of Buchanan's own words about another great poet who was ostracised by the coterie of bookmen:

What a satire on literature it is, to find the whole world flocking to worship the Poets of Good Taste, while a singer like James Thomson dies neglected! We are ringed all round with shams—sham sweetness and light, sham criticism, sham morality, sham Christianity; and the man who tries to break through must assuredly pay the penalty of his foolhardihood. To exist comfortably, one must dance like a tame Bear in the middle of Society's charmed circle, and then the world will cry, "How pretty! how self-controlled! how full of beautiful ideas!"—those beautiful ideas which are the death of all honest manhood.

Perhaps the most interesting passage in a book that is full of living interest throughout is that in which Buchanan narrates how he was influenced in youth by "King Lear," in which drama, as he expresses it, "the very quick of Pity is touched."



The influence on my own character of this masterpiece was deep and abiding. I first gained from it that perception of the piteousness of life which has been, despite all aberrations into contemporary savagery, the inspiration of all my writings. To me the storm-tost figure of Lear represented Humanity itself, swept hither and thither by the elemental and seemingly aimless cruelty of Nature, yet coming at last to anchorage, so far as the individual is concerned, in an equally elemental peace and calm. I was taught by the contemplation of his wretchedness, as he himself was taught by personal strife and sorrow, to feel for that sorrow of which I had hitherto taken "too little care." In weeping for him I wept for all those who suffer, either through their own passions or through the anarchy of society, and from that time forward I was alert to catch any genuine *cri du cœur* from the troubled waters of the world.

In a chapter headed "Sport," we are told how Buchanan, "hungry at all times for any form of experience, and driven to various devices in his constant search for health, was for many years what is known as a sportsman," though he always "disdained the savageries of the *battue*, preferring rather to seek game under the wildest conditions." By degrees, however, a sense of humanity awoke in him which made such sport impossible; until in one of his letters he wrote, "I look upon the sporting episode as the crowning wickedness of my life, at any rate nothing that I can remember seems to tell so strongly against my claim to a comparatively decent manhood." And he adds :

The sufferings of man? What of the sufferings of the gentle things which man, with diabolic and pitiless obtuseness, tortures daily and hourly for his wretched pleasure? What of the poor wounded hare, the panting deer surrounded by man-taught hounds, the fox pursued from copse to copse, and "enjoying" (as the egregious Trollope put it) the run to his death? Thank God, if I forgot for a time the poet's birthright of pity, the great poets of mankind had not forgotten it.

And elsewhere :

For really and truly, that is the lesson which is forced more and more as evolution advances in the soul of every thinking man; that is the teaching immanent in the teaching of my beloved master, Herbert Spencer, when he sees in developing altruism the hope and potency of the human race.

The chapter on sport is followed by one on humanitarianism, contributed by Henry S. Salt, in which are printed some extracts from Buchanan's letters, and some details of his friendly connection with the Humanitarian League, of which he became a

member in 1894. From this chapter we quote, in conclusion, the following passage :—

On November 2nd, 1898, Mr. Buchanan wrote to me with reference to his last volume of poems :

"I am about to publish my 'New Rome: Ballads and Poems of our Empire,' and much of it will appeal, I think, to your circle, though critics generally will cordially detest it. It is an attack on our civilisation all round, in the name of Humanity. One poem in it—'The Song of the Fur Seal'—was suggested by passages in your journal.\* I shall really be glad of any sympathy you can show me, for I am certain to get very scant justice in other quarters. I have poured out the belief that is in me, however, and I don't think it will be altogether wasted."

"The New Rome" is indeed inspired by the most passionate humanitarian feeling. Under the title, "Songs of Empire," the poet denounces the selfish and aggressive militarism which was then practising on native races the barbarities which have since reached their climax in the war on the South African Republics. His "Song of the Slain" breathes the true democratic spirit, and no more trenchant satire has been written of late years than his "Ballad of Kiplingson," and "The Chartered Companie." Nor are the poems conceived in a spirit of mere denunciation; for many of them express, with consummate tenderness and beauty, the new gospel of Humaneness. Nor were the lower animals excluded from his sympathies, as is testified by the stanzas on "Man of the Red Right Hand," "Be Pitiful," "The Song of the Fur Seal," and many others. It is on this oneness of mankind, and of all sentient life, that humanitarianism, if it be more than a passing sentiment, must be based, and this is the spirit in which "The New Rome" is written.

"I had been taught by sharp experience," says Buchanan in his preface, "that such poems were not *wanted* by the public." This sort of admonition, however, was always disregarded by him, and herein, perhaps, is the reason why his great poetical qualities have been so strangely undervalued in dominant literary circles. No thoughtful lover of poetry can be unaware that Mr. Buchanan's equipment, intellectual and artistic, would have been sufficient to fit out some half dozen of the popular poets whom Society delights to honour; but his inveterate habit of calling a spade a spade almost condemned him to the rôle of a prophet crying in the wilderness. All the more, then, do humanitarians owe a tribute of gratitude to this most humane and fearless writer, whose poems are a living testimony to the fact that true poetry does not lose, but is greatly a gainer, by association with compassionate feeling. It is right that this side of Robert Buchanan's genius should receive the appreciation which it deserves.

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\* "The Cost of a Sealskin Cloak." By Joseph Collinson.

*Captain John Brown of Harper's Ferry.* By JOHN NEWTON.  
(Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square, London, 1902. 6s.)

The life and character of John Brown, the hero and martyr of the American anti-slavery movement, must ever be a subject of deep interest to humanitarians, and we owe Mr. Newton our hearty thanks for this excellent biography, based on the earlier records of F. B. Sanborn and other writers, but cast into a more compact and readable form for the ordinary student. The outline of Brown's story is too well known to need recapitulation, but the reader will find in Mr. Newton's careful presentation of it ample material for forming a judgment on the most interesting problem of such a career—how far a reformer is justified in using force as a remedy. There come to mind Whittier's famous verses on that dramatic incident in Brown's martyrdom, when, as he stepped out from the prison door, he stooped down and kissed a negro child, whom a slave woman held in her arms.

The shadows of his stormy life  
That moment fell apart,  
And they who blamed the bloody hand  
Forgave the loving heart.

That kiss from all its guilty means  
Redeem'd the good intent,  
And round the grisly fighter's hair  
The martyr's aureole bent.

But *were* the means as guilty as Whittier considered them? That is a question on which all humanitarians will not be agreed; but all will agree as to the mingled strength and gentleness of Brown's character, a typical product of the stern religious temperament which from the time of the Puritans to the time of the Boers—when fired with the spirit of freedom—has always been an indomitable and relentless force in history. The secret of Brown's devotion is summed up in the words used by him during his examination: "I want you to understand, gentlemen, that I respect the rights of the poorest and weakest of the coloured people, oppressed by the slave-system, just as I do those of the most wealthy and powerful. That is the idea that has moved me, and that alone. We expected no reward except the satisfaction of endeavouring to do for those in distress—the greatly oppressed—as we would be done by. The cry of distress, of the oppressed, is my reason, and the only thing that prompted me to come here."

*Edward Carpenter, the Man and his Message.* (Written and published by Tom Swan, 33, Albany Street, Beswick, Manchester. pp. 39, 6d.)

It is the fashion nowadays to say that the only true biography of an author is to be found in his own books—an exaggerated way of expressing the inevitable reaction against an excess of biographical publications. The desire to know something of the life and personality of a great writer is perfectly natural and legitimate, and we are glad to see that the growing appreciation of the value of Edward Carpenter's writings has taken visible form in this well-written and well-printed booklet, which, in addition to two excellent portraits, contains an interesting sketch of some external facts in Carpenter's life, and a convenient summary of his "message." Mr. Swan has done his part with sympathy and with insight, and the little book may be commended as an antidote to the misunderstandings which have retarded the recognition of Carpenter, as of every other original writer who has had a message to deliver.\*

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*The Faith of an Agnostic.* By GEORGE FORESTER. (Messrs. Watts and Co., 17, Johnson's Court, London, E.C.)

This thoughtful book contains a chapter entitled, "Thoughts in a Meat Market," which is of special interest to humanitarians. The writer, while rejecting (rightly, we think) the claims of "biblical" vegetarianism, inasmuch as the old Jewish scriptures are full of the carnivorous spirit, is very favourably disposed towards the rational vegetarian argument.

Is this mere useless and perchance maudlin sentiment? Oh, most practical man of the world; oh, most commonsensical, beef-eating, bourgeois Briton, I think not. Surely every man, on taking thought, must recognise that this flesh-eating necessity is at least a hideous and deplorable necessity. Is there a man who would deny that the human race would be beings of a far higher order if they

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\* We would especially instance a recent attack—perhaps the silliest thing yet written about Carpenter's poems—published in the *Clarion* (December 19th, 1902), by Robert Blatchford, a writer who, after receiving a very generous meed of applause for his own journalistic work on behalf of Socialism, has apparently conceived it to be his mission to lay low such intellectual giants as Walt Whitman, Ibsen, Thoreau, and Carpenter. The curious thing in this modern version of David and Goliath is that it is the little man, not the great man, who is suffering from "swelled head."

could live without this daily slaughter of hecatombs; this endless shedding of blood; this eternal massacre of harmless, defenceless beings, whom all good men love; if, in a word, man could only cease to be a beast of prey?

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*The Story of Ijain, or The Evolution of a Mind.* By Lady FLORENCE DIXIE. (Leadenhall Press, 50, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.)

"The Story of Ijain," so Lady Florence Dixie tells us in her preface, "is but a simple record of early education in religion, early doubt, and its attendant suffering on the young. It is written in no mocking spirit, but in the earnest hope of making clear to many who have not studied the question, or given it one moment's serious thought, the cruelty practised on the young, of subjecting them to the orthodox religion of the day. It is a lance broken on behalf of youth." Incidentally, too, the book has a humane moral as regards the evils of war, the ill-treatment of animals, and other cruel customs. Like all Lady Florence Dixie's writings, the "Story of Ijain" (which is apparently in great measure autobiographical), is vigorous and picturesque; but we cannot think that from a literary point of view it is comparable to the best work of its author—we refer to the essays and short sketches, such as the "Rambles in Hell" and protests against cruel sports, in which Lady Florence Dixie seems to us to find her most telling and characteristic style.

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*Education: Disciplinary, Civic, and Moral.* By LLEWELLYN WYNN WILLIAMS, B.Sc., Honorary Secretary of the Society for the Reform of School Discipline. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co., London, 1903. 2s. 6d. net.)

We hope that this book will be widely read by educationists, for it is well calculated to open their eyes to the folly and danger of using corporal punishment as a method of discipline. It should be impossible to read what Mr. Williams says of the schools of France, Italy, Holland, America, and other countries where flogging is prohibited, and to maintain the absurd pretence that physical violence is a necessity in the mental and moral instruction of British children. We are glad to see that Mr. Williams devotes a very outspoken chapter to the disagreeable

but important question of Flagellomania, a subject which is invariably evaded by the great majority of teachers, though an understanding of it is of vital importance to any scientific student of education.

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*The Song of the Cross and the Chant of the Labour of Satan.*  
By JAMES MACBETH. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co. London, 1902.) The questions raised in these poems and prose-poems lie beyond the province of THE HUMANE REVIEW; but it is evident that the author's sympathies are strongly humanitarian and the spirit of the book a natural and wholesome one.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### MR. CHESTERTON'S IBIS.

SIR,—The wrong sort of humanitarian might ask why Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, of all men, should have selected the present moment for an essay on Moderation. Mr. Chesterton is not a Jingo, he has conspicuously retained his sanity during the last three years, and he has, by some very nobly-conceived utterances, redeemed the credit of English men of letters. What he said of Zola was the noblest, what he said of Arthur Lynch was the most just and courageous of all that went forth from the English press. His article in the *Daily News* on Lynch was as logical, fair, and judicial as the speech of Mr. Justice Wills was foolish and inconsequent. Whatever Mr. Chesterton says is unlike what other people say—and it usually differs in being more acute, less superficial, more free from clap-trap and showy fallacy. It is conspicuous for its sense of proportion and fitness.

It is therefore with some surprise that I find Mr. Chesterton taking occasion in January, 1903, to denounce the inhumanity of humanitarians, and to exhort us to cultivate sympathy for bad men, bad causes, kindly old compromises, and less defensible positions. Surely the interval between the devastation of the Transvaal (Mr. Chesterton deliberately drags in the Transvaal, so he has not forgotten all about it) and the new wars and new "situations" which we have on hand could be better

employed than in telling us to be compassionate to the "treasures of deluded valour" which are being swept away by our "victorious monomania." Really, the only victorious monomania just now is the monomania of killing, and unless Mr. Chesterton means to imply that the ferocity of humanitarians is the hundred-and-oneth Cause of the War, I cannot see the force of his allusion. If he had addressed his exhortation to the professional and political Jingos, it would have been comprehensible. *Medio tutissimus ibis*, said unlucky Ovid. "I am that Ibis," says Mr. Chesterton. "Try, my humanitarian friends, to be ibises." Why should we try? Are there not ibises enough already? The Liberal Unionists, indeed, have somewhat corrupted their good manners by evil communications—but the Imperial Unionists, and all the other species—who at the last election besought us to vote for them, on this very ground, that they were ibises—are they not legion? Surely the balance of Nature will be endangered if we all get into one scale. There is not enough bad humanity left to be worth powder and shot. Mr. Chesterton would have shown a finer sense of proportion in leaving us to die a natural death.

Nor is it fair to say so much about "bad humanitarians," and nothing at all about good—unless we accept his very ambiguous compliment, that he feels an abject respect for us because he knows nothing about us. He is like a man who should write a work on Christianity, and occupy his space chiefly with assailing Judas Iscariot.

When he is not poking fun at our scarecrow ranks, Mr. Chesterton is very interesting and suggestive—to be sure, he is occasionally a trifle obscure, but his subject is an obscure one. Thus I am unable to determine whether he calls for moderation in brutality, or for brutality in moderation—for a little moderation, or a little brutality; but his earnest advocacy of moderation indicates that he means the latter.

The Moderate, with his ardent nature, palpitating in sympathy for all, is a beautiful conception. His feelings are so strong that he is never angry with anybody. His heart is so exquisitely attuned to others' woes, that when he happens to come across one man engaged in flaying another alive, he enters equally into the feelings of both. Your bad humanitarian sympathises only with the flayed, and by his clumsy interference adds to the sum of human misery the pangs of the disappointed flayer. The



good humanitarian—*i.e.*, the Moderate—is not too engrossed with the discomfort of the flayed, to remember that the flayer, too, is a man, that flaying may be one of his pleasures, or even one of his sources of livelihood. He recognises the barbarity of depriving him of it, and passes on, musing on the kindly old compromises, which make one man's poison another man's meat, and on the riddle of human failure and success.

The moderate man does not even condemn the partridge—he is sorry for him, with all the warmth of his universal sympathy—but there is present to his large imagination the vision of the sportsman's bitter woe, should a bad humanitarian come along, and scare the game.

The reference to the basilisk pained me—it savoured too much of the weak argument based on the cut of Mr. Chamberlain's South African travelling-suit, justly reprobated by Mr. Chesterton as a personality. But there really are certain fashions or facts or institutions on which the bad humanitarian fixes his basilisk eye with a cold-blooded, persistent want of sympathy which chills the genial Moderate to his marrow.

It is disconcerting to learn that to the opponents of humanitarianism we appear as moral outlaws—surely an immoderate view, for it seems they charge us with nothing worse than an effeminate and Puritanic inability to comprehend the energy and good humour of the give-and-take of life. “Give-and-take of life” is good; it puts the case against humanity in a nutshell. We take the life of the tame stag, the bag-fox, the pigeon, the hare, the rabbit, the partridge, the pheasant, with energy, and they give their lives with good humour. There is really hardly any more to be said.

The doctrine of moderation and universal sympathy can be applied to anything. Take flogging—a question on which the bad humanitarian has had his basilisk eye fixed for some time. Here is a person of deficient moderation, who has committed robbery with violence. The majesty of the law expresses its opinion of his conduct by a cat-o'-nine-tails. Your bad humanitarian goes off in a tantrum over the flogging. How different is the attitude of the Moderate! *He* only finds free scope for his universal sympathy. *He* sees how cruel it would be to baulk the man—who might have a fit from suppressed emotion. But he also sees that he is a person wanting in moderation, and that though the energy of the give-and-take was there, the good

humour was wanting. Then, when the flogging begins, whole volumes of the philosophy of moderation and universal sympathy unfold. There is the pain of the floggee to be pitied, the honest satisfaction of the flogger to be sympathised with. The floggee may be penitent, or he may be supported under his sufferings by the thought of what he will do when he comes out—in either case, the Moderate is ready with his understanding and sympathy. Then the flogger may be a social reformer, trying to sweep away “treasures of deluded valour”—in which case he almost sinks to the level of a bad humanitarian—or he may be merely an energetic and good-humoured person whose doctor has recommended him to take exercise for a sluggish liver—in which case the Moderate will look on him as a sort of brother sportsman. The bad humanitarian need not flatter himself that he has the monopoly of sympathy—he is, if he could but see it, the most cruel and unsympathetic of mortals.

Yet it is disappointing to find Mr. Chesterton suddenly abandoning this high ground, and telling us that “in practice we must be partisans.” If so, why be so hard on the bad humanitarian? It seems that there must be a difference—earnestly as we may strive to hold the balance even between the man and the partridge, we cannot treat the partridge exactly as we do the man—for instance, we preach to the man, but not to the partridge. This is because the partridge cannot understand, and the man can, though he often looks as if he couldn't. This remark explains why Mr. Chesterton addressed his strictures to the humanitarians of Battersea. Again, we shoot the partridge, but not the man. The man gets the sermon, and the partridge gets the shot, and the moderate man goes away reflecting on the give-and-take of life.

With his accustomed moderation, Mr. Chesterton indicates to us what we may reply; we may tell him that if we attempted to be on both sides of every question, nothing would ever be done for the oppressed and tortured children of the earth. Yes, we might say that. But why should they not be oppressed and tortured? Is not this a part of the give-and-take? Still, the expression “attempted to be on two sides of every question” has a rather sinister association. There was once a witty Chancellor of the Exchequer—as witty as Mr. Chesterton himself—who tried this with very disastrous effect. He swept away no end of things—thirteen provinces among the rest.

It is a distinct consolation to us to find that Mr. Chesterton did not mean his words to be taken as a criticism of our methods of controversy. Also that he feels abject reverence for us, even though this is only because he knows nothing about us. The moderate character is very beautiful ; it seems to be made up of reverence and benevolence. The Moderate is in fact a universal humanitarian—that is where he differs from us. He never denounces anybody ; whereas the wrong sort of humanitarian, the partisan, who gets angry, and foams, and calls for a deluge from heaven, to quench, say, the flames that are burning a nigger alive, or the blaze of Lindley, this man is “ of all the sons of Adam the most inhumane.” He has no compassion for the “ treasures of deluded valour ” enshrined in those 6,000 Australians who swooped down on Worcester and Capetown, he regards Handcock and Morant with a narrow, sectarian abhorrence, instead of with the catholic sympathy of the Moderate. The Moderate enters into the delirium of joy with which the 6,000 watched the flames curl round the pulpit. In his manifold sympathy he will even feel a passing regret that the parson could not have been inside, but will dismiss the wish as likely to have caused pain to the parson. As he reads the Martial Law Blue Book, he never forgets that the military judges, could he know them, might fill him with an inrush of sympathy, and prove the jolliest fellows in the world. His sympathies will flow out freely to everybody—judges, prisoners, witnesses, friends, and relations—finally to himself, for being *ex hypothesi* a person of strong feeling, he will have a deep capacity for suffering. He will never think the military judges were either fools or fiends, though they *did* sometimes sentence men to imprisonment for asking which of two contradictory orders they must obey. Instead of fuming at the thought of men’s lives and fortunes being at the mercy of such people, he will muse on the give-and-take of life, and feel reverent about the riddle of human failure and success. He will found a league for the Encouragement of Things in General ; and far from showing the exclusiveness which shuts out either the man or the partridge, he will have them both to dinner—only marking his sense of the necessary difference of sympathy by arranging the legs of the man under, and those of the partridge upon the table.—Yours, etc.,

MARY A. M. MARKS.

## THE MOSAIC CRIMINAL CODE.

SIR,—In the comparison instituted between the Mosaic and the English Criminal Codes, in an interesting article by "Lex," in the January number of THE HUMANE REVIEW, a too favourable view of the former, as it seems to me at least, has been adopted.

Credit is claimed for the Jewish as compared with the English laws (as were the latter until recent times) that they were much less Draconian; that the Jewish legislator (or legislators) attached the death-penalty to fewer crimes; that there was no preliminary torture of the "criminal" as was the case especially under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction in Christendom; that there was no legalised mutilation outside the *lex talionis*, and that the enjoinder of the retaliatory "eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot" may be regarded rather as expressing a general principle on which his (Moses's) legislation proceeded than as commonly carried out, in fact; that scourging was not unlimited in extent or at the arbitrary discretion of the judge or administrator of the law, but was strictly limited to the number of forty strokes; that there was no legal flogging of children or youthful offenders enjoined; that the punishable offences against "religion" were not so trivial as those which have been visited with so frightful penalties under the Christian laws; that the death-penalty was not inflicted for theft (as it constantly was in this country not more than eighty years ago), which the Mosaic legislator punished by fine or by compulsory restitution; that his enactments relating to debtors were much milder than the Christian, usury being severely prohibited; that imprisonment and jails formed no part of his Code (for the sufficient reason that the erratic life in the desert did not easily permit them); lastly, that no criminal could be convicted upon the testimony of a single witness.

No one, versed in the disgraceful history of the Criminal Codes of Christendom in general, or of the English Code in particular, and endowed with the smallest degree of the sense of humanity or of equity, will be inclined to deny or dispute the frightful inhumanity and inequity of the Christian laws, as exhibited down to very modern times. And in the points specified by "Lex" credit may fairly be claimed for the Jewish Code, as against the Christian, in which the *summum jus summa malitia*

(to use the Terentian way of phrasing the well-known proverb) indeed might well seem to be supremely verified. In particular, the *number* of factitious crimes, to which the death-penalty was attached, was far less in the Jewish Code; and the absence of *preliminary* torture (which characterised and covers with deserved infamy, in especial degree, the ecclesiastical tribunals of Christendom) may be placed to the credit of the Mosaic legislation.

But, at the same time, it is to be added, that systematic antecedent torture—excepting as respected the wretched, almost wholly unprotected, slave class, a very large exception it must be owned—was unrecognised equally under the Hellenic and Latin civilisations. As for the comparative greater *triviality* of the “religious” or ecclesiastical crimes of the Christian Codes, some doubt is permissible in view of the fact, e.g., that death by stoning was inflicted by the Jewish law-givers for the most trivial infringements of their Sabbatarian minutely-vexatious regulations—even the collecting a few sticks for firewood having been a capital crime. It is in respect to the milder penalties for theft, for which the English laws until some seventy years ago notoriously condemned every year hundreds (even women and mere children) to the ignominious gallows, that the Mosaic legislator or legislators may most justly claim the superiority.

But, on the other hand, regarded as a whole and *absolutely*, the Jewish criminal laws—in particular, in respect to the modes of the death-penalty—have deserved the severest condemnation for their barbarity; as the ceremonial laws (apart from the sanitary regulations, and even they were for the most part absurdly trivial and vexatious) have merited just ridicule for puerility as well as detestation for their universally sanguinary character—“without shedding of blood is no remission,” too truly characterising their whole significance.

As is presumably well known, the modes of the Mosaic death-penalties were: (1) *Lapidation*, or stoning—the most common (inflicted especially for ecclesiastical or theological, but, also, for secular offences, e.g., upon offenders against the sexual regulations; even young women being condemned to that terrible death, and that, too, even when the victims of violence or outrage). (2) *Burning*—apparently of the living “criminal”—at least, in some cases. (3) *Hanging*—thence borrowed, apparently, by our English legislators. (4) *Strangling* or *Garotting* (in the Spanish

manner). (5) *Decapitation*. (6) *Sawing asunder*. (7) *Precipitation*, or hurling from a precipice.

In later times, it is to be added—for which, of course, the Mosaic legislators are not responsible—*Crucifixion*, the most agonising, probably, of all the horrible forms of infliction of death-suffering invented by human diabolical ingenuity, was borrowed from the Roman law, which subjected offending slaves to that frightful, lingering torture.

Among the *secondary* post-Mosaic punishments—also derived, apparently, from their conquerors—*Scourging* appears prominently.

As to the Law of Retaliation—the *lex talionis*—"the eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth," etc., is laid down with such emphasis that it is much to be feared that the learned writer of the article takes too lenient a view in supposing it to have been not intended for actual execution, especially if we remember that it was that principle of the "Law of Moses" which was particularly repudiated, with emphasis, by the greatest religious Reformer of Mosaism (not, indeed, the abrogator, as he himself expressly affirms in the strongest terms). The Law of Retaliation and Revenge, without all doubt, it may be remarked in passing, derived (as, also, the largest part of the Mosaic legislation, which, by the way, dates in all probability, in its present shape at all events, not earlier than from the seventh century B.C.) from very much older fetichistic laws and practices. And, in fact, quite recently discoveries have been made which have entirely confirmed what was antecedently and rationally certain.

The "crimes" incurring these horrible death-penalties were idolatry, blasphemy (lit., the speaking derogatorily of the claims of the tribal deity), divination and witchcraft, profanation of the seventh day or sabbath, disrespect for or disobedience to parents and all "sacred" persons, adultery, seduction, and homicide. For theft, the offender was sold into slavery—if he were unable to make restitution.

Upon the whole it must be conceded that the Mosaic Criminal Code was as sanguinary and barbarous as well can be conceived; and if the extensive and all-pervading vicarious expiatory sacrificial system be added to the frightful account, with certain of the legal ordeals (one of which for testing the guilt or innocence of a wife accused of adultery is exceptionally revolting

in its barbarity), it might justly be admitted that the Hebrew seer's judgment was not unjustified—that the legislators for his countrymen had enacted "statutes that were not good, and laws by which they should not live."\*

The whole subject of the so-called Mosaic legislation becomes all the more interesting, when we remember that the first compiler of English laws, King Alfred of Wessex, was largely influenced by it, and that undoubtedly much of later royal and ecclesiastical law-making—the ecclesiastics being in mediæval times the chief legislators—may be referred to the belief (real or affected) that *tradidit arcano quodcunque volumine Moses* is of supernatural origin. It is certain that the obstinate retention of the death-penalty by the Government of this country largely depends upon this traditional prejudice or superstition.

H. W.

---

\* See, in particular, *Ezek.* xvi.—a comprehensive indictment. It may be remarked here that the Jewish peculiarly barbarous method of butchery—more barbarous, it would seem, than even the Christian—derives its sanction from the Mosaic Ceremonial Code.

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# THE HUMANE REVIEW.

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## THE NATURE BOOKS OF MR. W. H. HUDSON.

ONE of the commonplace phrases in everybody's mouth, the meaning of which is of necessity grasped in the feeblest and most fragmentary manner, is "the fecundity of nature," that same illimitable force of hers that perpetually brings myriads of forms of sentient life out of every rood of earth's surface, that protean force that creates the endless recurrence of new waves of life in the eternal ocean of the Universe flowing round us. Man, in fact, can never adequately stretch and sharpen his faculties so as to become purely absorbed, as a spectator, in the vast drama of nature's myriad activities, and enjoy it as the one entrancing supreme spectacle, inasmuch as nature has cunningly given to man's vision the illusive perspective of self, and his outlook must always be blurred by this partial lens with its finitely human focus. If we can momentarily conceive a man gifted with the fabulous Merlin's power of entering by turn into, and feeling with all the myriad forms of sentient life, and on changing back again to human flesh remembering the sensations of each of his transformations, we would be stricken no less by an appalling sense of our human limitations



than of our human powers terrible in comparison with the animals'. Such a man's soul would be filled with the mysterious pantheism which breathes in the Lay of Amergin :—

"I am the wind which breathes upon the sea,  
 I am the wave of the ocean,  
 I am the murmur of the billows,  
 I am the ox of the seven combats.  
 I am the vulture upon the rocks,  
 I am a beam of the sun,  
 I am the fairest of plants,  
 I am a wild boar in valour,  
 I am a salmon in the water,  
 I am a lake in the plain,  
 I am a word of science,  
 I am the point of the lance of battle,  
 I am the God who creates in the head of man  
 the fire of thought,"

and we should realise as never before that man's mind, though the most marvellously complex instrument of all, is still, as it were, but a human eyelet hole, through which the Universe can only be refracted back to us in certain aspects of its incalculable whole. Even were man's intimate penetration into nature's secrets to be increased a thousandfold, we must still look on man's consciousness as an instrument capable only of the adjustments peculiar to his nature. But this being so, all the more do we prize those original minds among us whose talents are, as it were, new variations of our ordinary mental vision, talents which carry us some little way beyond the over-worked channels of our busy human interests, and make us penetrate into that vast archipelago of nature's life where man's being and doing appear as merely one sort of phenomena, as the human speck in the universal ocean of life. Mr. W. H. Hudson has one of these creative minds, and he is perhaps the only writer on nature's life, to-day, whose spiritual vision is inspired by some illusive strain of Merlin's fabled power.

At first sight all the great secrets of the future would seem to belong to the scientific students, to the calm, "passionless" observers equipped with the ever-increasing marvellous instruments that Science places daily in their hands, but at first sight only. Admitting that the discoveries of the great captains of

Science, and the observations of the vast band of humble workers, have immeasurably increased our knowledge of nature's laws, and indeed revolutionised our conceptions of the formation and evolution of the material universe, it is obvious that the scientists themselves cannot escape the great law of the specialisation of functions, and that their angle of vision, no matter how adjusted or to what ends directed, can never serve them as a magical glass harmonising and uniting all the manifold human visions in general. The scientific view has in fact its strictly defined sphere of applications, and has no power to enter into, for example, the fields of vision of seers, such as the poets, the musicians, the painters, the philosophers, the priests, or even the statesmen. Indeed, in recognising the triumph of Science in explaining the working of vast ranges of nature's laws, we cannot help seeing that our whole human understanding of life has not come to us through any "scientific methods" of observation, and that the "scientific method" can only be used as the auxiliary tool of our instinctive perceptions. For example, the great scientist when he wishes to comprehend his wife's feelings towards him will never be able to employ a scientific method to determine them! So we are justified in turning round on the scientific men, and saying to them: "What you tell us is of extraordinary light-giving value, but you will be the first to admit that your demonstrations of fact can never include the most important fact of all? You tell us countless facts about the laws of life, but the actual spirit of life, its living feeling, which is the essential volatile principle of life, can never be assessed by you." "Quite so," the scientific men will rejoin; "we don't pretend to be able to analyse feeling, except in some of its causes and effects, and therefore our descriptive studies nearly always leave it on one side as an indeterminable force."

Now the surprising characteristic of Mr. Hudson's writings is that this mysterious force of feeling, ever present in nature's life, which modern scientific writers agree to leave out, Mr. Hudson puts in. "Ah! but he puts his own human feelings into his descriptions, and that is unscientific," the reader may exclaim. Wait a little. Himself a scientific student he has an instinctively poetic and artistic method of his own in

examining living nature, a method which interprets for us "the facts" of the trained observers, and synthesizes for us the living creature's *spirit*—a method which is indispensable to any spiritual comprehension of nature. Our knowledge of the workings of the human mind and of human life that the great creative artists, from Homer to Shakespeare, have brought to us may be "unscientific" in this sense, that it is not demonstrable of proof, but it is none the less knowledge. The key that has unlocked the gates of the vast regions of spiritual life is our mysterious instinctive *feeling* about life. A page from Mr. Hudson's last book, "Hampshire Days," will best illustrate the degree to which his subtle artistic method of interpreting "scientific facts" throws open new avenues in approaching nature's life:—

"The end of the little history—the fate of the ejected nestling and the attitude of the parent robins—remains to be told. When the young cuckoo throws out the nestlings from nests in trees, hedges, bushes, and reeds, the victims, as a rule, fall some distance to the ground, or in the water, and are no more seen by the old birds. Here the young robin, when ejected, fell a distance of but five or six inches, and rested on a broad, bright green leaf, where it was an exceedingly conspicuous object; and when the mother robin was on the nest—and at this stage she was on it a greater part of the time—warming that black-skinned, toad-like, spurious babe of hers, her bright, intelligent eyes were looking full at the other one, just beneath her, which she had grown in her body, and had hatched with her warmth, and was her very own. I watched her for hours; watched her when warming the cuckoo, when she left the nest, and when she returned with food, and warmed it again, and never once did she pay the least attention to the outcast lying so close to her. There, on its green leaf, it remained, growing colder by degrees, hour by hour, motionless, except when it lifted its head as if to receive food, then dropped it again, and when, at intervals, it twitched its body, as if trying to move. During the evening even these slight motions ceased, though that feeblest flame of life was not yet extinguished; but in the morning it was dead and cold and stiff; and just above it, her bright eyes on it, the mother robin sat on the nest as before, warming her cuckoo.

"How amazing and almost incredible it seems that a being such as a robin, intelligent above most birds, as we are apt to think, should prove in this instance to be a mere automaton! The case would, I think, have been different if the ejected one had made a sound, since there is nothing which more excites the parent bird, or which is more instantly responded to than the cry of hunger or distress of the young.

But at this early stage the nestling is voiceless—another point in favour of the parasite. The sight of its young, we see, slowly and dumbly dying, touches no chord in the parent; there is, in fact, no recognition; once out of the nest it is no more than a coloured leaf, or bird-shaped pebble, or fragment of clay.

"It happened that my young fellow-watchers, seeing that the ejected robin if left there would inevitably perish, proposed to take it in to feed and rear it—to *save* it, as they said; but I advised them not to attempt such a thing, but rather to SPARE the bird. To spare it the misery they would inflict on it by attempting to fill its parents' place. . . . It would perhaps have a wholesome effect on their young minds and save them from grieving overmuch at the death of a newly hatched robin, if they would consider this fact of the pain that is and must be. . . . When summer came round again they would find no more birds than they had now. And so it would be in all places; all that incalculable increase would have perished. Many millions would be devoured by rapacious birds and beasts; millions more would perish of hunger and cold; millions of migrants would fall by the way, some in the sea, and some on the land; those that returned from distant regions would be but a remnant. It is not only that this inconceivable amount of bird-life must be destroyed each year, but we cannot suppose that death is not a painful process. In a vast majority of cases, whether the bird slowly perishes of hunger and weakness, or is pursued and captured by birds and beasts of prey, or is driven by cold adverse winds and storms into the waves, the pain, the agony, must be great. The least painful death is undoubtedly that of the bird, that, weakened by want of sustenance, dies by night of cold in severe weather. It is indeed most like the death of the nestling, but a few hours out of the shell, which has been thrown out of the nest, and which soon grows cold and dozes its feeble, unconscious life away. . . .

"I am not sure that I said all this, or marshalled fact and argument in the precise order in which they are here set down. I fancy not, as it seems more than could well have been spoken, while we, standing there in the late evening sunlight by that primrose bank, looking down on the little flesh-coloured mite in its scant clothing of black down, fading out of life on its cold green leaf. But what was said did not fail of its effect, so that my young tender-hearted hearers, who had begun to listen with moist eyes, secretly accusing me, perhaps, of want of feeling, were content in the end to let it be—to go away and leave it to its fate in that mysterious green world we, too, live in and do not understand, in which life and death, and pleasure and pain, are interwoven light and shade."—(*Hampshire Days*, pp. 27-29.)

This descriptive analysis of bird-life is saturated with human feeling. But do we lose or gain knowledge thereby? Does it not carry us from low to higher ranges of comprehension? Let us suppose that is was paraphrased in "impassive," scientific

language, and its artistic and poetic shades of feeling were expunged. In that case the bald facts recounted would remain as a groundwork, but the very spirit of life in the thing seen would be altered, our insight and comprehension would be infinitely lessened. So the "impassive" scientists themselves are in a dilemma. We cannot actually comprehend nature's life without being emotionally affected by it, *i.e.*, our comprehension *is* largely the emotion it excites in us. So face to face with nature's wild life "scientific observation" must be supplemented and inspired by artistic and poetic methods of divination. To comprehend sentient life we must employ all the old emotional tools of the human mind, all those shades of æsthetic sensibility and of human imagination by which the great artists and poets seize and apprehend the *character* of life. The scientists are in their element in investigating the working of physical laws, in determining the properties or the functions of living organisms, but a knowledge of these laws no more qualifies them to apprehend the character, nature, or spirit of the life of nature's wild creatures under the open sky than a perfect knowledge of anatomy can make a man a Praxiteles.

And wild nature's life being a natural drama of instinct, an unceasing play of hunger, love, battle, courtship, fear, parental emotion, vanity, and most of all, perhaps, pure enjoyment of physical powers, it is obvious that every man who is irresponsible in his feelings, or possessed of a dull artistic imagination, or weak æsthetic sensibilities, must remain practically aloof from wild nature, and its infinite feast of characteristic displays. He will not see or feel what is going on in forest and meadow, and so, remaining blind to the whole force and spirit of nature, he will not be able to pronounce on its *life*.

## II.

It is indeed by his rare and rich endowment of many complex shades of feeling, by the finest and most delicate variability of mood, running up the whole emotional gamut, that we explain Mr. Hudson's genius for entering into, and interpreting back to us, wild nature's life. "What if Truth be a woman," said Nietzsche, in one of his brilliant flashes, "and

what if the solemn old philosophers have gone just the wrong way to work to get her to reveal herself?" or words to that effect. And in face of nature's infinite beauty, deceptiveness, complexity of motives, and capriciousness, in face of the complex ruses by which she accomplishes her ends, of the feminine care with which she arranges appearances, and fulfils her purposes under the seductive cover of sensuous delights, the man who would penetrate into her life must treat her much as a man turns to the one woman who allures and fascinates him, for whose bewitching presence his spirit hungers. He may indeed be incredulous, cool, and doubting, knowing that she constantly plays with him, and cheats him, and that if he grasps one of her meanings her whole subtlety is infinitely beyond him; but if he is not sympathetic in her presence, if he does not feel that her beauty is beyond all beauty, she will deceive him far more! And even if he rudely strip off her veils she will treat him as Truth has treated the ugly old philosophers, and he will never really possess her or be one with her. Now Mr. Hudson's method face to face with nature, this curious mingling of scientific curiosity to know all about her, with artistic susceptibility to her charms, derives its inner inspiration from what is essentially a poet's spiritual passion to lose himself in contemplation of her infinitely marvellous universe. Though it is indeed largely by the gleams and flashes of light arising from the poet's communion with nature that man's spiritual sense of the great Universe flowing around him has best found its expression, the poets in general (some of the great poets excepted) have only tentatively explored the vast archipelago of nature's life that exists for itself outside man's world of thought, though it exists indeed in invisible relations with it. It is Mr. Hudson's distinction, however, to have sought and followed these mysterious realms of nature's life, not as a scientific specialist, as a botanist, or zoologist, studying natural laws of structure, habit, or environment, but in the same spirit of creative enjoyment with which the great poets examine and search human life, *i.e.*, with a sense not only of what this life's *character* is as life, but of what all this absorbing drama of nature's eternal fecundity signifies spiritually to man. Any adequate treatment of Mr. Hudson's writings

would therefore have to analyse the extreme originality with which he enlarges both the poets' and the scientists' horizons, at one and the same time, by showing the poets new worlds to conquer, and by showing the scientists that their methods, though indispensable, do not carry us far enough. We cannot pursue this analysis in detail here beyond saying that Mr. Hudson's work as an ornithologist has been to cut away, as it were, whole sections of dead and petrified lore, from our shelves, and replace them by a series of the most delicate living studies of the character, habits, and genius of bird-life.\* Nor have we space to dwell here on what we chose to call, a little arbitrarily, his artistic feats of delineation, by which he has drawn away with a magician's hand the heavy veils of misunderstanding with which our dull ordinary brains, scientific or otherwise, cloak the actual life led, with the rich zest of instinct, by the great non-human populations of squirrels, jays, weasels, hornets, moths, spiders, adders, stag-beetles, shrew-mice, crickets, dragon-flies, moles, snails, and the thousands of other little creatures to whom nature has given the earth no less than to us. The two books, "Hampshire Days" and "Nature in Downland," contain, as it were, *la vie intime* of all these independent tribes of creatures, and chronicle their wars, their loves, their hates, their prejudices, and the countless agitations of their days, with all the insight, grace, whimsical humour, and delicious freshness that the true artists employ in fashioning our human chronicles. We pass over these feats of artistic penetration for the pleasure of quoting a very simple unobtrusive passage in "Birds in a Village," a passage by studying which attentively the reader will be able to forecast the critical road he is here asked to travel:—

"Meanwhile the girl talked eagerly to the little ones, calling their attention to the different birds. Drawing near, I also became an interested listener; and then in answer to my questions she began telling me what all these strange fowls were. 'This,' she said, glad to give information, 'is the Canadian goose, and there is the Egyptian goose, and here is the king duck coming towards us; and do you see that large beautiful bird standing by itself, that will not come to be

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\* *Birds in a Village.* (Chapman and Hall, 1893.)  
*Birds in London.* (Longmans, Green and Co., 1893.)  
*Birds and Man.* (Longmans, Green and Co., 1901.)

fed? That is the golden duck. But that is not its real name; I don't know them all; so I name them for myself. I call that one the golden duck because in the sun its feathers sometimes shine like gold.' It was a rare pleasure to listen to her, and seeing what sort of a girl she was, and how much in love with her subject, I, in my turn, told her a good deal about the birds before us, also of other birds she had never seen, nor heard of, and after she had listened eagerly for some minutes, and had then been silent a little while, she all at once pressed her two hands together, and exclaimed rapturously, 'Oh, I do so love the birds.' I replied that that was not strange, since it is impossible for us not to love whatever is lovely, and of all living things birds were made most beautiful.

"Then I walked away, but could not forget the words she had exclaimed, her whole appearance, the face flushed with colour, the eloquent brown eyes sparkling, the pressed palms, the sudden spontaneous passion of delight and desire in her tone. The picture was in my mind all that day, and lived through the next, and so wrought on me that I could not longer keep away from the birds, which I, too, loved; for now all at once it seemed that life was not life without them; that I was grown sick and all my senses dim; that only by drenching it in their wild melody could my tired brain recover its lost vigour."—(*Birds in a Village*, p. 6.)

### III.

There is a pregnant passage in "Resurrection" in which Tolstoy says:—

"Without these conditions, the terrible acts I witnessed to-day would be impossible in our times. It all lies in the fact that men think there are circumstances when one may deal with human beings without love; and there are no such circumstances. One may deal with things without love; one may cut down trees, make bricks, hammer iron, without love; but you cannot deal with men without it, just as one cannot deal with bees without being careful. If you deal carelessly with bees you will injure them, and will yourself be injured. And so with men."

Does the reader see the relation between this passage from Tolstoy's "Resurrection," and the passage we have quoted above from "Birds in a Village"? The secret fascination of Mr. Hudson's outlook, the real force of his spiritual vision arises from his *refusal to divide man's life off from nature's life*. Civilised man as he exists to-day, in his present stage of mental development, may be defined as nature's unruly independent child, who, having thrown off the instinctive stage of



babyhood, thinks, because he has learnt to stand alone, and feed himself, that his reason is greater than his mother's wisdom. All nature's realm is now for *his* interests, all her creatures are to serve *his* purposes, for use and food, all exist for him to spoil, slay, maim, extirpate—just as he pleases. This brutal callousness to the value and beauty of life other than his own (and he does not scruple to hunt out of existence the inferior races of man) is in fact an inherited instinct of those days—not long back, and indeed hardly past yet—of stern necessity, when every hour was a struggle for bare existence. Nature herself has implanted in man, as in all her creatures, this imperious instinct for conquest, nature herself who in all ranks of creation is full of intestine war, with her great law of the strong species preying on the weak. But man having gained the mastery over all other of earth's creatures, man having gained the supreme dictatorship by the superior force and subtlety of his mind, will never be able to supplant nature's laws, and put himself to reign in his mother's stead. On the contrary, as the struggle for bare subsistence becomes less and less intense, he rises higher and higher, by understanding her laws, by studying and admiring her miracles. And as his mind develops, Earth's teeming fecundity of living things, each gloriously fashioned and framed, becomes less and less a mere arena with man entering as their bodily conqueror, to spoil and slay. The great law of conquest is applied more and more to mental spheres, where man, by his creative intelligence, can contemplate nature's life as the supreme, inexhaustible spectacle; and in losing himself in contemplation of the eternal ocean of the Universe flowing round him, man enters into nature, and becomes one with her more absolutely than in his earlier stage of preying on and slaughtering all other of her creatures.

Now the force and fascination of Mr. Hudson's vision of Life, as we have said, is that he reveals to us more than any modern writer man's true spiritual relation to the vast world of created sentient things in earth and sky, that free life of wild nature whose beauty cannot yet content our souls, but we must harass, mutilate, and exterminate them, or scientifically catalogue and "collect." Everybody must have felt at some

time or other in his heart stir a vague faint feeling of love or struggling pity for some poor "brute beast," or captive bird fluttering at its cage's bars. And it is by the force of this mysterious love, by the intensity of the feeling with which he enters spiritually into communion with wild nature's life, that in Mr. Hudson's wrathful pleading against man's shortsighted brutality we hear the voices of hundreds of thousands of people scattered throughout the earth who, like him, also love and rejoice in the wild creatures' life. He is their spokesman. And so it is that it is not surprising that Mr. Hudson, who, flinging off the soiled dust of our human thoroughfares, and going into nature's wilderness to escape the sight of the "pale, civilised faces," with the mean round of petty human interests of their "artificial indoor lives," it is not surprising that Mr. Hudson, who has written the finest invective ever penned against the yearly carnival of bird-slaughter, is the same man who has given us one of the tenderest and deepest and saddest stories of human life\* that our readers can name. It is not surprising either that in his nature books, taken together, there are hundreds of passages in which man's life is presented to us as a beautiful thing when seen *as a part of nature*, with all its strong ties, visible and invisible, to the earth that sustains and nurtures him, and to the firmament in which he draws his breath. Even as Mr. Hudson refuses to believe that the birds of the air can be in truth "scientifically" studied by shutting them up in boxes, or by dissecting them in class-rooms, or by stuffing their dead bodies, and arranging them on museum shelves, and holds that if you wish to comprehend what the lark's life *is* you must go into the fields and hear his ecstatic song of the sun, the driving winds, and the rustling grass; so does he take no pleasure in seeing man in that predominant aspect which the modern world conspires to place him in—the aspect of a stuffy town animal, leading an unnaturally artificial gaslight existence. Man of course can be examined truthfully from a thousand angles of vision. You can, for example, study the labourer simply as he appears in the tap-room, and you can study him at his work in the fields. The finer however is the

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\* *El Ombu*. (London: Duckworth and Co., 1902.)

writer's field of vision the more does his picture of life suggest not merely the visible limitations of its immediate phase, but its permanent relations with the great background of human life, into which it is continually being dissolved, and out of which it is continually emerging reshaped. It has been reserved for "modern thought," temporarily intoxicated by its hasty draught of "scientific discoveries," to fail (where no age has ever failed before) to lay stress on man's spiritual dependence on the world of nature round him. The great minds, the great poets, philosophers, and religious teachers of all ages, from Homer to Virgil, from Shakespeare to Turgenev, from the Hebrew prophets to Buddha, have never shared in this materialistic trick of human vision, of seeing man out of perspective. Now owing to Science's materialistic discoveries obscuring our field of spiritual vision, nearly every writer to-day is, as it were, trying to see nature's life, *without* the medium of human emotion, and *in vacuo*, as it were. It is Mr. Hudson's distinction to have shown by his superior penetration into wild nature's life that though the material gain to Physical Science of studying nature *in vacuo* may be great, the supreme inexhaustible field that lies before man lies outside the narrow province of pure reason, lies outside his utilitarian interests, lies in his own spiritual absorption in the vast drama of nature's myriad activities. Man, in short, Mr. Hudson shows us, can only enter into the vast world of her myriad sentient life by employing all the old emotional tools—his sense of mystery, love of beauty, poetic imagination, and human love—to supplement and vivify the "impassive" truths of Science. So shall he develop his innate Merlin power of sympathetic *feeling*, and comprehend better and better that mysterious essence or spirit of life which is itself inseparable from feeling. Thus man may slowly become one in thought with nature, and more and more shall he comprehend the beauty of the eternal ocean of life flowing around him.

EDWARD GARNETT.

## THE VISION OF IZRA. A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE EARTH.

### I.

VAINLY the forces of a mighty empire sought to unveil the lurking defenders of a tiny state. Ahead rose up the kopjes by Magersfontein, but there was no trace or sign of living life, and the whizzing, bursting shell searched in vain every nook and cranny for the secret of the whereabouts of the Boers. Wherever they might be, however, they must be cleared out, if Kimberley was to be relieved; and the Empire's forces must move forward to attain this object. The Boers lay hidden, but where? There was no intelligence forthcoming to supply an answer, so a large mass of Highlanders moved forward under the soaking drizzle of murky clouds to endeavour to obtain it.

Izra lay in the Boer trench *below* the kopjes, and looked out into the murky night. He was stiff and cramped. For long hours he had lain thus, forbidden to move, while the searching shells shrieked above him on their fruitless quest. The position occupied was a strong one, and a long line of grim, watchful men held it, as in patient silence they bode their time. Dreary and cold was the scene, and the dark night moved slowly along. At last the pale streaks of grey dawn shimmered in the sky, and with them came, from afar at first, but gradually growing nearer, the muffled sound of marching feet. Izra shivered.

"What is that?" he muttered, half to himself, half to the man on his left; but the only answer he got was a stifled

"Sh—sh—sh," uttered warningly, and a rustling movement seemed to pass along the line of waiting Boers. Nearer and nearer came the trampling sound, the dull, measured tread; and as Izra strained his sight, and peered into the mist, his eyes dilated with horror. Out of the gloom came that which caused it—a serried, densely packed column of men—breathing heavily, and rushing on its doom. In the van marched the regiment dear to Izra's heart. He recognised the tartan that he loved. Was it not that of the *Black Watch*, the chosen regiment of a dear brother gone, the pride of the land of his birth?

A horrible silence, tomb-like, commanded the Boers, but every man brought his rifle forward, and waited, the muzzle pointing towards the advancing mass. Oh! what madness sent it thus into Destruction's arms? The blood rushed to Izra's face as he sprang up and shouted forth a warning cry, "Back, my lads! Back!"

He felt himself hustled and pushed down, and at the same time a remorseless rattle swept down the Boer line as the rifles belched forth their deadly contents. The dense column, thus smitten, reeled and wavered. Terrible cries came from it. Rage and fury, consternation and pain, could all be heard, as men went down literally in heaps, dead, wounded, and dying, helpless to move forward, reluctant to retire.

The carnage was frightful. Officers fell thickly, leaving their men leaderless. One of the first to fall was the gallant leader of the brigade, who sank on his knees, struggled to speak, and then stretched himself out in death. It was a ghastly scene. Flame seemed to pour from the Boer trenches, the horrible duet of *ping, crack, whizz*, kept up its jarring music; yells from officers and non-commissioned officers, striving to restore order, and reform the decimated column, rent the air. A few men strove to charge forward. They fell riddled with bullets. Surely never picture more revolting has man before painted on the canvas of Life?

Izra stood spell-bound contemplating it. A few stray bullets whizzed past him, but he heeded them not. The mesmerism of the hour controlled him with its piteous reality.

"Man's inhumanity to Man" stared him in the face. The horror of it filled his soul. Swift, sure, and deadly was the work. No mass of men, however gallant, could withstand the awful hail. Hundreds had fallen; the wounded and dying writhed and moaned amidst the dead. The spectacle of carnage was complete.

The splendid column, mutilated and disorganised, but undaunted and mad to avenge the fallen, was driven back. It broke up into huddled masses of retreating men longing and struggling to re-form. Across the veldt floated voices calling out the names of their regiments, comrades in arms signalling to each other through the opaque mists. But the wounded lay where they had fallen. For long hours no succour could reach them. Morning dawned, a hot sun rose to scorch them, and add to the agonies of thirst which consumed their parched lips, tongues, and throats, aggravated by wounds. Happy dead! They at least did not suffer. For them the horror and the hell of war was past. It was the dying living and the helpless wounded that tasted of its bitter gall, the *poison of Inhumanity*.

So opened the first act in the struggle of Magersfontein. It was the ghastly herald of a battle which raged all day, drinking up many lives, accomplishing nothing. From its lurid and shrieking pandemonium let us turn and view the Vision of Izra.

## II.

Night had fallen on the battlefield. The shriek of the whizzing, bursting shell had ceased, the roar of artillery no longer sent its throbbing boom through the hot air, and the ceaseless *ping, ping, whizz, whizz, thud, thud* of the remorseless bullet had passed into silence. But the ravages which each had made had left their scars, hideous and sickening evidences of the revolting practices of *civilised* man. In the Boer camp men lay dead and men lay dying. Of the latter some sat in dogged silence as their life ebbed away; others moaned and groaned, and wriggled and writhed in their agony, after the surgeons had cut them about in a fruitless attempt to save their lives.

From out the darkness weird cries sobbed through the air. They were those of men in pain, of animals in distress. "Help! help!" pleading voices wailed, and the moan of piteous agony floated on the breezes of the night. Here and there groaning sounds arose with startling and sickening suddenness, some to perish in the rattle and gurgle of merciful death, others living on and detailing their sufferings in their gruesome and heartrending appeal. The struggling, clanking duet of loose harness and gasping sighs, betokened the fruitless efforts being made by wounded and dying horses to gain a footing, or release themselves from the iron grip of straps and traces, which kept them bound and helpless where they had fallen during the hot hours of the day. Many had lain parched with thirst and maddened by flies throughout the ghastly period of battle waged around them, and now the icy coldness of an African night froze their limbs and petrified them with its benumbing touch.

Izra had been wandering about the battlefield, doing what he could in the waning light to aid the wounded and the dying. With his revolver he had helped many a sobbing horse and mule out of their sufferings; yet, nevertheless, it was little that he could do, and black darkness put an end to his efforts. With a sense of sickening horror, he tore himself away from the suffering which he longed to alleviate, and which his heart yearned to see ended. His last act had been to receive the dying message of a Highland laddie to his sweetheart, and to become the custodian of a keepsake from a British officer to his mother, ere that officer breathed his last. Then he had followed the Boer ambulance into camp, and weary, begrimed, heavy-souled, and sick at heart, after a drink of water, he had sat himself down by one of the camp fires, and tried to obtain oblivion in sleep.

Not an easy matter by any means. The sights and sounds around him made it almost impossible. He wondered how men could sit and eat, and laugh, and joke, as he saw not a few doing, while the dead lay about and the suffering sobbed around. He should have known—for Izra was a world-wide wanderer—that constant acquaintance with the features of

Pain deadens the senses of many to its hideous appearance, and renders the heart callous. There are some hearts that cannot become so, but these are in the vast minority, and the world accounts them squeamish, while in reality they are simply humane.

"You do not eat, Izra?" inquired a Boer by his side who was chewing biltong.

"No," answered the former, wearily; "I am tired. I would sleep."

The man did not answer, and Izra closed his eyes. He was indeed weary, and longed for rest.

Merciful Sleep! She came to him at last, and folded him in her arms. The spell of her presence enthralled his senses; an indescribable peace stole upon them. Gruesome sights and heartrending sounds died away and subsided. The silence of oblivion made all things still, and Izra slept.

Then the Spirit of Truth swept down and stood beside him, beckoning to his spirit to arise and join her. "Let earth's poor child rest," she said. "Come you, wandering with me, I will show you the world as man has made it. Come."

"Who are you?" asked Izra's spirit. "Your face is beautiful. Yes, I will come with you."

"My name is Truth," answered the spirit. "Its radiance illumines my features and reveals things *as they are*. Men shun me as a rule, on account of this; but you have ever sought for me, and he who seeks finds."

The two spirits rose up and passed into unfathomed space. Earth became clear to their vision as they moved along, and its panorama unrolled itself upon the revolving orb that gave it birth.

"See," said Truth, "there is the battlefield whereon, in the hours that have gone, you stood and watched scenes of carnage and of pain. In the roar and excitement of its cannon, shot, shell, and tumult, the after-suffering was not thought of; but there it lies before you now under that thin white veil of icy coldness which o'erspreads it. Look on it, and realise what war means. It is a hell. Not the creation of a Power upon



whom you have laid the burden of your own misdeeds, but of yourselves, who have modelled life on a false conception, and govern it with bad and unnatural laws. Those cries of pain and sobs of suffering which you hear, and those piteous scenes of woe which you see, are all the resultants of passions aroused and cultivated by a pernicious system of education, founded on an erroneous ethical code, wherein Love, the soul of Justice and Mercy, has no footing, but where Cruelty presides. There now, the scene is passing from our view ; let us move on."

The two spirits passed on through space. Scenes of exquisite loveliness ever and anon came rolling into view. Sparkling seas, vast, far-stretching forests, lordly, high-peaked mountains, fertile valleys, silver-streaked lagoons, tropical jungles, sweeping prairies. The features of Earth seemed beautiful wherever undisturbed by the aggressive presence of man ; but when this presence manifested itself, unnecessary suffering appeared to prevail. On the seas, men of war, merchant vessels, passenger steamers, cattle ships, ploughed their way through the heaving waters. In many of them gruesome animal martyrdom occupied pride of place. The butcher's knife worked busily to supply herbivorous man with carnivorous food, and in the cattle ships the patient, dumb crowds of sentient life, huddled together in terror and suffering, scarred with wounds, parched with thirst, tortured with sickness, with slime and foam dripping from their mouths, some with broken limbs, denied even the merciful relief of death, passed along on their *via dolorosa* to give their flesh, poisoned and tainted by unnatural surroundings and cruel treatment, to the craving stomachs of their human kith and kin. Far behind them lay the ranches and estancias on which they had been reared. Green fields would know *them* no more. Ahead of them lay but the horrible surroundings of landing-quays and slaughter houses, with their scenes of misery, stench of blood, ghastly sounds, and cruel pain. To the end of that *via dolorosa*, Terror would be their sole companion. Love, Gentleness, Kindness, Pity, would be unknown.

"Spirit of Izra," said Truth, "see you those vast cities beneath us? Note the features of their faces. They are

varied, are they not? Look at the children of Wealth therein, laughing, dancing, gorging, singing. Look at Poverty's offspring alongside them, and the fruits of unchecked reproduction. Hear you the sobs of despair? See you the weary, worn faces of the huddling proletariat? Hark to the obscene language of the rabble. Look on that mixture of misery, vice, ignorance, and cruelty, born, re-born, and re-born again, as the miserable creatures which compose it pass on to others their heritage of degradation. Behold in those cities hospitals innumerable, swarming with the sick and the diseased, most of these the victims of hereditary ailments, developed by insanitary conditions, wrong living, vile food, foul drink, privation, and an ignorant disregard of the first and true principles of health. Amidst the well-to-do, see teeming dyspeptic wrecks, the handiworks of gluttony, over-eating, and intemperance. Turn your eyes where you will, you will observe the grim tragedies of an unnatural existence, the inevitable sequels of immoral laws. In those cities you will perceive the buildings wherein men give birth to civil laws, many of these false and at variance with true morality; and in every direction countless churches summon the masses to prayer, and force upon Humanity forms of religion, some of which make men into fanatics, while others destroy the dictates of reason and common-sense, and perpetuate precepts and customs, remnants of days when barbaric ignorance reigned, and superstition was resorted to to supply the void which that ignorance created. Mark you some of the shameless and nameless scenes and crimes which unfold themselves to your sight in those cities below. I see you shudder as you look on them; but look on them you must, if you would learn to view Life in all its varied aspects, and behold the world's features distorted by man. Why do you shiver?"

"At the ghastly scenes you refer to, Spirit of Truth," answered Izra's spirit. "They fill me with horror and contempt for man. But is there no regeneration for him? Look down on those thousands toiling to make man better. Will they not succeed?"

"Not until their laws are framed in accordance with the

principles of common-sense and the lessons taught by Nature," replied the Spirit of Truth. "Ignorance, Superstition, and a false ethical code, founded thereon, and maintained by civil and religious laws, must be swept away, and the fabric of men's actions be crowned by the diadem of *Love*. It alone can adorn an indestructible system of rule, wherein the rights of sentient life, human and non-human, shall be observed, and the pastimes of cruelty and immoral research become impossible. Observe the awful tortures of this latter practice, which men call *Vivisection*. Look down on those hideous scenes of constant and unending woe which it is imposing on the lower creation, your dumb kith and kin. See how, with every breath you draw, thousands are moaning in torment and appealing with speechless pleading for relief therefrom. Small wonder that you shiver; even you, who have roamed that earth beneath you, and noted the moods and ways of its men. Until now, even you have not realised how the features thereof are being distorted by your species. But this bird's-eye view unveils it in all its terrible reality, and forces conviction where doubt strove to hide the features of my face."

"Oh! Spirit of Truth," cried Izra, "it is as you say. The echoes of joyous laughter which sweep upwards from the earth are dulled and annihilated by the piteous moans which pierce the air with bitter reproach. The 'sport' which brings enjoyment to the leisured classes, who have made it the medium whereby they kill their hours of idleness and ward off the misery of *ennui*, is the remorseless executioner of myriads of lives bred and nurtured to afford the 'sportsman' the delight of destroying them in a barbarous fashion. The act of destruction has been made into an art, and the higher a man can pile his victims, the more is he honoured as an artist of the gun. The cowardly scenes of the battue entrance him, and the pathetic sights of the deer-drive amuse him! Hunting, coursing, pigeon-shooting, stalking, occupy the idle hours of his existence, and in each of these the torture of animals is involved. At an early age children are taught to look forward to the time when they shall take part in these pastimes of blood. In foreign lands cruelty is everywhere rampant, and

barbarous bull-fights entrance a whole nation. Far and wide the religions of man *preach* Mercy, Love, and Kindness, but do not *practise* largely what they preach, the lips that proclaim these as God-ordained daily receiving the cooked remains of dumb kith and kin, many of whom have suffered grievously ere they died, or have been killed by the hands which nurtured them. In all parts of the world a constant destruction of life is going on, to provide men and women with furs and feathers, principally for adornment, and barbarous methods are resorted to to obtain them. The cruelties exacted by *Fashion* are legion. The happy Lives sacrificed upon her altar of Vanity and Sham can be counted each year by millions, in many cases existence being produced and fostered solely for the sake of destruction. And clearly I see that, as you say, such things will continue until the lessons taught by Nature are taken to heart, and Common-sense and Truth, not Ignorance and Superstition, are our guides. Nothing but the cult and practice of Love can regenerate Humanity. Till Kindness rules, Cruelty will go on reigning. We must work to attain the triumph of the former."

"Even so, Spirit of Izra," answered the Spirit of Truth. "Your words are the echoes of my voice. They are incontrovertible as such, for I am alone real and eternal. See now, the scene you quitted on leaving the earth is returning into view. Rejoin it. You have ever sought for me, and I have come to you. Go now, and tell your fellow-men what you have learnt. Work faithfully, and preach the Gospel of Love. I shall see you again, for Truth is indestructible."

"Wake up, Izra! You have slept heavily. No wonder! You must have been tired indeed. The enemy are falling back on the Modder River. There is to be an armistice. They have piles of dead to bury."

Izra heard these words as his eyes opened on a newly-risen day and rested on the kopjes behind him and the grey, grim, stretching veldt before him, the battlefield of Magersfontein, adorned by the silent dead.

FLORENCE DIXIE.

## IN THE POTTERIES: SIXTY YEARS AGO.

FEW things afford better help to understanding the present condition of the People of England than the glimpses of their past history to be found in autobiographical sketches by men and women who have been gifted with "the open eye." Such is the character of an unpretentious little book recently published, which records a boy's experiences in the pottery district during the early years of the late reign.\*

Every one who has read Robert Blencoe's account of his experiences as a parish factory apprentice, or who knows anything of what children suffered in the coal mines and under the agricultural gang system, or in other dreadful forms of oppression, will probably admit that the author of these reminiscences is right when he describes the first third of the nineteenth century as "the grimmest and cruelest period for child-workers in English history." If, however, we think of what the agricultural labourer endured when, after some generations of pauperisation, he was suddenly faced with starvation wages or the workhouse, and such workhouses as then existed; if we think how frequently his cottage was a mere human lair, from which the too easy relief was the tap-room of a beer-house; if we think how, under such circumstances, he and his family sank into tramps, or drifted into the slums

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\* "When I was a Child." By an Old Potter. With an introduction by Robert Spence Watson. (Methuen and Co.)

of the great towns, or having yet some grit, how he became an enemy of society, poached, stole sheep, burnt ricks, and was finally hanged, or shipped across the globe to that hell upon earth—Botany Bay—we see that if this period was grim and cruel for children, it was still more so for the vast number of the working people of England.

Philosophers and poets shine out from its dark background of social evil with such peculiar brilliance that those who do not care to know what England then really was, may so fix their eyes on these stars, and constellations of stars, as to believe it a splendid time. But this old potter's reminiscences, as all others coming from his fellow-workers and fellow-sufferers, as well as masses of similar facts to be found in the reports of Parliamentary Commissions, compel the question, Why did not the genius of England then show itself in the form of a Zola or a Gorky rather than in the refined and delightful literature it did? Because England was then, and for ages has been, and still is, two different peoples.

In the reign of William IV. a child in the pottery districts was fortunate if he got beyond a dame school before he was sent to work. This old potter was little over seven years old when he began to labour as a mould-runner. His work consisted either in wedging clay, or in running between the potter and the stove for twenty minutes or for half an hour at a time until his face and back streamed with perspiration, and at this work he was engaged, except on days the potter made holiday, from five or six in the morning until six, seven, or eight at night—his pittance being one shilling a week.

The degree of suffering these little slaves endured depended on the individual workman under whom they worked, and if the man happened to have been drinking, and to be an exceptional brute, deeds nearly as cruel as Legree's flogging of Uncle Tom might occur. The system, in fact, seemed license, not liberty—that glorious freedom to the bully and tyrant to brow-beat and torture and crush all those he could get under his heel. The pottery trade in those days was open to anyone who understood the art of making others work for his benefit, and there were in consequence many little masters. Our young helot watched the first employer in whose pottery he worked

with a humorous eye, and pictures him as a cocky little man who strutted about in a very tall beaver hat and a long-tailed dress coat, screeching and raving at the men in a falsetto, squeaky voice.

This predaceous little gentleman was in keeping with the place in which he picked up his living. The children of Cain, with their talent for invention and restless pushing on, had pounced on a lovely, peaceful, and fruitful valley, and in their eager desire to develop the gold mine they saw in its clay, had choked it up with huge mounds of slag and dirt, from whence smoke slowly and continuously ascended, a symbol of the moral torment of the chaotic human masses they had shovelled together in Tunstall. Drink, pugilism, and dog-fighting were its characteristic amusements. On wake-days the masters, in a state of bibulous hilarity, pitched hot coppers out of the window of "The Lamb" to their helots below.

Drinking being perennial, severe weather with dull markets sometimes brought Tunstall to ghastly poverty.

"During the severity of winter," says the old potter, "I have seen one of the sides of the lower half of the market-place nearly filled with stacked coals. The other side was stacked with loaves of bread—and such bread. I feel the taste of it even yet, as if made of ground straw, and alum, and plaster of Paris. . . .

"The crowd in the market-place on such a day formed a ghastly sight. Pinched faces of men, with a stern, cold silence of manner. Moaning women, with crying babies in their arms, loudly proclaiming their sufferings and wrongs. Men and women with loaves and coals, rapidly departing on all sides to carry some relief to their wretched homes—homes, well—called such. Twenty people of any other time would have made more noise than this hungry crowd did. The silence froze your heart, as the despair and want suffered had frozen the hearts of those who formed this pale crowd. The relief, wretched as it was, just kept back the latent desperation in the hearts of these people."

Trades unionism was already known in the pottery district. Our little potter was present at a trades union meeting in the club-room of a public-house. It was an illegal meeting, but

everything was loosely managed in Tunstall. About a hundred men were there, and those who spoke, fiercely declaimed against the rulers of the country. The editor of a local paper stood on a table and made a speech which soon brought excitement into the pallid faces of the listeners, who expressed their unity with the speaker in wild expressions of approval. What especially touched them was his description of their homes, most of them living in the vilest, least cared-for quarter of the town, cynically called "Hell-hole."

Our little potter, when eight years old, obtained a new situation as handle-maker. His work lay in a long, narrow cellar, in which no ray of light directly penetrated, the glare of the stove being its substitute. Looseness, as the autobiography insists, was the prevailing characteristic of the pottery district—economical looseness leading to moral looseness. The workers seemed to do as they liked, but they had no real independence whatever. They worked by the piece, but there being no effective superintendence, they generally got drunk on Monday and Tuesday, and tried by scamping and over-time to make up for it in the remaining four days. Under such circumstances beer was constantly smuggled into the workshop, and men and women got drunk, and then a regular saturnalia set in. No one seems to have looked after these things, or cared in the least for the children and young people brought up in such surroundings. What they suffered mentally may be indicated by what they had to suffer physically. The men beat the boys with a rope an inch thick and clogged with clay, and when stupid and savage from drink they knew no mercy.

These hard men had hard times—perhaps there was more connection between the two than they supposed. In 1842 "semi-starvation was the normal condition of thousands, pinched faces and shivering bodies were seen everywhere during that cruel winter, carts were followed for miles for any coal they might lose on their journeys. . . . Shord-rucks were searched by shivering women and children for cinders, as hens scratch and search for food. . . . Those who got a miserable pittance of out-door relief, got bread which might have been made out of saw-dust blotched with lumps of plaster of Paris." In the midst of this suffering our little potter had a terrible ex-



perience. His father having been prominent in a strike, was unable to get any work; the home consequently had to be broken up, and the whole family went into the workhouse.

The impression made on the boy by this new experience of the tender mercies which "the August Mother of Free Nations" has for those of her children who, when in need, look to her for help, was indelible, for sixty years after he writes of it with concentrated bitterness. The workhouse was "the Bastile," the reception chilling; every one of the officials spoke and looked metallic, and as if they were worked by machinery, the silence of the great building being only broken by harsh, imperative voices, the jingling of keys, the grating of locks, and the banging of doors. After workhouse baptism and workhouse arrayment, the ceremonial ended by the separation of husband and wife, parents and children, each one being despatched to different parts of the house.\* Dinner, eaten under the eyes of a terrible military-looking personage—the schoolmaster—consisted "of greasy water, on which floated lumps of something which would have made a tiger's teeth ache." As to the school, if the devil had kept it he could not have succeeded better. Supper brought a hunch of bread, a jug of skilly, a decoction of meal and water and mustiness and fustiness of the most revolting kind; finally the cadaverous schoolmaster read prayers, and then the wretched little prisoners were sent to the boys' dormitory, where, left to the foul rule of a number of Satan's imps, they lay in feverish terror as to what would happen to them in an atmosphere charged with brutality, obscenity, and coarseness. Hardly a boy escaped the schoolmaster's blows, and now and then a conspicuous example was made to encourage the others. A workhouse boy, incensed by punishment, scaled a wall and bolted. He was brought back, and that night, after skilly, there was a grand function, at which the master of the workhouse presided. After a homily on the awfulness of the runaway's crime, the culprit was brought in. "He had a wild, eager look.

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\* A family consisting of father and mother, three children, and grandparents might be divided into seven parts, and each one sent to a different part of "the House." See the Instructions to Guardians of the Parish of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, in 1835, p. 8, 9.

His eyes flashed, and searched the room and all present with rapid glances. His body was stripped down to his waist, and in the yellow and sickly candle-light of the room his heart could be seen beating rapidly against his poor, thin ribs. He was lifted on to a small table brought in for the purpose, and four of the biggest boys were called out to hold each a leg or an arm. The lad struggled and screamed. Swish went the pickled birch on his back, administered by the schoolmaster, who was too flinty to show any emotion. Thin red stripes were seen across the poor lad's back after the first stroke. They then increased in number and thickness as blow after blow fell on his back. . . . How long flogging went on I cannot say, but the screaming became less and less piercing, and at last the boy was taken out, giving vent only to heavy sobs at intervals."

Such was the education England gave to those whose poverty made them specially her "wards." Is it surprising that the English working people every now and then broke out, as they did in 1842, into fits of unreasoning fury? The wrongs from which they had always suffered were unspeakably great, but they endured them as they endured Death and the East Wind. But the New Poor Law, being utterly without that apparent inevitableness which seems to belong to hoary custom, was felt to be an attempt to make their chains tighter, and to add insult to injury. The six points of the Charter gave the popular discontent a flag, but nothing resulted from their propaganda but futile riots. What was really wanted was a social revolution made by a people with the moral backbone of the men of the Commonwealth. The conduct of the Staffordshire potters at this crisis was piteous. Armed with sticks and stones the mob attacked, burnt and sacked private houses. Confronted by the military, they fled like a flock of sheep, leaving those who had championed their cause to bear all the blame. Thomas Cooper was the principal scape-goat, and among the others who suffered was a Primitive Methodist local preacher, a blacksmith in Tunstall, named Joseph Capper. He was an example of a large class of reformers to be found in the forties, not only in England but on the Continent, men

who were at once ardent Christians and ardent Radicals, and the one because they were the other. Capper's harangues were typically English, and unconscious repetitions of the style of William Longbeard and John Ball—that is to say they were red-hot with Bible thoughts and Bible imagery.

The lessons from this history are important, for they suggest the right way to bring about the Social Revolution. The old doctrine that the people had only to rise in their thousands to prove a veritable Samson, who would bring down with one determined effort the whole edifice of wrong and injustice, is, by such incidents as the Pottery riots of 1842, as in fact by the whole history of the Chartist movement from 1838 to 1848, shown to be fallacious. Until they are inspired by one almighty spirit, the masses are at best mere flocks of human sheep; too often they have not even the soul of a flock of sheep, being all split up into fractions and units. The common soul which exists in them needs to be educed and educated. To know how to do this is the great business of our time. Nothing has perhaps helped the work more than co-operation and trades unionism. But now co-operation and trades unionism have reached a point at which they must become larger and wider. The links between all the social organs of the people, and of the entire humanitarian movement, must be completed; above all, popular ideals must be elevated, purified, and strengthened. The European peoples have such an ideal, but it is ever being defaced by evil influences. It is our work to recover that ideal by every means in our power, and to get it accepted by the social and the individual mind. All things will then serve to enlarge the soul of the people, and when it has reached a certain stage and is fully prepared, the inspiration will come, and then will occur the revolution against which no reaction can prevail.

RICHARD HEATH.

## THE DEATH PENALTY.

DEATH as a cure for crime has had a long trial all the world over: in this country as elsewhere. It is a penalty which belongs rather to a state of barbarism than to a state of civilisation, and we in England, who are given to much boasting over our civilisation, ought to turn our attention without delay to some more scientific method of dealing with the problem.

It is true that we have had in England great outcries of indignation and astonishment at the human sacrifices said to have been practised at Benin and Ashanti, but if people would only take the trouble to look back a little, they would see that executions have always been numerous in the less civilised periods of a country's history, and we could hardly expect to find a loftier code of morality amongst the Benins and Ashantis than amongst the more highly favoured nations of Europe.

Until well within the last century hundreds of people were sentenced to death every year in England. I do not know that the French during the later Middle Ages were particularly scrupulous in the matter of executions, yet if we may believe Sir John Fortescue, Chancellor of Henry VII., they were a long way behind us, for he says that there were more persons executed for robbery in England during *one* year of Henry VII.'s reign than in France in *seven* years. Hollinshed, the Elizabethan historian, alleged that during Henry VIII.'s reign there were upwards of 72,000 persons hanged as thieves and vagabonds. This amazing total gives an average of some-

thing like 1,900 executions per annum. As there were no complete statistics at that period, it is possible that this number may have been exaggerated, yet, without doubt, it approximated very closely to the truth, because, when we come to a few years later—to the reign of Elizabeth—we have unimpeachable documentary evidence which shows that the number of executions was very great. It has been calculated, by no less a man than the late Mr. Justice Stephen, that after making all possible deductions for error, the executions could not have been less than 800 a year. The probability is that they were considerably in excess of 800; there is even the possibility that they were actually double that number. And this, it must be remembered, was at a time when the population of the whole country was less by  $1\frac{1}{4}$  millions than that of Greater London at the present day.\* To come to a later date, the records for the Lent Assizes of 1785—only 118 years ago—show that at those Assizes there were 242 persons sentenced to death, of whom 103 were hanged. It was by no means an uncommon thing in those days to see people strung up in batches of sixteen or twenty at a time after an Old Bailey Sessions, and Townsend, a Bow Street officer, gave evidence at the Royal Commission of 1816, that once he had seen, after an Old Bailey Sessions, as many as forty persons hung, in two batches of twenty each. The famous “executions groves” of Kumassi and Benin could hardly have presented a much more slaughterhouse-like appearance than the Old Bailey burial ground of 120 years ago.

In those days death was the panacea for crime, the universal remedy for all felonies. When the penalty was carried out, it undoubtedly prevented more crime on the part of the criminal, but it had no effect whatever in deterring others from crime. Our great-grandfathers, however, held so tenaciously to the crude ideas of *their* grandfathers, that they went on increasing the number of offences that were punishable by death until, in the year 1810, they had reached the astounding number of 222. Then, at last, there came a reaction, and the reformers who had for years been working, apparently without avail, now began to make progress. And amazing progress

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\* The population of England is given as 4,800,000 in 1600.

it was. Within twenty years from that time the *practice* had grown up of hanging for murder only, and within fifty years, *i.e.* in 1861, we had the Consolidation Acts. And when the consolidation of the Criminal Law took place, the only capital offences which were retained upon the Statute book were murder, treason, piracy with violence, and setting fire to dock-yards and arsenals, with a continuance of the practice of hanging for murder only.

On this point of confining the actual execution to murder cases only, I should like to suggest that if death be looked upon as the severest penalty of the law, it is quite an arguable question whether murderers are always and necessarily the worst of criminals. Some murderers may be, but others—and I submit that these form a very fair proportion—are murderers through passion and do not belong to the really criminal classes.

In the year 1864, as a result of the awakening of public feeling in regard to the death penalty, a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the provisions and operations of the laws under which the punishment of death was inflicted. The Commissioners made a most exhaustive investigation, which took them nearly two years, and they drew up their report in 1866. Most of the recommendations they made are so sensible and so reasonable that they must commend themselves to all thoughtful people; and yet they were apparently so far in advance of the age, that with one exception we have not put them into practice even yet.

Thirty-seven years ago the Commission unanimously recommended that murder—as distinguished from manslaughter—should be divided into two classes, and that the punishment of death should be reserved for the first or higher degree. They also recommended the substitution of private for public executions. To the general report a minority report was added, signed by as many as *five* out of the twelve gentlemen who formed the Commission, and this minority report recommended that capital punishment should be abolished for all offences. And further, of this minority of five, there were four (*i.e.* one-third of the whole Commission) who thought that the death penalty might safely, and with advantage to the community, be abolished at once.

Evidence was brought before the Commission touching upon the advisability of a Court of Appeal, and as to the exercise of the Prerogative of Mercy by the Home Secretary, but the terms of the inquiry precluded the Commissioners from offering recommendations on these points, although they took occasion to remark that they should fail in their duty if they did not draw attention to them as requiring investigation.

The Commissioners made their report in 1866. Now, in 1903, thirty-seven years later, we are still struggling for a classification of the crime of murder, we are still asking for a Court of Appeal, we are still questioning the Prerogative of Mercy as exercised by the Home Secretary. The only point upon which the Commissioners' recommendations have been carried into practice is that referring to public executions, and these were discontinued in the case of murder by an Act of 1868.

As everyone is doubtless well aware, the public hanging of criminals often gave rise to the most scandalous scenes. A man has only to die gallantly and bravely, and no matter how unworthy his life, he will win the sympathy of the crowd, as a hero to be admired and imitated, or as a martyr to be mourned and revenged.

In the case of a political offender who has lived an upright, perhaps heroic, life, these feelings are naturally much intensified. Indeed, the death sentence, however carried out, tends to idealise the offender in the eyes of the multitude. This truth has been recognised by the Japanese Courts, and when a couple of years ago the Japanese swordsman, Iba Sotari, was tried for the assassination of a prominent politician, Mr. Hoshi Toru, the judges deliberately sentenced him to imprisonment for life, and not to death, because they believed that had he been sentenced to death he would have been regarded as a martyr: his grave would have become a place for pilgrimage and a centre for disaffection. The Japanese considered that a halo of romance would be much less likely to attach to a sentence of imprisonment.\*

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\* This idea was perhaps not altogether absent from the mind of the Home Secretary recently when he commuted Mr. Arthur Lynch's sentence of death to life imprisonment. I have referred above to the Act of 1868, which provided

Since the Act of 1868, nothing further has been done by way of carrying out the recommendations of the Commission: absolutely nothing. Six or seven debates have been held in Parliament on the abolition of the death penalty, but they have had no practical outcome; they have not even left their mark upon public opinion. The Humanitarian League drafted a Bill for the classification of murder, which it endeavoured to get brought forward in 1902, but without success. At the same time it is most important that there should be a recognised classification, for probably no crime varies in criminality more than the crime of murder. At present the only differentiation is that rough classification carried out by the Home Secretary after sentence is pronounced, and this in its practical effect turns largely upon the individual temperament of the man who happens to be at the head of the Home Office. Out of twenty-seven persons sentenced to death in 1898, eleven were executed, and sixteen had their sentences commuted. In 1899 the proportion of executions was larger. Out of twenty-nine persons sentenced, fifteen were executed and fourteen had their sentences commuted. In 1900 there were twenty-eight persons sentenced, of whom fifteen were actually executed. As a rule the commutation is for penal servitude for life, but after a short time the sentence is again revised and may be greatly reduced, to five years, or even, I believe—there is one case I saw—to one year. With a succession of humane Home Secretaries, the law might gradually fall out of use; but with harsher men it might be carried into effect every time.

Ruskin, in his "Queen of the Air" (Part III., p. 168), written in 1869, said:—

"The recent direction of a great weight of public opinion against

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for the private execution of the capital sentence; but that Act applies to murder cases only, so that if the sentence on Mr. Lynch had been carried out there must have been a public execution, and we should have been compelled once more to be parties to the horrors of a public hanging. The only way the Government had of avoiding this was by running a short Act through Parliament or by commutation. The former, however, was impossible, because Parliament was not in session, and could not have been called together in time to carry the Act through before the legal period between sentence and execution had expired. The Government, therefore, got out of the difficulty and at the same time gained credit amongst their supporters for their magnanimity by commuting the sentence.



Capital Punishment is, I trust, the sign of an awakening perception that punishment is the last and worst instrument in the hands of the legislator for the prevention of crime. The true instruments of reformation are employment and reward: not punishment. Aid the willing, honour the virtuous, and compel the idle into occupation, and there will be no need for the compelling of any into the great and last indolence of death."

My purpose in this paper is to urge, as Ruskin urged more than thirty years ago, and as those five commissioners urged before him, that the death penalty should be abolished. But it is said by some of our Judges, and by nearly all our Bishops, that capital punishment is absolutely necessary to the well-being of the community. The reason why these eminent gentlemen desire that the death penalty should be retained, is because they believe it to be a deterrent. But is it a deterrent? That is a point we need to consider. Let us examine into the facts of the matter, because if we can get a few plain facts they will be worth any amount of opinion, even if it be expert opinion.

There are countries on the Continent, such as Russia, Italy, Holland, and Portugal where the death penalty for murder has been abolished; other countries such as Finland and Norway, where it is never enforced; yet in none of these countries is there any increase in homicidal crime. On the other hand, those countries, such as France, Germany, Austria, and Spain, where executions are more or less frequent, cannot on that account boast of any diminution in such crime.\* Then there is the testimony of our own country. For six centuries death was the punishment for all felonies in England, except petty larceny and mayhem, and was generally imposed subject to the privilege of "benefit of clergy." If, therefore, death had the deterrent effect on crime its advocates claim for it, one might have imagined that at the end of 600 years we should have become a perfectly crimeless nation, instead of which we

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\* In Germany, indeed, the publication, in 1901, of the statistical year book for the Empire with its comparison of the criminality of the German nation in the two previous five years of 1897 and 1892, produced considerable consternation. The figures showed that crime of every kind was increasing, especially offences against the person, which we may presume include the crime of murder. Further, it was stated that in Berlin, where, in 1896, with a population of about 1,000,000, there were twelve murderers known to the police, now with double that population there are as many as 69 murderers!

find a Justice of the Peace complaining in 1811 that the peaceful inhabitants of the Metropolis could not lie down to sleep without fear of their houses being ransacked. That was at a time when burglary was a crime punishable by death! The privilege of "benefit of clergy" has no present-day practical interest, although in the past it played a most important part. It was an utterly unjust privilege, but it certainly had the merit of saving a great many lives, and that must always be remembered to its credit.

In order that the wholesale way in which our legislators disposed of the lives of the community may be realised, I give a few of the slighter offences which are punishable by death:

All thefts from a dwelling-house amounting to 40s. and upwards.

All thefts from a shop amounting to 5s. and upwards.

All thefts from the person amounting to 1s. and upwards.

Stealing from bleaching grounds or the King's stores; letter stealing; cattle, horse, and sheep stealing; fraudulent bankruptcy.

Cutting growing trees, or growing corn.

Cutting a hop-bind in a hop plantation.

All these, you will please notice, were offences against property.\* There were two or three offences against the person punishable by death, such as murder, or attempted murder, but as a rule offences against the person were treated much more lightly than offences against property. If you cut a hop bind in a hop plantation, you were liable to punishment by death, but if you cut off your neighbour's ears, justice was amply satisfied by the payment of a maximum penalty of £10.

At the beginning of the last century there lived a man to whom humanity owes a great debt—Sir Samuel Romilly. He strove unweariedly to get the law altered in regard to the death penalty, but bills which were agreed to in the Commons were thrown out in the Lords, and for a long time the only success he had was in regard to stealing from the person, and for pick-pockets the only alternative punishment which could recommend itself to the mercy of Lord Ellenborough and those who were under Dr. Paley's influence, was transportation for life.

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\* The *City Press* (February 21st, 1903) contains a statement, which I have not yet been able to verify, that in the reign of Edward I. a man was convicted of burning coal within the precincts of the city, and was executed for the crime.

Later on, when Sir Samuel Romilly was trying to induce Parliament to amend the law in regard to the penalty for stealing from shops, Lord Ellenborough actually asserted that since stealing from the person had ceased to be a capital offence, that crime "had increased to a serious and alarming degree." \* Of course, it is quite possible that the number of prosecutions had increased, but that certainly did not mean that there was more crime; it only meant that people were less unwilling to prosecute, and juries more willing to convict, than in the days when prosecution and conviction meant death to the wretched pick-pocket. †

Just exactly in the same way as it is now urged that the fear of capital punishment is absolutely necessary to deter would-be murderers, so in 1813 it was claimed that the death penalty was absolutely necessary to deter would-be thieves, and most melodramatic pictures were drawn of the consequences which would result from any diminution of the penalty. It was prophesied that the splendour of our shops would be diminished, the bustle of our streets be at an end, that industry would be paralysed, and the commerce of the country languish and die! ‡

Fortunately there were some who did not regard the death penalty as the mainstay of the commerce of the country, but, on the contrary, believed that a milder punishment would in the end prove more efficacious; and petitions were presented from proprietors of bleaching grounds praying that, *as a mode of securing their property*, the punishment of death might be

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\* In a speech in the House of Lords, May 29th, 1811.

† While death was the punishment for theft, it was not unusual for the jury to find the value of the money or goods stolen below the amount fixed as carrying the full penalty. In a book of tracts on "the punishment of death," which formerly belonged to Lord Denham, but which is now in my possession, several of these cases are given. For example:

A boy stole from the house his master's pocket-book containing six £10 bank notes. The facts were fully proved, but he was found guilty to the amount of 39s. only.

John Baker, for privately stealing 18s. in money from Mary Chiddick, was found guilty only of stealing 10d.

The words of the statute were "Privately stealing from shop," and a common resort of the jury was to bring in a verdict of "Guilty of stealing, but not *privately*."

‡ Mr. Frankland in the House of Commons, March 26th, 1813.

repealed; the bankers of England also pleaded for a milder punishment for forgery, on the ground that it would be executed with greater certainty than the death penalty, and in this way prove a greater deterrent. In fact, wherever we look, at the different periods of our history, either past or present, we see conclusively that the fear of death never has had, and has not now, the least effect in deterring men from crime.

*Why* should it deter? Because, it is said, men have a supreme fear of death. They fear death more than any other punishment. For my own part I think this fear of death is greatly over-rated, and people who lay stress upon it ignore the fact that somewhere about 3,000 suicides take place in this country every year;\* *i.e.* there are about three thousand persons who voluntarily seek death each year. It must not be forgotten that, as Bentham points out in his "Rationale of Punishment," if death deprives of all pleasures, it equally deprives of all pains. Thousands of people wish for death to ease them of the pains of life, but no one has ever yet heard of man or woman wishing for a term of penal servitude to ease them of the pleasures of life. But, urge the advocates of capital punishment, there is the terrible disgrace of death by the hangman's cord! Surely the main burden of this disgrace has to be borne by the family of the criminal! His consciousness of disgrace can last for three weeks and no more: death then steps in and ends his sensation of shame for ever. Assuming, however, that the fear of death would, and does weigh with some, these are in a position to set against that fear the strong probability that the final penalty will not be carried out. For example, during the years 1884-1899 there were in this country 2,392 murders known to the police; in connection with these 1,046 trials took place, for which 433 persons were sentenced to death, and 237 were executed. From this we see that the murderer has 9 chances to 1 that he will escape the death penalty, and nearly 5 to 1 that he will escape punishment altogether.

And it must not be forgotten that in addition to the murders *known* to the police, there are others which are never known

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\* In 1901 the number of suicides in England and Wales was 3,057.

at all ; what proportion these form of the whole, we have no means even of guessing. It is worth noting that in the sister country of Scotland they do not adopt our view of the deterrent effect of capital punishment, and during the nine years, 1891—1899, while we were hanging 125 murderers, the Scotch Courts only hanged six ; they sentenced six offenders and hanged six, carrying out the sentence on each occasion. With a population seven times as great as that of Scotland, we hang twenty times as many people ! Nevertheless, I do not believe there is anyone who will seriously contend that he feels in the least degree less safe on the North side of the Tweed than he does on the South.

Even if, however, it could be proved that the fear of death is a deterrent, which I submit is impossible, even then that is not all that is required to make a punishment a proper one. If deterrence is to be our sole guide, without regard to justice and humanity, the public hanging of a murderer in chains would surely be a greater deterrent than private execution. Moreover, if deterrence be our sole object, that opens the door to the use of torture, which, it may be assumed, would be a greater deterrent even than the fear of death. But who is there in England to-day who would dare advocate the use of torture ? Two hundred years ago, in the year 1701, there was a gentleman who had the courage of his opinions, and published a pamphlet entitled "Hanging Not Punishment Enough" ; even as late as 1812 there was a periodical which actually advocated the torture of malefactors prior to execution, including tearing out "gobbets of flesh" with red-hot pincers, and so on. To-day we sicken at the idea of such cruelty perpetrated in the name of justice ; our humanity revolts against it. And so I am convinced would the humanity of most people revolt against the introduction of the death penalty for any new offences, or its restoration for any of the old ones for which it was formerly thought so necessary. The reason why our humanity does not revolt in the same way from the continuance of the death penalty for murder, is not on account of a reasoned conviction of any greater justice of the punishment in this particular instance, but simply because we have become indifferent. And the very fact that executions are now private, instead of public,

has helped to deepen and confirm our apathy; the horrors of the execution no longer come home to us.

There are some people who urge the retention of the death penalty on the ground of economy. It is so much cheaper to hang a man than to imprison him. Any one might imagine that the substitution of imprisonment for hanging involved a tremendous outlay, an outlay which might be indulged in by wealthy countries—such as Scotland, for example—but which is altogether beyond the reach of poverty-stricken England! It may surprise our economically-minded friends to learn that the additional expenditure would not amount to more than about £400 per annum after the initial outlay, and this figure may be still further reduced by deducting the hangman's salary and the cost of the erection of the gallows—which last I saw in one case put as high as £100. The cost to the taxpayer of the maintenance of the ordinary criminal is about £25 per annum—much less than the cost of a criminal lunatic. Of these the last returns show there are now 664 detained in Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum, of whom 92 have been there from fifteen to twenty years, and a further 161 for upwards of twenty years.

The great and unanswerable *objection* to the death penalty is that it is irrevocable. Once carried out, whatever favourable light may be thrown upon the case, whatever evidence of innocence may be forthcoming, it is absolutely impossible to repair the error of that sentence: an innocent man is slain in the name of justice, an innocent family disgraced. Three weeks elapse between the sentence and execution. Directly the doom of death is pronounced by the Judge, petitions are got up and sent to the Home Secretary, begging him to revise the sentence. The Home Secretary, who is thus called upon to exercise the duties of a Court of Appeal, who has in his hands the supreme power of life and death, is a gentleman who owes his temporary position, not to his superior judicial training or judicial ability, but to a cast of the political dice. He is called upon to perform the highest judicial functions without any of the essential conditions. He cannot hear evidence, as evidence; he cannot hear arguments; he cannot, or does not, give reasons for his decision.

On the Home Secretary finally hangs the fate of the prisoner, and during the specified three weeks the friends of the condemned man, assisted by a large proportion of the public, who, be it noted, while eager for the retention of the death penalty, willingly sign petitions against its execution when once it has been pronounced—these endeavour to persuade the Home Secretary to traverse the verdict of the jury. If they fail, then the sentence is carried out, and any wrong done is irreparable.

To assume that there are no wrongful convictions is to assume that Judges and juries are infallible; and we not only know that in the very nature of things this is impossible, but we have positive proof of their liability to error. Every year free pardons are granted on grounds affecting the original conviction of the offenders, on grounds, *i.e.* which either absolutely establish their innocence, or at least afford, even to official minds, reasonable doubt as to their guilt. Indeed Mr. Justice Stephen, then Mr. Stephen, in giving evidence before the Commission of 1864, expressed his opinion that the number of incorrect convictions was greater than was generally supposed. He quoted cases within his own knowledge in which the evidence brought forward at the trial amply justified the verdict, and yet, in consequence of facts *not* brought forward, the verdict turned out to be wrong. It is true that the cases I have in my mind are not murder cases, but we have no reason to suppose that Judges and juries are more infallible, are less liable to error, when they are trying a man on a capital charge than when trying him for embezzlement or dog-stealing. If it can be proved that innocent persons have been condemned, then unless there were absolutely no other means possible of preventing murders, save through fear of capital punishment, I submit that the Legislature has no right to put the risk of a disgraceful death upon innocent men.

To put the case clearly, I will sum up my position in a few brief sentences:

First, I object to capital punishment on the ground that it is an act of vengeance upon the offender, and that all enlightened theories, all humane theories, exclude the idea of revenge.

Next, I object to capital punishment because it is unneces-

sary, experience having proved that the use of a secondary punishment is not followed by an increase in homicidal crime.

Finally, I object to it because it is irrevocable, and in the event of an innocent man being hung, the wrong done to him and his family cannot be repaired.

Having stated my objections, it remains for me now to suggest an alternative punishment—a suggestion which is by no means easy for me to make, because I have very little faith in the efficacy of punishment as a means of repressing crime. It is, as Ruskin says, “the last and worst instrument in the hands of the legislator.” Crime is a deep-seated disease which no punishment yet invented has ever been able to cure.

Many penologists advocate an unalterable life sentence as an alternative to hanging, but I could not advocate perpetual imprisonment for any crime—imprisonment, that is to say, under our present system. The more one hears of the terrible discipline of the prison, the more terrible seems the lot of those poor creatures who are condemned to endure it unchangingly, day after day, year after year, through the whole term of their lives.

Waiting for the day to come when we shall get a system of undeterminate sentences tried in this country—for in that system, wisely and humanely administered, there lies, I think, some real hope of reforming criminals—while waiting for this, we have only a choice of evils, and the only alternative punishment that I am able to suggest is one open to grave objection, viz., a term of imprisonment within the discretion of the Judge.

In this connection I must urge most strongly that Judges ought to be appointed, solely on the ground of their qualifications for the judicial position. It is monstrous that they should be, as they often are, elevated to the Bench by their party Governments, without any consideration whatever as to their peculiar fitness for the high office of administrator of public justice.

Mr. W. Tallack, who was for so many years Secretary to the Howard Association, suggested as an alternative to death, twenty years' imprisonment. He objected that to leave the term to the discretion of the Judge would be putting too much



responsibility upon him. But sometimes twenty years might be too short, as in the case of an incorrigible criminal ; sometimes, and much more often, it would be too long, as we may realise by a study of the commuted cases. Therefore, for a Judge to be obliged to pass a sentence of twenty years' imprisonment, might be as objectionable in its way as the present penalty. Moreover, I must confess that I cannot see why a Judge should be considered competent to fix a penalty for *attempt* at murder, and *incompetent* to fix the penalty if that attempt should result in death.

I am, as I have intimated, only too well aware that the alternative punishment which I am suggesting is very far from being a perfect solution of the difficulty. But none of our punishments are perfect, and they never will be until we treat crime from a more reasonable and scientific standpoint, until we cease to look upon it as necessarily conscious, wilful wrongdoing. We need to probe for the causes of crime, and find some remedy for these, rather than be content to punish the criminals, who are often but little more than mere straws driven on the wind of circumstance.

A few years ago I believed that there was a strong and growing popular feeling in favour of the abolition of capital punishment. To-day I am less confident that this is so. Influences which I had not then sufficiently allowed for, coupled with more recent events, have combined to make the people of this land set a slighter value upon human life. In spite of this I still believe that most of them, at heart, would prefer to do without the death penalty. The task before us is to prepare the ground and sow the seed in anticipation of the day when we shall see the general apathy disperse and our country freed from the shame of a State-paid executioner, who, in the much abused name of justice, earns his livelihood by putting other men to death.

HYPATIA BRADLAUGH BONNER.

## OBJECT LESSONS IN WHITECHAPEL.

OBJECT lessons every year grow in favour with teachers. "Thoughts," they urge, "reach the mind through the eye." Therefore it is that processes are performed before the class, and that the schoolroom walls are hung with pictures which suggest deeds of heroism or kindness. But children are in school only for a few hours, only for 25 out of the 168 hours of the week. The objects which drive thoughts into their minds are not those they see in the schools so much as those they see in the streets.

Many of those objects are such as must undo the teachers' lessons. The ill-kept home, the dirty streets, the fighting, the drunkenness, the beggary, the cruelty, must day by day suggest thoughts which gradually change the texture of their minds and form their characters. Few of these objects can at once be changed. No law, and no administration of law, can make homes tidy or stop fighting, so long as those who make the homes and do the fighting are themselves ignorant and selfish.

But law can do something. Law, for example, could make it impossible for private persons to use slaughter-houses in the midst of crowded neighbourhoods. These slaughter-houses provide daily object lessons. The animals are seen as they are hurried over the greasy stones of the streets. They slip and strain themselves, while the drivers, in almost kind impatience, strike and goad them to get over the journey before the greater traffic commences. Boys' help is often welcomed,

and then blows have no pretence of kindness, but are the exercise of a brutal delight in cruelty and bullying. Sometimes all the efforts at hurry fail, and then the animals get mixed amid the carts and the horses which crowd the thoroughfare by 9 o'clock. Blows are rained from all sides—from whips, from sticks, and from the impact of vehicles. Sometimes one frightened creature escapes, and it is pitiable to see its agony of fear, its hopeless madness, as, ready to rush, its way is checked by the crowd. Drivers, boys, butchers, hem it in, strike it across the nose and treat its escape as if it were a crime. "Why," asks a bystander of a city policeman, "do you not interfere and prevent such cruelty?" "What is the use?" he answers. "It must be done, and it happens every day." The object lesson has evidently had its effect on him.

But there are other sights even more ugly and more demoralising. The slaughter-houses are often comparatively small covered yards behind butchers' shops in the chief street of the neighbourhood. They are entered by a narrow door at the back of the shop, and sometimes there are openings, well-known by the children, through which it is possible to see the operations. At any rate tales are often heard of the agonies which have been witnessed, which true, or not true, are founded on facts and are equally demoralising. It is easy to imagine the pride with which a boy would tell of the blow or the stab which he watched without flinching, taking his heartlessness for courage; or the admiration with which girls would hear of the daring which faced such sights. It is easy to imagine such a pride or such an admiration, but how much thoughtful parents would give to save their children from such corruption!

The sight from the streets is indeed bad enough. The mean slaughter-house of which the door is often left open, the blood stains on the walls and floor, the heavy overpowering smell—the butchers' coarseness—are things to which it is a shame for human nature to become used; and now thousands of human beings pass daily without a thought of the dignity and decency of life which have been outraged

—of the sacrifice endured for others, of the useless suffering, of the painful indifference to feeling.

Slaughter-houses could be removed by law, they exist for no common good, but simply out of regard for individual rights acquired under other conditions. The animals should be taken quietly to outlying abattoirs; their last hours would not then be made wretched by the terror of the streets, or the blows of the drivers. They would then enter by great gates to their pens, and then one by one pass into the death chamber, where at any rate the cleanliness and the perfection of appliances would provoke the butcher to the use of his greater skill.

"Animals," as Sir Arthur Helps said, "have a right to courtesy." They have a right, that is, to man's respect. Their feelings should be considered, and if their use or death becomes necessary, their treatment should be such as would least wound their self-respect. Whatever may be thought of this theory as a basis of kindness to animals, it is clear that its adoption would be a great gain to men. The restraint which would prevent unfair hitting, the consideration involved in giving gentle treatment, replacing reasoning for blows, the care that the death blow should be given with dignified surroundings, would add much to the strength of the human character; while the immediate removal of slaughter-houses from crowded neighbourhoods would at once take away an object lesson which is widely demoralising. It is not possible indeed to follow the trail of such demoralisation and to say, "this boy's cruelty," or "this one's carelessness about sufferings," or "this one's disregard for law," "this one's ill manners," is a direct outcome of the object lesson daily offered in the streets. But if the examples of kindness, and courtesy, and order, which at great expense are now taught the children, are worth anything, then surely the examples of cruelty, discourtesy, and disorder, must be as effective. Common-sense unites with humanity to claim that the slaughter-houses should be taken from the midst of the people.

SAMUEL A. BARNETT.

## CRUELTY TO ANIMALS AND THEOLOGY.

### A REPLY

BY THE RT. REV. MGR. CANON JOHN S. VAUGHAN.

A PERSON must be somewhat of a lawyer to fully understand the intricacies of the Law, and to interpret its various enactments correctly. Words and expressions in the Statute Books often bear a special and highly technical meaning, which is not at once seized nor readily perceived by "the ordinary man in the street"—still less by the ordinary woman. Jurisprudence possesses a language and a terminology of its own, and any layman or laywoman, unused to legal phraseology, who should attempt to unravel for us the mysteries of the *jus gentium* or of the *jus civile*, would be in constant danger of stumbling and of misinterpreting its decisions, and might easily declare that to be law, which is not law at all.

Similarly, theology has also a language of its own, and it is not to be expected that one who has never received any regular training in that divine science, should fully grasp the doctrines it contains, or make himself accurately acquainted with its teaching, the very first time he takes up a treatise, to discover for himself what is really taught. Such persons indeed often expose themselves to ridicule, since they are ever

ready to denounce what they but half understand, and will frequently condemn theologians for holding what no theologian has ever yet held.

We are not astonished that such adventurers should fail to understand the real teaching of theology, we are astonished only that, being lost in the fog themselves, they should nevertheless undertake so gladly to lecture us upon our supposed shortsightedness.

Miss Tucker's article affords us an excellent illustration of this confusion—a confusion which arises, not, we are willing to believe, from any desire to misrepresent or calumniate, but from sheer ignorance of the technical terms of which theologians make use.

I will begin my commentary on her article by considering two subjects to which she refers with considerable warmth. The first has to do with "rights," and the second has to do with "cruelty." Though she has some observations to make concerning both "rights" and "cruelty," yet she employs neither of these words accurately, nor in a sense that would be recognised by any of the schoolmen.

For distinctness' sake we may here observe that though animals are either (*a*) rational (as men), or else (*b*) irrational (as the beasts), yet whenever we make use of the word "animal" in the course of this article, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we use the term to signify *irrational* creatures only, *i.e.*, birds, beasts, etc.

Now, it is quite true that theologians do undoubtedly teach that "animals have no rights," just as it is true that lawyers do undoubtedly teach that "the King can do no wrong." But both phrases require to be correctly understood, for both expressions are technical.

Perhaps one of the clearest of reasoners, as well as one of the kindest of men, was John Henry, Cardinal Newman. He expresses the teaching of the Church regarding animals as follows:—

*"We have no duties towards the brute creation; there is no relation of justice between them and us. Of course, we are bound not to treat them ill, for cruelty is an offence against that holy law which our Maker has written on our hearts, and it is displeasing to Him. But*

they can claim nothing at our hand ; into our hands they are absolutely delivered. We may use them, we may destroy them at our pleasure, not our wanton pleasure, but still for our own ends, for our own benefit and satisfaction, provided that we can give a rational account of what we do.”\*

Or consult the words of another illustrious Cardinal, whose tenderness and gentleness towards the whole animal kingdom are admitted upon every side. I mean Henry Edward, Cardinal Manning. He does not hesitate to say:—“It is true that man owes *no duty directly to the brutes*, but he owes it to God, whose creatures they are, to treat them mercifully.” This doctrine, which is simply the doctrine of the Catholic Church, he stated yet more fully and explicitly when, on March 9th, 1887, he said :

“It is perfectly true that obligations and duties are between moral persons, and therefore the lower animals are not susceptible of those moral obligations which we owe to one another ; but we owe a seven-fold obligation to the Creator of those animals. Our obligation and moral duty is to Him who made them, and if we wish to know the limit and the broad outline of our obligation, I say at once it is His nature and His perfections ; and among those perfections, one is most profoundly that of eternal mercy. And therefore, although a poor mule, or a poor horse, is not indeed a moral person, yet the Lord and Maker of that mule and that horse is the highest law-giver, and His nature is a law to Himself. And in giving a dominion over His creatures to man, He gave them subject to the condition that they should be used in conformity to His own perfections, which is His own Law, and, therefore, our Law.”†

No one, we suppose, will question the kindheartedness of Bishop Bagshawe, late of Nottingham, and now of Hypaepa. Yet he, likewise, candidly admits this principle of theology. “I have noticed in some of the speeches,” he writes, “a confusion on this question, between animals and men. Men have reason and free will, and *it is necessary to have reason and free will in order to have a right, properly speaking, at all*. That which is not intelligent has not a right. But nevertheless we have duties, though they have not rights. We have the duty to imitate our Creator ; our Creator is infinite mercy ;

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\* Vide *Omnipotence in Bonds* : Sermon.

† Vide *Life of Frances Cobbe*, Vol. II., p. 173.

and to cultivate in ourselves habits of cruelty, when He is infinite mercy, is assuredly not fulfilling that duty. I think it to be certainly a sin and a crime to be cruel to animals, not that it violates any rights the animals have, but because it is entirely opposed to the divine injunction to fashion ourselves in the likeness of God." (*Vide: L'Eglise et la Pitié envers les Animaux*, p. 99.)

Perhaps, when she better understands the position of the Church, Miss Toker, who is nominally, at least, a Catholic, though she does not write like one, will regret the manner of her allusion to Pope Pius IX. in the last issue of THE HUMANE REVIEW. She finds fault with the Pope for not allowing the Protestant Society for the promotion of kindness to animals to establish itself at Rome. But surely, the Holy Father, however much he may have been in sympathy with the Society, could not publicly, and in his own City of Rome, the very centre of the Catholic Church, approve of the founding of a society, which, however excellent in itself, rests upon a false principle? To be kind to animals is just and right, and to be commended, but to found this duty on the principle that "*Animals have rights*," is to lay down a very true obligation on a very false basis, and one which is, at all events, not recognised by the Catholic Church, and therefore it would have been difficult for Pius IX. to have allowed this society, founded on a principle he could not recognise, to be established in Rome. The document conveying the refusal expressly stated that "Man owes duties to his fellow men; but he owes no duties to the lower animals."

From this, it follows, that those who declare that the Catholic Church teaches that animals have no rights, strictly so-called, state her teaching accurately enough, so far as the actual words are concerned. But, when, as a consequence of this doctrine, they go on to infer that the Catholic Church teaches that animals may be ill-treated and ill-used and tortured according to man's whim and fancy, it is quite evident to every theologian that they have not understood the meaning and the value of terms.

Even priests and religious are not always quite as logical or



as clear-sighted as might be wished. When, for instance, the Reverend Wilfrid Lescher, O.P., argues that "if animals have no rights, it follows that there is no such thing as cruelty to animals, or that cruelty to animals is not wrong,"\* he draws a false conclusion, and flatly contradicts, not only the Bishop of Hypaepa, and the two learned Cardinals just quoted, and the Roman congregation, through which Pius IX. sent his reply to Mr. Odo Russell, but the whole body of theologians as well. He may be very fond of animals. But even though he be as great a lover of animals as I am myself, that will scarcely justify such strange confusion of thought, or compensate for his singularly defective logic.

The plain teaching of the Catholic Church, so far as we have been able to learn, includes two statements, both of which are equally true. The first is that animals have no rights. The second is that cruelty, whether to men or beasts, is always wrong.†

In proof of the first statement we have perhaps said enough. The truth of the second statement is equally evident to anyone who will consult our recognised authorities. Thus the well known theologian Lessius, in his treatise *De Justitia*, lays it down as an axiom:—"Abstinendum a crudelitate," etc.‡ "One must refrain from cruelty." And St. Thomas,§ the Angel of the Schools, teaches a similar lesson. After speaking of the general law of mercy and compassion, and the duty of obeying it, he goes on to observe that God Himself recalled the attention of the Jews, who were inclined to be heartless, to this duty of compassion, and sought to make them merciful even towards the irrational beasts ("etiam circa bruta animalia"), forbidding them to do what seemed to favour a cruel spirit. Hence His command, "Thou shalt not boil a kid in the milk of its dam" (Deut. xiv. 21), and so forth.

The sinfulness of cruelty is a doctrine that is everywhere recognised by the Catholic Church; and this is true, whether

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\* Quoted in "*L'Eglise et la Pitié envers Les Animaux*," p. 105.

† I dwelt upon this point at some length, several years ago, in my *Thoughts for all Times*, Part III., chapter IX.

‡ I. 2, c. IX.

§ T. II. 1, 2. Q. cii.

it be exercised towards man or towards beasts, since cruelty is the indulgence of an evil passion that needs to be repressed and curbed.\* In some cases even we find questions concerning our behaviour towards the beasts set down as a part of the examination of conscience, to be made before Sacramental Confession. Thus, to give a single instance, the Catholic Catechism of the Diocese of Mayence, under the fifth Commandment, puts the question: Habe ich Tiere gequält? "Have I tormented any animal?" It then goes on to explain that "Die Tiere, *ohne Not oder Nutzen* töten oder quälen, ist sündhaft." "To kill or torment beasts *without necessity or some useful purpose, is sinful.*" And this, to apply Bishop Bagshawe's explanation, is "not because animals have rights," but "because we have duties." A distinction which we commend to the attention of Rev. W. Lescher, O.P.

To declare that animals have rights, in the sense in which the Catholic Church uses the term, is to imply that they are moral beings, possessing a conscience and responsibility and a knowledge of right and wrong, and, we take it, that even the greatest animal lover would scarcely claim for them as much as that. Before condemning the ordinary teaching of theologians it is only fair that anti-vivisectionists should take the trouble to ascertain what that teaching really involves.

Now, as regards cruelty. Many argue, but most falsely, that the Catholic Church justifies, even if she does not encourage, every form of cruelty. But nothing could be further from the truth. She teaches that man is responsible to the Supreme Judge for all his actions: and that he is bound to conduct himself, not only towards God and towards his neighbour, but even towards the lowest of God's creatures, in such a manner as to please and gratify Him "who is good to all, and whose tender mercies are over all His works." (Psalm cxlv. 9.)

Man must act in conformity with the nature that God has bestowed upon him. He must consequently govern his conduct according to the dictates of sound reason. He must keep his lower and animal passions in check. And resist the

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\* "Qui crudelitate pascitur," observes St. Eusebius, "bestialis iracundiæ et cruenti furoris dominio subjugatur."—*Hom. ii., de Paschate.*

promptings of a cruel disposition. To cause pain, therefore, even to a bird or a beast, *without a sufficient reason*, still more to inflict suffering for suffering's sake, is most undoubtedly contrary to the mind of the Church.

Miss Tucker refers to the cruelty of Italians, as though it were a consequence of their religion. The plain fact is that every nation has its own vices and its own weaknesses. The typical Italian may be more cruel than the typical Englishman, but this is not in the least because he is a Catholic, as Miss Tucker would persuade us, but because he is an Italian. On the other hand, if the Italian is more cruel, the Englishman is more drunken. It is calculated that there are 600,000 habitual drunkards in England and Scotland, and that 60,000 die annually in this country from the effects of drink. Now drunkenness does not happen to be a vice of southerners. In Italy and Spain it is almost unknown. Well! if we are to attribute the cruelty of the Italian to his religion, and accuse the Catholic Church of instigating and encouraging this vice, then, to be logical, we shall have to attribute the drunkenness of the English and the Scotch to their religion, and accuse the Anglican and Presbyterian Churches of instigating and encouraging excessive drinking. But, surely, no one, except a very foolish or a very thoughtless person, would be so silly.

The Catholic Church no more approves of cruelty, than the Anglican Church approves of drunkenness, yet there is much cruelty in Italy and much drunkenness in England.

"There can be," writes Miss Tucker, "nothing more ignoble than the conception of any right as the uncontrolled and irresponsible expression of will and passion" (p. 9). Now, of two things, one. Either Miss Tucker means, or she does not mean, to imply that this conception is the conception of the Catholic Church—or what she prefers to call "the Roman Church"! If she does *not* mean to imply that, then her words are most misleading. And if she *does* mean to imply that, then she is grossly misrepresenting the Church, and is woefully ignorant of the Church's doctrine. In either case the expression cannot be defended.

Though much has been said and written concerning the sup-

posed cruelty sanctioned by the Catholic Church, yet these repeated accusations have no warrant whatever. To accuse the Church of cruelty is possible only in one way, and that is by wresting language from its true meaning, and by attributing to words a sense which they do not legitimately bear. If we employ the term "cruelty" in its true and proper sense, if we accept the definition of the word as given by the very best and most authoritative philologists and lexicographers (and we have no business to depart from their definition), we shall find that the Church, not merely does not approve of cruelty, but that she positively denounces and reprobates and condemns cruelty of every kind.

Turn to Webster's International Dictionary, revised by Goodrich, D.D., and by Porter, D.D., and we find that "Cruelty" is defined to be:—First, "A disposition to give *unnecessary* pain." Secondly, "An act which causes extreme suffering, *without good reason*." Or, if you prefer, consult what is acknowledged on all sides to be the latest and best dictionary of the English language that we possess, viz., James Murray's "New Dictionary" (Oxford). "Cruelty" is there said to be "a *delight* in, or *indifference* to, the pain or misery of others."

Now the Catholic Church nowhere encourages or approves of the infliction of "unnecessary" pain, or the causing of extreme suffering "without a good reason"; still less does she approve of "delight in causing pain." Some differences of opinion may, of course, exist as to what precisely constitutes, in any given case, "necessary" pain; and that which one man may consider "a good reason" for causing extreme suffering, another may consider an altogether insufficient reason; and *vice versa*. Such differences of opinion are inevitable, but surely, because on this point some persons may not see exactly eye to eye with the anti-vivisectors, it is unreasonable and unfair to accuse them of being cruel, or for the matter of that, even less merciful than their opponents.

Indeed our chief quarrel with the extreme anti-vivisectionists is precisely that they (and not we) are wanting in true and genuine kindness and charity. It is not for being "over-kind"

that we reproach them, but for not being kind enough ; since we are fully persuaded that *their* kindness is often in reality downright cruelty. And, even though they may believe us to be on this point wholly mistaken, at all events they have no right to question our motives or our good faith, nor should they impute to us a cruel disposition. Our acts should be judged by our principles and our motives, and not our motives by our acts. Let me suggest a similitude. A big strong man is seen severely whipping a small boy, who is crying and suffering acutely. To argue from this fact that the man is guilty of cruelty would be unreasonable. To conclude, without any knowledge of the personal character and disposition of the man, or of the motives influencing him, that he is pitiless and boodthirsty, would be unjust and presumptuous. He might very easily turn out to be a devoted and tender-hearted father, chastising his only boy, whom he loves more than himself, and doing this simply for his good, and in order that, by a little severity now, he may save him from much greater pain in later years. Yet, to accuse this man of heartlessness is just what a casual observer, devoid of the judicial spirit, might readily do ; and do, in good faith perhaps, but certainly with grave injustice. The most tender-hearted and humane of medical men are not unfrequently victims of a like inconsiderateness, on the part of emotional and hasty critics, whose feelings and forebodings cloud their better judgment ; and who seem to think that nobody can be kind, unless they be kind in their own particular and shortsighted way !

The whole mystery of pain, and the marvellous part it plays in the economy of nature, open out questions as full of interest as of difficulty. But we do not feel called upon to deal with them now. It may be well, however, to lay down a few guiding principles which may throw light upon our position and the attitude we take up as regards our dealings with the sensitive creatures all around us, especially since Miss Tucker has so utterly misrepresented and misstated and confused things.

Considered in itself, suffering is, in every case, an evil—not of course in the *moral* order (and this distinction is a most important one), but in the *physical* order. But though, con-

sidered *in se*, pain is ever an evil, yet, considered in *its effects*, it not only may be, but often is, a very substantial good ; as, for example, in the case of a wounded soldier, who has his arm or his leg amputated on the battle-field to save his life.

Now, since pain is always an evil in itself, in the physical order, it follows that, in so far as it is possible, we should seek to lessen the aggregate of suffering in the world. Never can we approve of suffering, for its own sake. It can never be commended as an end, but only as a means. Hence, if we could do so, *without introducing worse evils*, we would be glad to do away with pain altogether. But to remove all suffering and agony from the world is an absolute impossibility, and wholly out of the question. Consequently, since we cannot wholly and utterly destroy it, all that is left for us is to strive to diminish it as much as possible wherever it is found, but more especially among those creatures whose sensitiveness to pain is most acute, and whose claims upon us are strongest. Hence, human beings should be preferred before those that are not human ; and the more highly strung and sensitive man before the less highly strung and the less sensitive beast.

This is surely reasonable enough, yet it is just at this point that the ordinary anti-vivisectionist parts company with the Church and her theologians.

Observe firstly. We cannot do away with pain. We can only diminish it. And this we are most anxious to do. Secondly, where circumstances are such that pain *must* fall either upon man or beast, that is to say, where there is no third course open to us, we prefer it to fall on the beast, and not on the man. The anti-vivisectionist, on the contrary, prefers it to fall on the man, and in this he seems to us to be guilty of cruelty.

Here is, let us say, an ordinary good-natured and able physician, whom we will call Dr. X. His whole aim and object is to diminish pain and to allay suffering. It is not in his power to destroy it, therefore he directs his efforts to alleviate it. He knows that men are by far the most sensitive of sufferers. He knows that they are subject to certain painful diseases. He has good reasons to think that a certain treatment would bring

great relief, and perhaps even produce a cure. But his reasoning *may* be defective, and he cannot ascertain, with any degree of certainty, whether his opinion be well founded, unless and until he can test his theories by actual experiment. That is to say, he must actually apply the remedies. It is essential that he should make the experiment on a living organisation of some kind. But upon whom?

Well, there are but two classes of creatures to choose from. He must make it either upon a human being, or else upon a beast: either, let us say, upon a sick child or upon a rabbit. The anti-vivisectionist objects to all experiments on animals, and, in effect, answers: "the experiment must be made on the sick child, not on the rabbit." And this is why we call the anti-vivisectionist cruel. We, on the contrary, hold that the experiment should be made on the rabbit or other beast, and not upon the poor unfortunate child. Yet, on that account, we are called cruel! Our reason for maintaining this view is: Firstly, because the beast is less sensitive to pain. Secondly, because its loss of life, should the experiment prove abortive, is of far less consequence. Thirdly, because the child is our very own flesh and blood, and a member of our great human family, and has immeasurably greater claims upon our pity. "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." (Matt. x. 31.) Fourthly, because God has given man dominion over the beasts of the field, and the birds of the air. (Genesis ix.) For these and other reasons we consider that far more real mercy and tenderness and commiseration are shown in allowing necessary experiments to be made upon beasts rather than upon men. "Experimentum fit in corpore vili."

It may perhaps be urged that no experiments should be made either upon man or beast. But such a solution betrays confusion of thought. It is to shirk the difficulty, not to answer it. Unless doctors are to neglect the human subject, and to leave men to die without any adequate medical aid, they *must* test their remedies, either on the sick man who summons them to his bedside, or previously on some animal of a lower order. *We* say: "Let them test their remedies on an animal of a lower order;" the *anti-vivisectionist*, on the contrary, says,

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"let man and not the beast be experimented on," and in this we again judge that the term "cruel" is more applicable to them than to us.

The whole object and purpose of vivisection, if men would but see it, is not to cause pain, but to cure pain; not to increase suffering, but to lessen it; not to multiply the agonies of disease, but to diminish them, and to limit their ravages in every possible direction. This is our firm belief, and it is solely on these merciful grounds that we defend its use; but certainly not its abuse. Indeed we feel more than ever persuaded that the really merciful and humane are those who advocate a properly supervised and well conducted system of experiments on animals. It is such persons whom we recognise as the real benefactors of the race; it is they, who, by inflicting a slight suffering now, purchase a large exemption from suffering later on, and who bring comfort and relief to hundreds of thousands who would otherwise be writhing on their beds in the agony of disease.

"Take appendicitis alone. Last year there were 15,000 operations for it in this country, with ninety per cent. of recoveries, a percentage which rises every year. Every one of these recoveries, and I cannot say how many more in each hour of the day and night the world over, are traceable to Lord Lister. Take the history of obstetrics. Ask why it is that to-day, a woman has a greater expectation of life than a man, the reverse being the case thirty years ago. The answer is the application of Listerism to the great function of maternity. Ask why the cattle and sheep of France defy anthrax, that terrible plague which used to decimate them. The answer is the preventive inoculation devised for their benefit by Pasteur, the founder of bacteriology, and after Moses, of preventive medicine. And vivisection was the indispensable means by which this work was accomplished."\*

In view of these and similar results, it seems really heartless and unfeeling to prevent all useful and necessary experiments being made upon animals. Indeed, one who should hinder humane and learned physicians from testing important remedies on rabbits and guinea-pigs, etc., before applying them to the human subject, is really sacrificing the man for the beast; and inverting the proper order of things. In our opinion he

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\* Excerpt from a letter in *The Tablet*, by A Graduate of Edinburgh, May 16th, 1903.



stands very much in the position of a father, who should absolutely refuse to allow a sheep or an ox to be killed even to sustain the life of his starving family, on the plea that we have no right to deprive an animal of its years of peaceful and natural enjoyment, merely to furnish a dinner to a hungry and impoverished household. With such a foolish person we have no sympathy, and scarcely any patience. In his character and disposition we can discover but one ounce of kindness to a ton of cruelty; and we hate and detest all cruelty, wherever we find it; yes, *pace* Miss Toker, even when it wears the outward garb of charity and benevolence. Our charity should be real, and it should be reasonable; and we shall never accept as the genuine article mere emotional sentimentality, nor shall we ever be able to persuade ourselves that the beast is to be preferred to the man.

NOTE.

We gladly publish Monsignor Vaughan's statement, though we altogether differ from his conclusions. Owing to his article having reached us at the last moment, we were unable to give Miss Toker the opportunity of an immediate rejoinder.—Editor *Humane Review*.

## EXPERIMENTS WITH THE YOUNG CRIMINAL.

THE Prison Commissioners have in hand two rather important experiments. They have submitted for the consideration of the Home Secretary a scheme providing "for the detention, under special conditions, of persons guilty of grave and habitual crime." So far as this question is one of administration of the criminal law, it is beyond the Commissioners' scope to deal with; they can but submit such observations as occur to them from their own experience, with regard especially to the penal servitude class in convict prisons. As the subject is under consideration, it need only be referred to here.

The second experiment concerns that troublesome, but not altogether hopeless person, "the youthful offender." "It appears to us," said the Prison Committee of 1894, "that the most determined effort should be made to lay hold of these incipient criminals"—between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one—"and to prevent them by strong restraint and rational treatment from recruiting the habitual class. The improvement of the general social conditions is the work of the community, but that some of its worst and most dangerous products can be reclaimed by special and skilful treatment is emphatically maintained by many capable and experienced witnesses." This

is the experiment that is about to be made at Borstal Prison. Figures have shown abundantly that the age between sixteen and twenty-one is essentially the criminal period, "and that from criminals of this age the professional criminal of later years is generated." But this is also a peculiarly plastic age—an age at which the habit that may produce either vice or virtue is incompletely formed. Here are two definite postulates on which to proceed. Certain offenders between the ages named, committed to the metropolitan prisons for any period over six months, are to be drafted to Borstal—which for the purposes of this experiment will be retained exclusively for them—and submitted there to a special kind of disciplinary and reformatory treatment. It will be something between prison and reformatory, with, it may be hoped, none of the worst features of the former, and something better than the best features of the latter. Governor, chaplain, medical man, and schoolmaster will all be united in the effort, the object of which will be to build up self-respect. Should the experiment be to any considerable extent successful, it will lead to a change in the criminal law, for the point will have been established that the system of a succession of short sentences for young criminals is both ineffective and mischievous. Indeed, one of the chief difficulties in the way of the new experiment will probably be discovered in the fact that the short sentence has already done something to implant the habit of crime in the juvenile-adult. It is a difficult project altogether, but full of human interest.

There will be three grades at Borstal: the penal, the ordinary, and the special. In prison, everyone begins in the lowest class; but at Borstal no youth need ever find himself in the "penal" grade. He will be received on admission into the second or "ordinary" grade, and will be put down from that only as the result of idleness or misconduct. In the penal grade he would wear the usual prison drab, in the second he would don a brown suit, and the uniform of the special grade is to be blue, as in the case of the well-behaved convict who has entered on the last year of his sentence. There will be good conduct stripes in the third grade (for every three months

passed in it), and each stripe will earn a gratuity of half-a-crown, until a sum not exceeding £2 has been awarded.

Life, of course, will not be easy at Borstal, but, if less full of variety than at Elmira, in New York State, it will not be without interest. There will be plenty of physical drill for slack muscles and enfeebled backs. The deadening routine of regular prison work will be considerably modified. Trades will naturally be taught, but one does not yet know to what extent. So far as the individual is concerned, this must depend very much upon the length of his sentence; but it may be hoped that where opportunity is given in this respect, every effort will be made to bring up the standard of instruction to the level of that in the free workshop. The teaching of trades in prison has sometimes been of a rather perfunctory kind. Proper machinery and proper tools have been wanting, and the instructor himself has frequently been prison-taught. When an ex-prisoner goes as a hired hand into a business which he has learned in prison, he may very soon be "spotted" by his new associates. He is a marked man; he is very probably shunned, and if his employer does not turn him away he is more likely than not to go voluntarily. He drops that prison-learned craft, and lapses into crime again. It will be of vital importance to teach their trades to these young criminals at Borstal in such a manner that they may be able on release to enter easily into competition with free workers without arousing suspicions that are always injurious and often fatal.

In prison it is industry alone that gains marks. At Borstal marks will be awarded both for industry and conduct. Two marks will be given for every day of "steady hard labour," and twelve marks a week may be earned for good behaviour. "Special merit marks may also be awarded by a committee, consisting of the governor, the chaplain, and the medical officer, sitting on or about the first day of each month, when each case will be brought before them, such marks not to exceed six per week." A prisoner will be eligible for promotion to third or "special" grade when he has gained marks to the number of 300.

The promising youth in the third grade will find himself,

so to speak, in clover. His cell is transformed into a bedroom, "with a special iron bedstead, a strip of carpet, and a looking-glass" (no more polishing the bottom of his tin to observe whether prison has improved his complexion!), and "small pictures or photographs," if he can get anybody to send them to him, may decorate his walls. Starched utilitarianism may object that this is going to spoil young Alf; but why not prefer to regard it as a small attempt to bring the humanities to bear on him? It has usually been found that any little privilege out of the common is keenly appreciated in prison, and tells well upon the prisoner's conduct. In the penal grade neither letters nor visits will be allowed; in the second grade it will be permitted to write and receive a letter, and be visited, every six weeks; and in the special grade once a month. The special grade will keep the light burning in its cell half-an-hour longer than either of the lower grades, and will associate in the reading-room for an hour after labour every day. Comparing this with the routine of prison proper, it will be seen that the youth of Borstal will not lack incentives to industry and fair behaviour.

A good deal of time will, of course, be devoted to education, pure and simple, and this, one may hope, will be made as interesting as possible. At least two hours' teaching a day will be given in association—much better this than in the cell—to those who have not passed the Third Standard; and there will be lectures, and so forth. It is to be hoped that the library will be brightly stocked, to the severe exclusion of the merely "goody" element. Wholesome tales of adventure, of heroism, and of pioneering in lands remote might be profitably planted in the soil of Hooliganism. Something is to be done—or attempted to be done—through music too: "the chaplain will organise classes for choir practice in the chapel at such times as may be arranged."

The sentences on these young criminals will be indeterminate. The Bench will fix the maximum, but it will be discretionary with the governor, chaplain, and medical officer, acting as a committee, to reconsider the term. At the end of six months the prisoner will be brought before this com-

mittee, who will decide whether or not he would be "likely to benefit by release before expiration of his sentence." If the decision is against him at first, his case will be "reconsidered from time to time." This, briefly, is an outline of the scheme ; but it is obvious that almost everything must depend upon the provision that is made for the prisoner on discharge. Suppose that he has been in confinement long enough to have given substantial proof of the benefits of his treatment, suppose the budding criminal to have merged in the budding citizen, how will you attempt to safeguard his future? It need scarcely be said that this all-important point has not been overlooked, and a number of gentlemen have recently formed themselves into an association for the distinct purpose of dealing with these cases on discharge. Not less necessary would be the support of employers of labour and trade unions. The object should be to secure a continuous supervision of the case, both at the moment of discharge and afterwards, at the home or place which is found for the youths. The Prison Commissioners undertake to give facilities for visitation in prison before release, in order that the society or individual interested in a prisoner may get some personal knowledge of him, and be in possession of the views of the prison authorities concerning him.

The experiment will be worth making. Many prison governors are of opinion that short sentences not only fail to act as a deterrent upon young offenders, but that they frequently have the opposite effect. Lads who have been sent to prison again and again for terms of a few weeks have sunk into hardened criminals before the age of eighteen. Borstal will try to find the remedy.

The rules and standing orders detailing the experiment constitute to a great extent a new departure from the recognised prison system of this country. Self-respect is a delicate plant to cultivate in any place at all resembling prison, and there is little doubt that in the cases of many of these "juvenile-adults" the habit of crime has already been engendered by the vicious short-sentence system. Still, it is a good principle to go upon, that the young criminal has in him the elements and possibilities of citizenship.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

## EDWARD CARPENTER'S WRITINGS.

EDWARD CARPENTER'S writings\* are already well known and dearly valued by a not inconsiderable section of the reading public. With little aid from reviews and advertisements, but by virtue of their own originality and vigour, they have found a way into many thoughtful households, where, by their quickening suggestiveness and sympathetic insight, they have proved themselves to belong to that "literature of power" whose function is not merely to teach, but to *move*. The secret of this influence lies mainly, perhaps, in the strong personality by which the writings are inspired—the presence of "the man behind the book," who has a genuine message to deliver, and has grasped the great truth, so unpalatable in some circles, that literature, however high its vocation, is still secondary and subservient to the higher and more real interests of life.

"Social Reformer" is the not very brilliantly distinctive label now usually attached to Edward Carpenter's name in

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\* "Towards Democracy" (Complete Poems in one volume).

"Who shall Command the Heart" (Part IV. of "Towards Democracy").

"England's Ideal," and other Papers on Social Subjects.

"Civilisation: its Cause and Cure." Essays on Modern Science.

"Love's Coming of Age," Papers on Marriage, etc.

"Angels' Wings." Essays on Art and Life.

"From Adam's Peak to Elephanta." Sketches in Ceylon and India.  
(Swan Sonnenschein and Co., London.)

library catalogues ; but for many years there was a significant division of his writings in the Reading Room of the British Museum, his earlier books being attributed to "Edward Carpenter, Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge," and the later ones to "Edward Carpenter, Social Reformer." The origin of this mythical creation of *two* Edward Carpenters is not difficult to discover. In 1873 Mr. Carpenter, late a Fellow of Trinity Hall, published a volume of verse, "Narcissus and Other Poems," and two years later a drama entitled "Moses," both of which, being written in accordance with the usual literary canons, and containing little that was disquieting to the academic mind, were duly catalogued as the works of the reputable Fellow aforesaid. But when their author, instead of adding companion volumes to his "Narcissus" and "Moses," vanished altogether for a season, and reappeared after eight years as the author of "Towards Democracy," an unrhymed poem of revolutionary spirit and Whitmanese form, this eccentric person obviously could not be identified with the *quondam* Fellow of Trinity Hall ; so he was separately registered as "Social Reformer"—a warning to those writers who would lightly quit the paths of literary respectability.

It may be admitted, however, that there was an unintentional touch of humour, and even of propriety, in the distinction indicated by the catalogue. We may surmise that the strong, self-contained, yet withal tender and sympathetic idealist, who came before the world with his "Towards Democracy" in 1883, *was* in one sense a wholly different person from the College Fellow of ten years before—it is impossible, certainly, to compare his earlier with his later writings and fail to perceive the depth and force of the spiritual revelation of that intervening period which had given new assurance to the thought and new expressiveness to the language. Here, as in other cases that might be cited, we see how a man by relinquishing all may gain all, and how the sacrifice of what the world calls success may free the way for the fuller development of a rare and singularly genuine personality.

For idealism is beyond question the feature of Carpenter's



writings. "There is a kind of knowledge or consciousness in us," he says, "as of our bodily parts, or affections, or deep-seated mental beliefs, which forms the base of our more obvious and self-conscious thought"; and he shows how the several senses, rightly developed, minister directly to this inner illumination, which is itself cosmical, absolute, and universal in its scope. He sees everywhere likeness, interfusion, brotherhood, the soul of man linked in sympathy with the soul of nature—a faith which finds worthy expression in the following lines:

"And a voice came to me saying:

In every creature, in forest and ocean, in leaf and tree and bird  
and beast and man, there moves a spirit other than its mortal own,  
Pure, fluid, as air—intense as fire,

Which looks abroad and passes along the spirits of all other  
creatures, drawing them close to itself,

Nor dreams of other law than that of perfect equality;

And this is the spirit of immortality and peace."

It is on this intuitive conception of the unity of life that the author of "Towards Democracy" bases the optimistic creed to which that poem gives expression—an optimism which equals that of Whitman in the confidence, even to exulting joy, with which every fact of life is recognised and welcomed, sorrow itself being included as mysteriously contributive to the final sum of happiness. This is, of course, a subject for feeling rather than for argument; but then the chief facts of human existence, as Carpenter points out, are just those which thus lie deep down in the inner realm of personal consciousness.

*Humanity* may perhaps be fairly taken as the watchword of Carpenter's doctrines. Adopting Lamarck's theory of evolution in preference to the Darwinian, he regards man as no chance product, but the crown and consummation of all existence, the clue to the unravelling of the secret of life.

"It is then finally in Man," he says, "in our own deepest and most vital experience, that we have to look for the key and explanation of the changes that we see going on around us in external Nature, as we call it; and our understanding of the latter, and of History, must ever depend from point to point on the exfoliation of new facts in

the individual consciousness. Round the ultimate disclosure of the ideal Man, all creation (hitherto groaning and travailing towards that perfect birth) ranges itself, as it were like some vast flower, in concentric cycles; rank beyond rank; first all social life and history, then the animal kingdom, then the vegetable and mineral worlds."

He views everything from this human standpoint, recognising and revering humanity, not in man only, but also, as Thoreau did, in the so-called "lower animals" and in nature which is sometimes termed "inanimate." Love is the one law, equality the one ultimate condition.

A thinker who thus holds man to be "the measure of all things," and seeks to discover the true purpose of mankind by a study not of external environment but of inner impulse, must necessarily give full weight to the importance of individual effort. Law, custom, conventionality, and the innumerable bonds of social tradition, are regarded in Carpenter's essays as standing towards individual freedom in the position of the natural sheath protecting, or at times strangulating, the young bud, and destined at the due season to be overpowered and cast aside. "If Society," he says, "moves by an ordered and irresistible march of its own, so also—as a part of Society, and beyond that as a part of nature—does the individual. In his right place the individual is also irresistible. Huge as the institutions of Society are, vast as is the sweep of its traditions and customs, yet in the face of it all, the word 'I will' is not out of place." On the other hand, the just obligations of the individual to Society are set forth by Carpenter with equal insistence; he sees and teaches, that a real individuality can only then be developed when each man is in an honest relation towards his neighbour and the community, and that a real equality will then, and not till then, follow as a matter of course.

"To build up this Supreme Life in a people—the life of Equality—in which each individual passes out of himself along the lives of his fellows, and in return receives their life into himself with such force that he becomes far greater as an individual than ever before—partaker of the supreme power, and well-nigh irresistible—to build up this life in a people may well be a task worthy of the combined efforts of poets, philosophers, and statesmen. The whole of history

and all the age-long struggles of the nations point to this realisation."

Edward Carpenter, it will be seen, while by no means depreciating the value of scientific knowledge, asserts the necessary precedence of the emotional and moral element. "There is no such thing," he remarks, "as intellectual truth—that is, a truth which can be stated as existing apart from feeling." Scientific "facts" are no more than imperfect generalisations, serviceable but temporary, which each age puts together for its own practical use and convenience.

"No mere scientific adjustments will bring about the millennium. Granted that the problem is Happiness, there must be certain moral elements in the mass of mankind before they will even *desire* that kind of happiness which is attainable, let alone their capacity of reaching it—when these moral elements are present, the intellectual or scientific solution of the problem will soon be found, without them there will not really be any serious attempt made to find it. That is, science and the intellect are not, and never can be, the sources of social progress and change. It is the moral births and outgrowths that originate; the intellect stands in a secondary place as the tool and instrument of the moral faculty."

Applied to the social question of to-day, these principles naturally suggest the need of a sympathetic sense of equality and brotherhood, and this is the subject to which a large portion of Carpenter's work is devoted. "The true nature of man, he tells us, "is to give, like the sun." "Wealth, in order really to *be* wealth, must be humanised."

His prose volume, "Civilisation, its Cause and Cure," is one of the most able and characteristic of his writings, but at the same time one that is likely to call forth the most determined dissent, though a good deal of this arises from a pure misunderstanding of his position. In the first place, it should be noted that by "civilisation" he means not the ideal goal of enlightenment, but that particular historical stage through which, or into which, all nations pass at a certain point in their development. In this period the mind of man, which, in the early primitive tribes, as in the uncivilised races of to-day, was innocent and undistracted, is compelled to face the terrible problems of introspection and self-consciousness:

hence doubt, unrest, sin, disease, and the various mental and physical disorders to which the civilised man, whatever his advantages in other respects, is peculiarly liable. Civilisation, if this theory be correct, is a loss of unity—a breaking up of the primitive integrity of man's nature; but it is distinctly stated by Carpenter that he regards this phase as a necessary and inevitable one in the course of human progress. It is not contended by him any more than it was by Thoreau (on whom the notion was fathered by critics who had misread him), that the primitive state is *better* than civilisation; but simply that the latter, as we know it, has certain defects from which the former was free. It must be our ideal to unite, in a future condition, the nobler elements both of the civilised life and the uncivilised.

The "return to nature," then, which Carpenter advocates as the cure for our present distraction, does not imply anything so foolish as a return to barbarism. It is a plea for a simple unencumbered life—for less luxury, less worldliness, less respectability, less "mummydom" in general; for more freedom, more courage, more fresh air, more careless enjoyment of existence. The charge of "asceticism," which has sometimes been made against this simplifying tendency, is due to a complete misconception of what its advocates desire; it is distinctly stated both by Thoreau and Carpenter that they do not wish to lay down any hard-and-fast system of living, but rather to draw attention to certain indubitable but often forgotten facts, to assert the exercise of individual taste, as opposed to the tyranny of social habit. Many of the supposed "comforts," that pass as necessities of existence among the wealthier classes, will be found on trial to be quite superfluous and harmful—harmful not only to the person (whoever that may be) who labours to produce them, but also to those for whose imaginary enjoyment they are produced. To point out the fallacy of prolonged indulgence in these "comforts"—in over-dressing, over-eating, over-building, and generally over-laying life with useless trappings and paraphernalia—is not asceticism but common sense. Asceticism suggests the sacrifice, for some ulterior motive, of what may in itself be

good and wholesome; simplicity condemns only what is actually mischievous and out of place.

The tone of Edward Carpenter's volumes is tolerant and sympathetic; he can, however, be righteously impatient at times, and there is one fetish which he has not scrupled to attack with all the power at his disposal. Never before has the pharisaic side of that modern phenomenon which we call "Respectability" been subjected to such damaging criticism; Thoreau's shafts, fierce and effective though they were, did not overwhelm their object with so sustained a shower of mingled humour and indignation. "Before God," says Carpenter, "I would rather with pick and shovel dig a yearlong drain beneath the open sky, breathing freely, than I would live in this jungle of idiotic duties and thin-lipped respectabilities that money breeds"; and again and again in his poems and essays he pauses to note the cruel influence of this social juggernaut.

"Respectability! Heavy-browed and hunch-backed word; once innocent and light-hearted as any other word, why now in thy middle age art thou become so gloomy and saturnine? Is it that thou art responsible for the murder of the innocents? Respectability! Vision of clean hands and blameless dress—why dost thou now appear in the form of a ghoul before me?"

A disgust at "deadly Respectability discussing stocks" is in Carpenter's case far from being a mere whimsical aversion, for Respectability, with the odious assumption of self-preference that always underlies it, is in truth the very antipodes of that restful sense of equality which is the inspiration of "Towards Democracy" and "England's Ideal." "If I am not level with the lowest," says Carpenter, "I am nothing; and if I did not know for a certainty that the craziest sot in the village is my equal, and were not proud to have him walk with me as my friend, I would not write another word—for in this is my strength." This view of natural equality is one which has unfortunately escaped the attention of those distinguished scientists who demonstrate—with entire accuracy from the premisses they adopt, only these happen to be faulty—that men are not and can never be equal. So satu-

rated are these thinkers with the prevalent notions of inter-necine competition as the one law of existence, that they can only conceive of equality as a debatable claim arising out of the social class-struggle—a claim urged for the aggrandisement of one party and to the detriment of another. Not such is the equality which Carpenter teaches: it is a free, spontaneous sentiment, founded not on rivalry but on love.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the service which Carpenter has rendered to what may be broadly called the humanitarian movement in English-speaking countries; he has influenced his readers, as no other man has done, in the direction of saner and humaner methods of thinking and living. And not by writing only, for he has done much as a speaker, also, to spread the better knowledge; and among the many important lectures delivered before the Humanitarian League by well-known leaders of thought, none have been more memorable than his three addresses on "Vivisection," "Prison Methods, Now and in the Future," and "The Need of a Rational and Humane Science." Those who were present on the occasion when the last-named address was given at St. Martin's Town Hall are not likely to forget either the beauty of the lecture itself or the reception given to the lecturer, which afforded a welcome proof that even in this clamorous age of influential mediocrity great and genuine authorship does not fail of its effect.

Of Carpenter's views on art and on the sex question, as stated in his prose volumes, "Angels' Wings," and "Love's Coming of Age," we are not concerned in this Review to speak. It may be pointed out, however, that it is through a misunderstanding of his utterances on the marriage problem that he is sometimes regarded, as by Mr. Aylmer Maude in his essays on Tolstoy, as standing at "a precisely opposite pole of thought" to that of which Tolstoy is the representative—that is to say, as an advocate of mere freedom from external restraint, without any compensating self-guidance from within. To say that Carpenter's view "ignores the fundamental fact that, apart from any help or hindrance we may receive from laws or customs, the struggle

is *within us*," is to miss a vital point in his teaching—his repeated insistence on the need of mastery over self. Thus in his "Secret of Time and Satan":

"For (over and over again) there is nothing that is evil except because a man has not mastery over it; and there is no good thing that is not evil if it have mastery over a man;

And there is no passion or power, or pleasure or pain, or created thing whatsoever, which is not ultimately for man and for his use—or which he need be afraid of, or ashamed at.

The ascetics and the self-indulgent divide things into good and evil—as it were to throw away the evil—

But things cannot be divided into good and evil, but all are good so soon as they are brought into subjection."

However much Carpenter may differ from Tolstoy, through his refusal to condemn the physical side of man's nature, he is entirely at one with him in his recognition of the fact that the struggle is *within*.

It is significant of the faithfulness of the personality that speaks to us through Edward Carpenter's writings—of the genuineness of "the man behind the book"—that it seems almost an injustice to consider the form and style of his volumes apart from the truths conveyed in them; so impossible is it to think of him as a mere "literary man." His tone is that of a scholar and man of refinement, but it is also that of one who has faced life in its simpler aspects, and by sharing the labours of country-folk and mechanics has gained invaluable experience which is beyond the reach of the ordinary student and man of letters. This experience it is that gives him a real distinction of style; his sentences have a freshness, a sincerity, which is wholesome and invigorating as that of nature itself.

"Towards Democracy" being, like Whitman's poems, a venture in a new style, and deliberately modern and outspoken to an extent which would be judged quite incompatible with the supposed laws of poetry (those "irrational laws," as Macaulay termed them, "which bad critics have framed for the government of poets"), must necessarily be the subject of widely divergent opinion. Poetry is a more intimate and sympathetic vehicle of thought than prose—we go to the latter

for understanding, to the former for feeling—and "Towards Democracy" is the esoteric, as the prose essays are the exoteric, expression of its author's opinions. It is the song of the "Return to Joy"—of "the soul's slow disentanglement"—a rhapsody of that renovated world which the poet's vision anticipates; and there are passages in it which resemble, in their sustained tone of confident exultation, the great triumphal hymn of a freed humanity which rings through the closing act of Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound." The "Democracy" which forms the subject of the poem is, of course, a purely ideal concept, and not a theory of government. It would be unbelievable, were it not a fact, that certain critics have failed to see that Carpenter was not singing of any democratic institutions as at present realised, but of a future society in which even the ballot-box and caucus will be no more.\*

The influence of Walt Whitman, whose magnetic personality is described in a remarkable passage of "Towards Democracy," is easily discernible both in the free, open tone and the unrhymed structure of Carpenter's poem; but it is ridiculous to assert, as some critics have done, that "Towards Democracy" is an *imitation* of "Leaves of Grass," because its sentences are framed on the same principle. It would be as rational to object to the use of blank verse on the ground that it was invented by the Earl of Surrey. It is suggestive of the small amount of thought that is bestowed on these subjects that if a poet adopts some ancient, well-worn metre, in which he has hundreds of forerunners, he may yet be acclaimed as "original"; but if he experiments in a new style where but one or two writers have preceded him, he is set down as an "imitator." A poet's originality is in no way compromised by his availing himself of the forms which he finds ready to hand and most congenial to his taste, whether those forms have been introduced thirty years before or three hundred; it de-

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\* Sir Henry Maine in his "Popular Government" referred to "Towards Democracy" as "the strongest evidence of the state of excitement into which some minds are thrown by an experiment in government [*sic*] which is very old and has never been particularly successful."



pende solely on his having something valuable to say worthy method of saying it. Judged by this criterion "Towards Democracy" is undoubtedly an original work if it has not the same elements of greatness as those are so conspicuous in "Leaves of Grass," it has specially distinctive qualities—tenderness, sympathy, poignant love of freedom—which are peculiarly its own. We have neither space nor inclination to quote pieces de from the book; we will only say that we do not admit criticism that can fail to see in such poems as "Amor Ferns," "The Secret of Time and Satan," "Brief is 'Out of the House of Childhood'"—and scores more be instanced—a genius both of thought and expression is rare indeed in our literature.

"Towards Democracy" is the most personal and characteristic production of its author; the prose essays, however, have this minor advantage over the poem, that, being a less unfamiliar form, they are more readily understood and appreciated. Few more beautiful and stirring essays have been published in recent years than those contained in "Civilisation, its Cause and Cure," and "England's where the reader finds himself wondering what can be secret of a style so simple and so moving, where nothing to be laboured, yet everything is done.

So far we have spoken of Edward Carpenter as reformer and idealist, in which characters he appeals more directly to the public mind; but to the deeper student of his writings the faculty which more especially distinguishes him is one to which we can here but briefly refer, his mysticism or seership—we use the word deliberately—that of a reserved, serene, illuminative wisdom which seems to shine with spiritual radiance through the written word. No standing readers of certain poems in "Towards Democracy" or of the four wonderful chapters in "From Adam's Elphanta," entitled "A Visit to a Gnani,"—in some of the most remarkable work of their author—will fail to see that Carpenter strangely combines in himself the p

repose of Oriental thought with the reforming activity of the West; he is at once occultist and publicist, dreamer and reformer, exponent of philosophic reverie and of humanitarian zeal. There is probably no man living who has a wider, saner, more catholic outlook over the many-sided problems of the human soul; and we may without exaggeration regard him as personally anticipating in marked degree the conjunction and reconciliation of the intuitive and the intellectual faculty, of the heart and of the brain, in which, as many of us begin to see, lies the best hope of the future—the "return to nature" of which so many poets have sung.

Brief and inadequate as this article must necessarily be, since it is impossible to do more than indicate a few salient points in Carpenter's writings, it will not have failed in its intent if it leads humanitarians to recognise more fully the debt they owe to that "poet naturalist" school, of which (in so far as he can be said to belong to any school) he is a prominent member. Mention has already been made of the affinity between his writings and those of Whitman and Thoreau. To the free, spacious love of humanity and brotherhood of which Whitman is the spokesman, he adds something of Thoreau's intenser passion for simplicity and practicalness, with shrewd insight into the many sophisms of modern civilisation; he is thus at once the Thoreau and the Whitman of the English democratic movement.

One further quality remains to be instanced as characteristic of his writings. They are what Thoreau called "hypethral"—their atmosphere is that of the open air, and not of the study or reading room; and it is this, perhaps, as much as anything, that lends them their distinctive flavour, and makes them so refreshingly welcome to the weary reader who is in danger of suffocation in the rush of commonplace that we call "contemporary literature." To open one of his books in this age of stifling respectability is to turn from the oppressive heartlessness of some fashionable assemblage to a free casement which looks out on wholesome fields, and pure air, and scenes of honest homely labour and equal human companionship.

## THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

### CELLULAR CONFINEMENT.

SOME five-and-twenty years ago the poet, James Thomson ("B. V."), wrote as follows in his journal:—

"It being a very wet Sunday, I had to keep in, and paced much, prisoner-like, to and fro my room. This reminded me of the wild beasts at Regent's Park, and especially of the great wild birds, the vultures and eagles. How they must suffer! How long will it be ere the thought of such agonies becomes intolerable to the public conscience, and wild creatures be left at liberty when they need not be killed? Three or four centuries, perhaps."

This gloomy prognostication hardly seems likely to be fulfilled, for within the past ten years there has been a great awakening of the conscience, if not of the general public, at least of the humaner section of it, and some improvement in the condition of the wild animals in the Zoo appears to be now assured. Ever since its establishment in 1891 the Humanitarian League has been drawing attention to the cruelty of cellular imprisonment for animals as for men, and it is therefore with legitimate satisfaction that humanitarians note the approach of a reform which they were the first to advocate. Here, for example, is an extract from a leaflet published by the League in 1895, under the title of "A Zoophilist at the Zoo":—

"Christianos ad leones" was the cry of the heathen persecutors in

ages long past, when the Christian martyrs were flung to the lions in the Roman amphitheatre. Time has now had his revenges; but we do not know that the new version of "Christianos ad leones," as daily exemplified in the stream of visitors to the lion-houses at the Zoo, is altogether edifying. Indeed, it has sometimes occurred to us, when musing on that strange medley of thoughtless sight-seers, who derive an unaccountable pleasure from staring at the wretched life-prisoners in our great animal convict-station, that the infra-human is not always confined to the inner side of the bars, and that there was some force in Thoreau's epigram that God made man "a little lower than the *animals*." Well, we must hope for better things in the next century. A generation or two ago it was the fashion to cage pauper lunatics where passers-by could see them; and benevolent nurses, when inclined to give a treat to the children in their charge, would pleasantly take them to have a peep at the frenzied ravings of the maniacs. We marvel now to hear of such inhumanity, but it may be that a future generation will equally marvel to hear that the sight of caged animals—those martyrs of Christian civilisation—could give any satisfaction to the children, and the grown-up children, to whom the Zoo is still a Paradise.

It all depends on how we look at these things. At present menageries are simply part of the whole system which regards the lower animals as mere goods and chattels, created for the use and amusement of mankind, without any definite claim, in return, to a free and healthy existence. The animals are no more than subjects for the museum or menagerie, the laboratory or dissecting-room. Does a rare bird alight on our shores? Our object is to knock it down first, and, as the taxidermists say, "set it up" afterwards; or, if it still lives, to confine it in a cage or aviary. The Zoological Gardens are doubtless a great deal better than many other menageries; but our whole method of treating animals is stupid and barbarous. We want a more humane and intelligent appreciation of animal life, and that sense of *kinship* which would make us desirous of seeing our rudimentary brethren under happier and more natural conditions. And, after all, we ourselves pay the penalty for our lack of humanity, by the loss of humour that accompanies it; for the bathos of the notices that meet us at every turn in the Gardens is very depressing to those who are alive enough to feel it. The Bengal Tigers' den labelled, "Beware of Pickpockets"! The Eagles' Aviaries labelled, "To the Refreshment Rooms"! Were ever such incongruous ideas set in such ludicrous proximity? There, disconsolate in durance vile, sits the fabled Bird of Jove, who bore off Ganymede to be the god's cup-bearer, while, within a few yards, the *modern* Ganymede is serving out coffees and lemon-squashes, and enjoying (though perhaps he knows it not) the most complete vengeance on the great Raptor who enslaved him.

The humanitarian plea was, of course, met by the amusing old sophism that the wild animals are "better off" in captivity than in freedom. A writer in *The Queen*, for instance, who may probably be identified with Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier (for some years Davis Lecturer to the Zoological Society), poured ridicule on the "misguided sentimentalists" who condemn the caging of animals; while Mr. F. G. Aflalo, who contributes to a London paper a column "About Animals" (mainly, that is to say, about hunting, shooting, eating, and otherwise maltreating them), was at some pains to show that even the larger carnivora do not have a worse time in the menagerie than in nature.

"Formerly, perhaps (he said), when sportsmen were fewer, travel less general, arms of precision less exact, this plea might have been reasonable. But to-day, when every region is being opened up by men who shoot, when forests are cleared and new cities spring up almost weekly in what was untrampled bush, when the greater wild animals are being driven into a more and more limited area, offering less natural food and more danger, I question whether the Zoo lions and tigers have not every bit as good a 'show' as their fellows at large."

It is fortunately no longer necessary to quote the genuine naturalists, such as Dr. A. R. Wallace and Mr. W. H. Hudson, to show the absurdity of Mr. Aflalo's contention; for Mr. Aflalo—such is the humour of the situation—is now among the reformers himself, and we find him complacently referring to "those attacks of mental disorder so commonly the fate of captives in Zoos." "It is not perhaps generally realised," he adds, "how often four-footed prisoners go mad from imprisonment. My own unfortunate camel, which, in spite of every effort to save it, has at last had to be destroyed at Regent's Park, is a case in point." That is true. And Mr. Aflalo's conversion is itself a "case in point" of the gradual triumph of humanitarian principles, even among those who do their best to discredit humanitarianism.

If the public could be informed of all that wild animals suffer, both in shipment and in captivity, we believe that there would be a great revulsion of feeling about menageries of every kind, and that only very stupid or very callous persons

would be able to see anything amusing in these places of amusement so called. The recent death of a famous Zoological Gardens elephant, under circumstances not very creditable to those who sold or those who bought him for commercial reasons, without the slightest regard to humanity, has drawn attention to the subject; but we fear the indignation will be but short-lived, and that many thousands of animals will yet have to perish miserably on shipboard or in menageries, in order that some few may survive for purposes of idiotic "exhibition." There is no doubt that the mortality in "wild beast shows" is something appalling. It has been pointed out by the *Daily Mail* (February 18th, 1903) that in two successive years the deaths among the animals at the Zoological Gardens amounted to 756 in one year out of 2,292 animals, and to 792 out of 2,253 animals in the next, or more than one in every three animals; and a bankrupt purveyor of wild beasts for menageries recently pleaded the exceedingly heavy losses incidental to his trade as a mitigating circumstance in his failure. If only the public could be made to realise their responsibility in supporting these cruel institutions!

All that is to be said against large menageries like that in Regent's Park applies with equal or still greater force to the "miniature Zoos" that have unfortunately been organised in some of our parks and gardens. A study, for example, of the collection made under the auspices of the Rev. J. W. Horsley in the disused burial-ground of St. Peter's, Waltham, has made us more thankful than ever for the wise decision of the L.C.C. not to countenance the extension of such ridiculous and demoralising exhibitions. It is difficult to speak with patience of the stupidity (to call it by no harsher name) which can imprison an unfortunate monkey, a pair of owls, some pigeons, and other victims, among the tombstones of a churchyard—under conditions which entirely preclude their natural activities—and imagine that it is providing an instructive spectacle for children. We would invite the attention of the Southwark Borough Council to the Revised Instructions issued by the Education Department in 1899, in which it is pointed out

that "unless its happiness is secured (as is possible in the case of canaries and other animals born in captivity), a caged animal should not be kept in any school." What is true of schools applies with at least equal force to churchyards—and we can answer for it that if the happiness of the Walworth animals is secured, their looks greatly belie their condition. What is "secured" at St. Peter's is not the happiness but the animal.

But while we are no advocates of Zoological Gardens—even the best of them—we recognise that their existence in certain centres is at present inevitable, and what we advocate, therefore, is not their abolition but their amelioration. As illustrating how greatly our wretched prison-house in Regent's Park stands in need of improvement, we quote the following passage from an interesting article published in *The Century Magazine* last November, on "The New York Zoological Park." In this establishment, which is on a vast scale as compared with European menageries, the animals enjoy scope for exercising themselves in comparative freedom.

"It is of keen interest to note how liberty affects different animals. With the majority, the ruling impulse is to run away, and hide as completely as possible from the terrors of the box. Most carnivores hasten to burrow, or hide in their sleeping dens. . . . When the grizzly and black bear cubs were liberated they galloped around the floor a few times, then fell to chasing and wrestling with one another like schoolboys. They raced in mad scrambles up the rocks, up the slanting tree-trunks and down again, around and into the pools; and for eight months they have enjoyed an almost continuous series of wrestling matches."

It is a curious fact, lately noted by Mr. Seton-Thompson, that the inmates even of "travelling menageries" enjoy better health than those confined in ordinary Zoological gardens. This is attributed to the change of air and scene, which at least gives the unhappy prisoners something new to see and think about. Cellular confinement, in fact, is an inhuman system for men and animals alike.

By far the most powerful indictment of the Zoological Gardens was the series of articles contributed by Mr. Edmund Selous to the *Saturday Review* in 1901, and afterwards re-issued as a pamphlet by the Humanitarian League, under the

title, "The Old Zoo and the New," a picture of what the Zoo actually *is* as contrasted with what it might become. It was the publication of this trenchant criticism, synchronising as it did with a movement for reform within the Zoological Society itself, that brought about the present improved state of public opinion as to the management of the Gardens, and caused the *Daily Mail*, that enterprising journal which is ready to exploit even humanitarian ideas when they seem likely to be popular, to publish a number of caustic articles on "The Tortured Animals at the Zoo." With the *Daily Mail* among the reformers, the battle may be considered to be won; and this portent has been followed by that of the Hon. Sydney Holland, a distinguished champion of vivisection, announcing at a meeting of the Zoological Society that "whenever any Fellow of the Society visited the Gardens, he came away with the feeling that he ought to be prosecuted for cruelty to animals." There is a hint which the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals might opportunely take up. From America comes the same complaint, as in the following passage taken from an excellent article in *Our Animal Friends* (New York):—

"It is indeed high time that the condition of animals in menageries and zoological establishments should be made a subject of very practical concern. In many cases their condition is pitiable. Few things are more distressing to observe than the restive motions of the larger cats, such as lions, tigers, and leopards, or of smaller animals like wolves and foxes, pacing back and forth in their small dens, as if suffering an agony of restlessness, as indeed they often must be. No animal ought to be kept in any such condition, and the time may come—we think it has already come—when this form of cruelty may be abolished by the strong hand of law, where it cannot be terminated by the milder methods of persuasion."

#### SNAKE-FEEDING.

In addition to the sufferings inflicted on wild animals by lifelong imprisonment, there have to be considered the cruelties to which *other* animals are subjected when living prey has to be provided for the inmates of the Reptile House. "It is not by any means a pleasant sight," wrote a spectator of such snake-feeding, "to witness the snakes at their meal, although



it is, we believe, requisite to supply them with living victims. The big bull-frog demolishes his sparrow without even any attempt to kill it; stretching open the portals leading to its huge swallow, the panting little bird is crammed into it with his great flabby feet, like the hands of a demon." Many years have now passed since these disgusting exhibitions were rightly forbidden to the public; but the process was still carried on, and we were lately informed by the friend of an official (who, of course, dare not say anything openly) that it was not at all uncommon for ladies and gentlemen, after dining with friends at the Zoo, to go privately to the Reptile House to see the serpents fed. Those who are behind the scenes will also tell one that the Zoo is not only a happy hunting ground for the physiologist, the great mortality among the monkeys and other animals providing inexhaustible material for dissection, but is also a place of countless death-traps and ambushes for any unwary free bird—from the sparrow upward—that may be converted into food for snakes.

The excuse usually offered for this revolting practice of feeding snakes on live animals is that in this way only can they be kept alive. "There are many serpents in captivity," says Mr. A. D. Bartlett, late Superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, in his book on "Wild Beasts at the Zoo," "that would not take any food other than living animals, be they rats, mice, sparrows, frogs, rabbits, guinea-pigs, pigeons, or ducks; and that is about the extent of animals used for the purpose."

Unfortunately, the animals here enumerated are *not* "about the extent" of those used; for, as we now know, the Goat has to be added to the list of victims, a fact which Mr. Bartlett appears to have deemed it wiser to omit.

We quote the following letter from *The Free Lance* of September 15th, 1902:—

SIR,—I appeal to you for help to stop what seems to me to be wanton cruelty at the Zoological Gardens. The big serpents in the Reptile House, whilst interesting to the odd student, are objects of repulsion to the great majority of visitors, and being commonly in a state of coma, might, as specimens of the dreadful and wonderful, just as well be dead as alive.

Why would I have them dead?

In a corner of the Reptile House there is a small scullery, wherein stands a big box with a wire top. It is full of live rats. Outside, and at the back of this scullery, is a fold containing—*inter alia*—rabbit hutches, and an inclosure where some goats are kept. As you enter this fold the goats make their plaintive cry and run to the wire fencing to be petted or fed. There is a something rather 'taking' about a small goat of friendly disposition seeking one's caresses. As you scratch the little fellow's head, you ask:

What are these chaps kept here for?

Them? Oh, the big python gets them.

What a shame! Who kills them?

Oh, he kills them. Serpents won't look at dead meat.

How will the python kill this fellow?

He'll get a coil round, and squeeze him.

Is it a quick death? Do visitors see these reptiles fed?

Not much! They wouldn't want to see 'em fed twice. The python hasn't much room to move about, so perhaps he only gets one coil round, and that grip forces out the entrails and breaks the goat's ribs. Keepers have feelings, like other people, and if they see that the goat is being kept in torture a man will give the python a touch up with an iron bar. This irritates him, and he takes another turn.

Thank you. I think I'll go. Can I get a drop of brandy in the gardens?

A large number of visitors—adults as well as children—when they go to the Gardens, take food to the animals, and watch with pleasure the way in which their offerings are received and eaten. If I took a live goat with me, and in presence of the house full of people threw it into the python's cage for that reptile to crush and leisurely swallow in sight of the public, what would the public say to, or do to me? I shouldn't care to try it.

I appeal to you and everybody with a heart to have this scandal stopped.

T. W. HITCHMOUGH.

The subject having been brought to the notice of the Humanitarian League, the following letter was addressed by the Committee to his Grace the Duke of Bedford, President of the Zoological Society, on October 19th, 1902:—

We venture to invite your attention and that of the Fellows of the Zoological Society, to the recently published report of the feeding of the python in the Zoological Gardens on a live goat, and to express our hope that you will be able to give an authoritative denial to the statement that domestic animals of high organisation and sensibility are thus sacrificed in a cruel and disgusting manner for the support of reptile life.

The publicity under which the feeding of the snakes was formerly conducted has now been succeeded by an official secrecy, which keeps the public wholly in the dark as to the facts. We submit that visitors to the Gardens, who are indirectly responsible for what goes on there, have a right to know precisely what methods are in use; and that while it is quite proper that the general public should not be admitted to such spectacles, it is highly desirable that there should be some adequate inspection from outside, *e.g.*, that officers of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should be empowered to be present.

No denial of the facts above stated has been attempted by the Zoological Society, beyond the assurance that "the use of living animals, of high organisation or otherwise, as food for the inmates of the Society's Reptile House, is confined to cases in which such diet is a necessity, and in these cases all care is taken to avoid any unnecessary suffering."

The *Daily News* of November 10th, under the title, "In the Reptile House," had the following:—

"The python lay a-sleeping in his den. He was just enjoying a comfortable snooze after his last meal of a full-grown live goat, which he consumed only two months ago. He is not expected to want another meal till some time in the spring. But his appetite is very variable. He has gone a whole year without food; while in another year he has eaten ten goats, even one a week for a short time. The public are not now admitted to see the python fed. They used to make such a fuss about cruelty. You see, the goat must be alive and kicking, or the python will have none of him. 'They take no notice of dead stuff,' the keeper will tell you, and even if you chloroformed the goat, you would have to leave it enough sense to move."

The following letters are selected from a number that have appeared in the Press:—

SIR,—With the demands formulated by the Humanitarian League—how the British public can escape responsibility for the shocking barbarity of feeding reptiles with living beings (living beings, too, infinitely higher in the scale of existence than their devourers), as practised in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens—every right-minded person must be in entire sympathy.

What may justly be demanded of the Regent's Park Society is this: In view of the well-known facts (1) that these repulsive monsters will take only living prey, (2) that the process of capture and of deglutition is notoriously and confessedly attended by prolonged terror and suffering to the victim, (3) that these reptiles, to all intents and purposes, are scarcely more animated than mere logs, rarely moving but

to seize their agonised prey—in view of these undeniable facts, why are not the authorities content to exhibit them harmlessly and humanely? That is to say, why do they not present them to the public stuffed, in various natural attitudes?—Yours, etc.,

HOWARD WILLIAMS.

SIR,—I agree with Mr. Howard Williams that the reptiles at the Zoological Gardens which will only feed on living things, should be killed and stuffed and exhibited to the public in various natural attitudes, instead of being kept alive under conditions which involve the commission of cruelty.

The cruelty is seen most clearly in connection with the feeding of a huge python with a goat.

When it is thought that the python is in want of food—which is at long intervals—amongst other creatures a goat is put into the snake's inclosure. If the snake be hungry, he seizes the goat by the throat or neck, and sometimes by the stomach. According to the part of the goat's body gripped by the python, the victim's death will be quick or protracted. Those who witness this scene will frequently have to listen to the distressful cries of the goat when the fangs of his enemy are deep in his body. The ingestion of the goat, too, cannot be a very pleasurable sight, for it sometimes takes an hour for the reptile to accomplish it.

What I have stated here I have learnt by careful enquiry from an official person who has seen the feeding.—Yours, etc.,

(Rev.) J. STRATTON.

It need hardly be said that the public apologists of this cruel and disgusting practice have furnished yet another proof that lack of humanity is usually accompanied by lack of humour. Else would it have been possible for Dr. Gerald Leighton, editor of the *Field Naturalist's Quarterly*, to pen the following letter?

“There is one very simple aspect of the matter which, so far as I have observed the correspondence, has escaped the notice of those who talk glibly about the ‘repulsive tragedy’ of the python's method of feeding. They seem entirely to overlook the fact that the peculiar habit of the reptile in feeding is not due to the officials of the Zoo, but to a much higher authority, namely, Nature herself. The most that those who keep animals in confinement can do for them is to feed them in the manner most nearly akin to that of their wild state, and if—as in the case of certain serpents—they insist on eating living food, the blame must be put upon the Providence which has so ordained it; surely a somewhat blasphemous (*sic*) view to take. Of course it is hard on the goat or other animal which provides the

meal; but all nature is cruel in that sense—one species living on and at the expense of others, and even on other members of its own kind. Are we, then, to refuse to examine and observe the wonderful specialisations in habit and structure which reptiles exhibit, simply because they have been evolved along lines which of necessity demand the performance of common functions in a somewhat unusual manner? The python's method of feeding is no more a cruel tragedy than is that of the thrush and the snail, only the one is a common example of a natural law, the other a somewhat strange one to our eyes."

When it was pointed out by a representative of the Humanitarian League (1) that python-feeding at the Zoo, so far from being a natural process, is a highly artificial one, and (2) that Dr. Leighton had overlooked the *moral* relation subsisting between man and the higher domestic animals, such as the goat, Dr. Leighton added to the entertaining effect of his argument by writing an indignant rejoinder, in which he asserted that he yielded to no man in his love for animals and in his hatred of any cruelty to them.

Very delightful, too, was an editorial statement in *Land and Water*, that while humanitarians may sympathise with the goat alone, "there are many whose tastes are more catholic," *i.e.*, those who hold that "the python has a right to live in captivity by the help of man, provided that the feeding is done as humanely as possible, and that it is not made a public spectacle." A "right to live in captivity" strikes one as a queer sort of *right*—almost equivalent to a *wrong*. And as to the feeding being done "as humanely as possible," how are we to know that the python has pledged himself to *that*? But really, the nonsense that is talked by those who endeavour to excuse the inexcusable is almost beyond belief. The queerest beasts in the Zoological Gardens are scarcely so grotesque as the queer array of sophistries and fallacies which are trotted out in defence of one of the dullest and most heartless exhibitions that even London can boast.

#### NOTE.

Since the above article was set in type we have been glad to hear that the new authorities at the Zoological Gardens have adopted the method of feeding the larger reptiles on freshly-killed rabbits and poultry instead of on live ones. This concession to humanitarian feeling will be generally welcomed.

## REVIEWS.

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*Swords and Plowshares.* By ERNEST CROSBY, Author of "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable," etc. (Grant Richards, London, 1903. 6s. net.)

We have been glad to note a growing public interest in Mr. Crosby's writings, for they are perhaps as uncompromising an assertion of humanitarian feeling as is to be found in current literature. Hitherto humanitarianism has mostly had to borrow its poems from the works of writers who, like Robert Buchanan, made *occasional* use of such themes; but Ernest Crosby's work is born and bred of the humanitarian spirit, and he belongs avowedly to that literary school which, leaving the barren pursuit of "art for art's sake," makes Love no less than Beauty its watchword. It is not surprising, therefore, that such writings should find their first and fullest appreciation among humanitarian readers, and that critics of the academic order should be slow to recognise the qualities of Mr. Crosby's poems. Thus we are not disturbed to learn that the *Academy* "has not much hope" for Mr. Crosby's reputation "as a thinker and a poet"; not only because it is evident that the reviewer was quite unfamiliar with the class of work which he was reviewing, but also because we remember that it was the *Academy* which (with its fellow oracle, the *Athenæum*) informed Richard Jefferies that his masterpiece, "The Story of My Heart," was valueless. "There is really little heart or human interest in it," remarked the critic; "it is brag." As in the case of Jefferies (and other original writers), so in the case of Crosby; the verdict of the "advanced thinker," that is, the reader

whose intelligence is quickened by sympathy with the purpose of the writer, proves in the long run to be far more trustworthy than that of the mere "literary man." Whatever the critics may say, the public is beginning to feel that there is a power in Crosby's writings—indeed, if adequate attention be paid to them, only a dullard could feel otherwise.

The standpoint from which "Swords and Plowshares" is written is much the same as that of "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable," but the humanitarian sentiments are more keenly expressed; the condemnation of warfare, imperialism, sport, butchery, vivisection, and other prevalent cruelties, is more direct; and there is a very marked advance (it seems to us) in literary workmanship and style. What Mr. Crosby's earlier poems appeared chiefly to lack was poignancy of expression; the thought, right and true and irrefutable as it was, too seldom took wings and soared from philosophy into song; the "Plain Talk" remained *too* plain in its utterance, and the "Parable" was unduly in excess of the "Psalm." In "Swords and Plowshares" this defect, in so far as it is noticeable at all, is noticeable in a much smaller degree; and there are not a few poems in the volume which, while quite naturally and simply expressed, touch a very high standard of artistic excellence. Take, for example, the concluding section of "Godward":—

The soul of the world is abroad to-night—  
 Not in yon silvery amalgam of moonbeam and ocean, nor in the pink  
     heat-lightning tremulous on the horizon;  
 Not even in the embrace of yonder pair of lovers, heart beating to  
     heart in the shadow of the fishing-smack drawn up on the beach.  
 All that—shall I call it illusion? Nay, but at best it is a pale  
     reflection of the truth.  
 I am not to be put off with symbols, for the soul of the world is itself  
     abroad to-night.

I neither see nor hear nor smell nor taste nor touch it, but faintly I  
     feel it powerfully stirring.  
 I feel it as the blind heaving sea feels the moon bending over it.  
 I feel it as the needle feels the serpentine magnetic current coiling  
     itself about the earth.  
 I open my arms to embrace it as the lovers embrace each other, but  
     my embrace is all-inclusive.  
 My heart beats to heart likewise, but it is to the heart universal, for  
     the soul of the world is abroad to-night.

Making all allowance for the prejudice that still exists in many quarters against the use of unrhymed poetry (the *Academy* of course describes Mr. Crosby's manner as "an imitation of Walt Whitman's" !), one would be surprised if the beauty of such a poem as that which we have quoted were not recognised by those who are by temperament qualified to judge. And even the most rigid sticklers for the old metrical forms may find here and there in "Swords and Plowshares" perfect gems of verse. We will charitably hope that the critic (if he can be called so) who wrote in the *Academy* that "when Mr. Crosby drops into rhyme he is hardly more logical or inspiring" had overlooked the following on "Life and Death," which Browning might have been proud to write, and which we rejoice to see has been quoted far and wide in American and English journals :—

So he died for his faith. That is fine—  
 More than most of us do.  
 But stay, can you add to that line  
 That he lived for it, too?

In his death he bore witness at last  
 As a martyr to truth.  
 Did his life do the same in the past,  
 From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died  
 For a wish or a whim—  
 From bravado or passion or pride.  
 Was it harder for him?

But to live: every day to live out  
 All the truth that he dreamt,  
 While his friends met his conduct with doubt,  
 And the world with contempt—

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,  
 Never turning aside?  
 Then we'll talk of the life that he led—  
 Never mind how he died.

Not less beautiful are "Love's Patriot," "The Epitaph,"  
 "The Best and Greatest," and other lyrics that might be named.  
 What could be more charming in its way than "Dreamers" ?

I choose to be a dreamer—  
 A dreamer whose dreams come true.



You may choose to fight if you like—  
 To skirmish and strike—  
 To worry and toil and build.  
 You may count the towns you have founded, the men  
     you have killed.  
 You may fill the world with bustle,  
     And shout and scream.  
 You may jostle and hustle.  
     *I dream.*

I can see what is hidden to you—  
     The army of man  
 Passing along in review—  
     The fighters and workers and all, from the rear to  
         the van.  
 There they go with their banners and streamers,  
     The best and the worst;  
 But lo! the poor dreamers  
     March first!

So I choose to be a dreamer—  
     A dreamer whose dreams come true.

It will be a fortunate day for the world when Ernest Crosby's dreams come true, for they are very beautiful dreams—dreams of love and justice and happiness on earth that are as yet undreamt of by the many. His "Swords and Plowshares" will be a treasured volume among those who are working for the better time when "imperialism" and "sport" and other inhumanities shall be no more; for very shrewd and relentless is his exposure of the shams and sophisms by which such tyrannies are upheld. What reformer, for example, confronted with the immemorial hypocrisy which represents the victims of oppression—whether men or animals—as deriving *benefit* therefrom, will not recognise the force of the following lines?—

Oh, for the good old Roman days  
     Of robbers bold and true,  
 Who scorned to oil with pious phrase  
     The deeds they dared to do—

The days before degenerate thieves  
     Devised the coward lie  
 Of blessings that the enslaved receives  
     Whose rights their arms deny!

I hate the oppressor's iron rod,  
 I hate his murderous ships,  
 But most of all I hate, O God,  
 The lie upon his lips.

But strong as Crosby's denunciation of wrong can be, the spirit which pervades and underlies and inspires his work throughout is essentially that of love, the love which "has become brother to the lowest," and includes all men, and all sentient beings, in its scope. We cannot conclude this notice of "*Swords and Plowshares*" more fitly than by quoting the short poem, "*Love the Oppressors*," which is full of its author's characteristic quality of mingled earnestness and humour:—

Love the oppressors and tyrants!  
 Love the men of violence and the men of greed, the narrow men, and  
 the stubborn laggards who hold the world back!  
 Love the scribes and Pharisees and hypocrites!  
 With love we shall dislodge them from their posts of vantage.  
 They will have to love us in self-defence, for love is hell-fire to the  
 unloving.  
 We can mine and countermine their strongholds with love, for love  
 is the dynamite of heaven.  
 Love the oppressors and tyrants!  
 It is the only way to get rid of them.

---

*Prison Industries.* By EDWARD GRUBB. (Issued by the Howard Association. Wertheimer, Lea, and Co., 1903.)

We took up this pamphlet with interest in order to see whether there was any improvement in the methods of the Howard Association since the recent change in the Secretaryship, but if it had borne the name of Mr. Tallack instead of Mr. Grubb we think it would have been accepted in almost all quarters as genuine. Both writers seem to be possessed with the same fundamental idea, though neither clearly expresses it, viz., that, inasmuch as there are considerable difficulties in applying the most correct theoretical principles to practice in criminal matters, we should lay aside theory altogether and deal only with experience and the opinions of persons who have had it. Nevertheless, both writers inevitably slide into theory; and, as was naturally to be expected, their theory is neither clearly expounded nor supported by satisfactory reasons. There are four objects

aimed at, according to Mr. Grubb, in prison labour, viz., (1) Punishment, (2) Maintenance, (3) Technical Instruction, (4) Reformation. We need not quarrel with this enumeration as a mere statement of the objects actually pursued; but our author sometimes writes as if they were legitimate objects, thus classing punishment as an end, whereas it is merely a means—a means of protecting the public against crime. The proper word indeed is not Punishment, but Deterrence—the object not being retribution, but the deterring of both the offender and other persons from committing the like offences. This deterrence is a proper object of prison treatment generally, but it should not be introduced into prison labour unless absolutely necessary; for the introduction of the deterrent element into prison labour gives the prisoner a distaste for labour and diminishes the chance of his doing honest work on his release. Irksome or deterrent labour, moreover, is seldom remunerative, and keeping a prisoner at it while in prison will be of no use to him on his release. Supposing that he had sufficiently got over his distaste to the crank, the treadmill, or picking oakum, to be willing to perform these tasks on his liberation, what could he earn by doing so? If imprisonment is to deter, it must be made more or less disagreeable to the prisoners; but labour should be rendered rather a relief from these disagreeable surroundings than an aggravation of them. If we desire that the prisoner should lead an honest life hereafter, we must try to cultivate a liking for work, and set him to perform a kind of work by which he can reasonably hope to earn a living when set free. To what extent Mr. Grubb agrees with the sentiments which we have thus expressed it is not easy to ascertain. He thinks it “satisfactory to note that the use of the treadmill is now abandoned in English prisons.” We are not aware that the Howard Association did anything to bring about this “satisfactory” result; and Mr. Grubb himself, in speaking of this kind of labour, says: “The retention of such labour can only be defended if it is made a part of a ‘short and sharp’ period of punishment, to be followed by a more remedial treatment.” Would the retention of the treadmill have been justified if this had been done? And if so, why is it “satisfactory to note” its total abandonment?

Prison labour ought to be the part of prison treatment in which the punitive or deterrent element should be kept most in the

background; and for many reasons it should be as remunerative as possible. This would relieve the ratepayer or taxpayer in the first instance, and would much improve the prisoner's prospects of earning an honest living and not again preying on the public. The fears of prison competition are, for the most part, idle; and the remedies suggested for this competition are childish. What does it matter, as regards the law of demand and supply, whether the demand of the public offices is withdrawn from the market in order to provide an outlet for prison labour, or whether this demand and the equivalent supply of prison labour are both thrown into the open market? Mr. Grubb, however, makes some good remarks as to the difficulty of rendering prison labour productive, and of teaching prisoners to earn their bread thereby, so long as the cellular system is maintained; for among free men associated labour is the rule, and the kind of work that a solitary man can perform in his cell will seldom pay when he is out of it. But our author does not draw the obvious conclusion that solitary or cell labour should be avoided—a conclusion which we are happy to see seems to be forcing itself on the Prisons Commissioners. So much for our author's second head, "Maintenance," though the word has not been well chosen. We agree with him that imprisonments should seldom be long enough to teach the prisoner a trade, and that prisons are not suitable places for teaching particular trades—still less, we would add, the smattering of all trades that passes under the name of "Sloyd."

Mr. Grubb's conclusion is that Punitive Labour is open to many objections; that Productive Labour interferes with reformatory influences (it strikes us that under proper conditions it would have the opposite effect), that Trades can seldom be taught in prison, and that therefore Reformation should be the great object to be kept in view. We do not quarrel with him as regards the importance of Reformation, but we would expect from an author who takes this view of the subject a full discussion of the question of how and to what extent prison labour can be used as a reformatory agency. This, however, we do not find in the present pamphlet, and it would be no easy task to sketch out a system of reformatory labour. On the whole, however, we think the kind of labour that has the greatest reformatory tendency is that which convinces the prisoner that he can earn his bread without resorting to any un-

usually irksome, unhealthy, or exhaustive work. But in making these remarks we have assumed—as Mr. Grubb tacitly does—that all prisoners are thieves. This assumption, we need hardly say, is very remote from the truth. Why, for example, if a hard-working man is imprisoned for an assault, should other workmen be protected against his competition while in prison? It is no addition to the competition that previously existed.

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*Grace Marlow.* A novel. By JOSEPH CLAYTON. (Messrs. S. C. Brown, Langham, and Co., 47, Great Russell Street, London, 1903. 6s.)

Mr. Clayton has done good service in the humanitarian cause, and his book will therefore have an interest to many who, as a rule, have little time or inclination to be readers of novels. "Grace Marlow" is not ostensibly a story with a purpose; it does not put forward any moral whatsoever, but is told with a simplicity and directness that are unfortunately rare in works of fiction. And yet the purpose of the writer—to anyone who views life from the same standpoint—is clear enough. In this simple yet typical story of a friendless girl, who, starting with a small competence, finds herself, through no fault of her own, but rather because she is gifted with a too sensitive conscience, sinking lower and lower in the scale of society, until in the concluding chapter she is left "at rest"—the rest which life has denied her—we see arraigned the inhumanity of the present social system, and the utter inadequacy of the so-called religious and charitable institutions, which are the present feeble substitutes for a sense of brotherhood and love. The lesson is the more effective because the story is told very quietly throughout, and in a spirit not devoid of sympathy with the institutions in question. In this case, as in how many thousands of similar cases in our modern Babylon, the tragedy is wrought less by the fault of any individual in particular than by sheer lack of any common spirit of fellowship. Philanthropy is everywhere, yet humanity is rarely to be found.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE LAW OF MOSES.

SIR,—I do not think I need reply at any considerable length to my critic "H. W." I mentioned that Moses authorised stoning and, in one very special case, burning (probably alive) as forms of capital punishment. I do not think he authorised death by hanging. The passage relied on is, I suppose, Deut. xxi. 22, 23 : "If a man have committed a sin worthy of death, and he be put to death, and thou hang him on a tree, his body shall not remain all night on the tree, but thou shalt in any wise bury him that day"; but here Moses seems to be speaking of the practice of hanging up and exposing the body after death (which has not been very long abandoned in England), and enacts that when this practice is adopted the body is to be taken down and buried before night. (He does not, however, require its adoption in any case.) As an example I may refer to Joshua's treatment of the five kings. He "smote them and slew them and hanged them on five trees, and they were hanging upon the trees until the evening." As to the other modes of execution enumerated by your correspondent, I fail to find any trace of them in the Mosaic Law as recorded in the books ascribed (whether rightly or wrongly) to Moses. And in the subsequent references to these punishments in the Old Testament I do not think "H. W." will find one in which the writer alleges that the punishment in question was enjoined by the law of Moses. Some indeed were evidently the excesses of conquerors, not executions under the criminal law of the country.

As to harsh cases under the Mosaic law, "H. W." refers to the case of a man who was stoned for gathering sticks on the Sabbath Day, and intimates also that a woman might be stoned

for having been the victim of an outrage. With regard to the former case, it will be seen that, according to the narrative, Moses had to seek special directions from the Deity because the law was silent on the subject; and with regard to the latter, it is plain that Moses did not intend the death penalty to apply to any woman who was not a consenting party to the offence; and when it took place in the country he gave the woman credit for having cried out and resisted, merely because there was nobody to hear her if she had done so. It may be added, too, that the punishment of stoning, which was practically the only form of capital punishment enjoined by Moses, was not to be inflicted by officers of justice, but by the people generally, and no penalty appears to have been imposed on the people for not inflicting it. This being so, doubt as to guilt, or extenuating circumstances, would probably suffice to prevent the carrying out of the sentence unless ordered by some great popular leader like Moses himself. Certainly the laws against worshipping other gods were not rigorously enforced. Even Elijah was satisfied with putting the prophets of Baal to death, allowing the other worshippers to escape. King Asa, who seems to be commended for his action in the matter, merely deposed his mother from her position as Queen-Dowager. Indeed, the examples of legal executions in the Old Testament are exceedingly few. However, I was dealing with the criminal law rather than with the modes of carrying it out (except in so far as the law prescribed the mode).

As regards animals used for food, Moses merely enacted that the blood should not be eaten, but poured on the ground. If the Jews subsequently took unnecessary and cruel precautions to exclude the smallest drop of blood from the carcass, the legislator cannot be held responsible for these cruelties.

With the theological system of Moses I did not concern myself. Many of the offerings, however, belonged to the vegetable world, and human sacrifices were strictly forbidden. I likewise did not concern myself with the date or authority of the Pentateuch. I think, however, that H. W.'s date is too late. Otherwise, of course, there would be no force in my remarks as to Asa or Elijah, because capital punishment for worshipping other gods might have been of subsequent introduction. In that case, however, Moses would not be responsible for this part of the law.—  
Truly yours,

LEX.

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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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# THE HUMANE REVIEW

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Aylmer Maude.

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Clarence S. Darrow.

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## NON-RESISTANCE.

THE term non-resistance is differently understood by different people, and some non-resistants would deny the right of any one sharing my views to call himself a non-resistant at all. A broad basis of union should, however, exist among non-resistants of all shades, in their common belief that *some* valid moral law underlies such injunctions as: "Resist not evil," or "Resist not him that is evil," and "Judge not that ye be not judged," notwithstanding the fact that divergence shows itself as soon as they proceed to ask how this law can best be defined and explained. As often happens when fundamental questions have to be discussed, one finds on approaching this question that piles of irrelevant arguments block the path, and are a serious obstacle to reaching a clear answer.

But, first of all, how are we to treat the injunctions quoted above? Are we to take them as authoritative, because they occur in the Gospels? Or may we treat them as sayings which may, or may not, be reasonable? The latter method will suit our purpose best: for were we to grant authority to the words, yet fail to discover a reasonable meaning for them—our research would remain barren; while if we claim no authority for them, but yet discover a valid meaning attributable to them,



each reader will still be free to allot to them what extra degree of authority he may deem proper.

No one, in our generation, has so successfully drawn attention to non-resistance as Leo Tolstoy, and on this preliminary question of authority, it will be convenient to adopt his point of view.

Whatever may have been the case twenty years ago, he is now quite clear and explicit on the matter. In a recent leaflet, entitled "How to Read the Gospels," he tells us that:

"The Gospels, as is known to all who have studied their origin, far from being infallible expressions of divine truth, are the work of innumerable minds and hands, and are full of errors." And again he says:—"Not only can we not accept them as infallible revelations, but we must, if we respect truth, correct errors that we find in them. Truth is there for all who will read the Gospels with a sincere wish to know the truth, without prejudice, and, above all, without supposing that the Gospels contain some special sort of wisdom beyond human reason."

He goes yet further when reviewing a book by Prof. Verus, and writes:

"In this book it is very well argued (the probability is as strong *against* as *for*) that Christ never existed. . . . This supposition or probability is like the destruction of the last outskirts exposed to the enemies' attack, in order that the fortress (the moral teaching of goodness, which flows not from any one source in time or space, but from the whole spiritual life of humanity in its entirety) may remain impregnable."

When I last had an opportunity of talking to him (in August, 1902), Tolstoy, with that remarkable frankness which gives him so great a personal charm, mentioned that twenty or twenty-five years ago, when translating "The Four Gospels"—being anxious to rescue the meaning from the sophistical glosses of Church commentators—he was much concerned to show that various passages corresponded precisely to his own views, but he now recognises that in doing this he may sometimes have stretched the meaning of the Greek text. He is now no longer anxious whether the words that have come down to us in the Gospels do or do not exactly tally with his perceptions of truth. He is as sure as ever of the value of the Gospels, and of their efficacy (in spite of all errors and defects) to set men on the track of moral truth; but he attaches little

importance to the exact grammatical construction, or the precise phraseology. In the leaflet already quoted he says:

"To understand any book one must choose out the parts that are quite clear, dividing them from what is obscure or confused: and from what is clear we must form our idea of the drift and spirit of the whole work. . . Very likely in selecting what is, from what is not, fully comprehensible, people will not all mark the same passages. What is comprehensible to one may seem obscure to another. But all will certainly agree in what is most important, and these are things which will be found quite intelligible to everyone. . . . It is just this . . . that constitutes the essence of the teaching."

The Gospels (in any version) set before us moral problems of profound importance—and to grasp the answers, each man must use his own head, and verify his conclusions by the experience of life.

This view has the advantage that it frees us from the demands of those who would delay our inquiry by asking us to tell them who wrote Matthew's Gospel? Where was it written? and when was it written? It also frees us from those who imagine that to think clearly on moral problems one needs special proficiency in New Testament Greek, and who insist on knowing whether "Resist not evil," or "Resist not him that is evil," is the better rendering of the original text. Approaching the subject in the way suggested, we escape quickly from the consideration of certain texts, and are left face to face with the problems they have raised.

\* \* \* \* \*

For the sake of simplicity I will at once give what seems to me one of the clearest definitions of the law of non-resistance. The Rev. Adin Ballou, a little-known New England minister, whose booklet on "Christian Non-Resistance" has long been out of print, attached to the words of the Bible an importance I do not claim for them, and in connection with his non-resistance held certain anti-governmental principles which I am not concerned to defend;\* but his non-

\* As to the political side of the matter, I contrast the applications of non-resistance by William Lloyd Garrison, Thoreau, and Tolstoy.

Ballou thought it right to pay rates and taxes.

resistant position is so carefully framed and contrasts so sharply with the position held by some other non-resisters, that I choose it for my starting point. In stating his case I shall keep very closely to Ballou's own words. Briefly put, it is as follows.

The text, "It was said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, resist not him that is evil," presents to us a contrast between a former view and a newer view. The old idea was that when some one injured you, you ought to injure him. It was a law of tit-for-tat. The new precept (if it means anything reasonable) bids us reject all wish or desire to injure or harm any one whether "innocent or guilty, harmless or offensive, injurious or uninjurious, sane or insane, adult or infant." As the rain falls on the just and on the unjust, so the thoughts, words, and actions, of a good man should tend not to hurt but to heal, not to injure but to benefit, not to separate but to unite his fellow-men. This is the law of non-resistance.

"I use it," says Adin Ballou, "as applicable to the conduct

going to law, and petitioning or supporting Governments that used deadly violence. He made a very sincere and interesting attempt to organise a community that should set a collective example of right living, basing themselves on the Bible as interpreted by himself.

William Lloyd Garrison thought one should pay rates and taxes and should petition, but should not go to law, vote, or accept office. He, however, supported the re-election of President Lincoln, and, towards the end of his life, voted on the question of Prohibition.

Thoreau once or twice refused the payment, not of rates but of taxes, by way of protest against a bad Government, saying, "Unlike those who call themselves no-government men I ask for, not at once no government, but *at once* a better government." He added, "But one cannot be too much on one's guard in such a case, lest his action be biassed by obstinacy. . . . Let him see that he does only what belongs to himself and to the hour."

Tolstoy disapproves of the payment of any rates or taxes, and of voting under, or in any way countenancing, Governments that employ physical force to restrain human beings.

The opinion and conduct of each of these men is comprehensible and defensible if one takes into account special circumstances of time, place, and individual character; but the only general principle which would justify them all, is that of letting each man use his own reason and conscience freely, untrammelled by any rigidly defined external law of non-resistance.

of human beings" (though the attitude and state of mind induced by it will tend to make men gentle and considerate to all that lives); "I disclaim using the term non-resistance to express absolute passivity, even towards human beings. I claim the right to offer the utmost moral resistance, not sinful, of which God has made me capable, to every manifestation of evil among mankind." There is even an uninjurious, benevolent use of physical force, and there are cases in which it is right to restrain human beings by such force. What we must *not* do, or wish to do, is to resist injury with injury—evil with evil.

Ballou quite repudiates "violence, war-like force, positive vengeance, destructive force—in fine, *injurious force*." And in saying that we should injure no one he is careful to define his use of the word injure.

"*Injury* I use in a somewhat peculiar sense, to signify any moral influence or physical force so used that its effect is to destroy or impair life, the physical faculties, the intellectual powers, the moral sentiments, or the absolute welfare, all things considered, of the person on whom it is exerted."

A policeman who forcibly checks some one running amuck on the public highway, would not necessarily *injure* the man. What, indeed, should and what should not be considered *injurious*? Evidently we must not be guided in our judgment solely by the opinion expressed by "him that is (or appears to be) evil." Take a concrete example. Some months ago a poor Doukhobór family reached England on their way to Canada. They had, all told, less than £200 wherewith to reach their new home and begin life afresh. Hardly had they reached London when they were persuaded by an interpreter, whom they chanced to meet, to change their money into English currency. The money-changer took advantage of their ignorance to charge them a high commission, and when paying out the money also made a mistake of £10 in his own favour. They thus received some £13 or £14 less than was due to them. They could not speak English, and knew neither the name of the money-changer nor where his office was. Hearing what had happened, and discovering (by the merest chance) where they had been, I tried to get a satisfactory settle-

ment, but failed to do so. The Doukhobórs had to go on to Canada by the next steamer, but, after they had gone, a friend of mine brought pressure to bear upon the money-changer, and succeeded in recovering nearly the whole amount, which was forwarded to Winnipeg, where the Doukhobórs duly received it. Now, by pressing that money-changer to refund, did we *injure* him, or not? Not being actuated by malice, but simply by a wish that right should prevail, I hope we did a service—not merely to the Doukhobórs, but perhaps to him also, by suggesting to him that honesty is sometimes the best policy.

A man may wish to act dishonestly or in a way that will injure many people including, ultimately, himself. He may be exceedingly alarmed and offended by a truthful exposure of his iniquitous proceedings or by the remonstrances and rebukes of those who wish to save his victims. But would it really be good for such a man to be unrestrained? Ballou says:

"Is it good for a man, under specious hypocritical disguises to perpetuate the most atrocious mischief, unexposed and unreprieved? These things are not good for mankind. On the contrary, it is good for them to be crossed, restrained, and reprov'd, by all uninjurious moral and physical forces, which benevolence prompts and wisdom dictates. . . . Cannot unreasonable children be nursed, delirious adults controlled, hypocrites exposed, and sinners reprov'd without *inflicting injury* on them! Then can nothing good be done without doing evil? Imperfection is indeed incidental to all human judgment and conduct: and therefore some mistakes and accidental injuries may happen. . . ."

But the true principle of non-resistance, he maintains, enables those who honestly use their talents (among which are reason and commonsense) to reach perfection more nearly than they ever could without the aid of that principle: "The principle of *non-injury* must be held inviolable."

The law of non-resistance thus understood does not free us from the necessity of considering the circumstances of each particular case that we may meet in life. It will not enable us to avoid all mistakes, or cause us to go infallibly right; but, Ballou contends, it furnishes a valuable aid to all who will use it without ceasing to use their own reason and conscience.

\* \* \* \* \*

One root of much perplexity lies in the fact that when



discussing non-resistance, we are often apt, for clearness' sake, to speak as though only *two* people had to be considered (e.g. he who has destroyed the eye, and he who has lost the eye). In real life, however, we often meet with cases in which the interests of several people are concerned, so that no bias on any side can be allowed to sway one's judgment without some one or more people, known or unknown, having to suffer from the injustice. This is no argument in favour of vindictive violence, but it is a strong argument for keeping our regard for truth as keen, and the balance of our judgment as even, as we can. I have known men whose usual bias (by reaction from the more common error) was usually in favour of "him that is evil."

Some people are perplexed by the fact that we are all liable to err, and may be mistaken even when we feel surest that we are judging righteously. But as Tolstoy puts it: "I think we shall be judged by our conscience and by God, not for the results of our deeds, but for our intentions." We can but do our best, and use those perceptions—however poor they may be—with which God has endowed us.

I have given this much space to Ballou's explanation of non-resistance, because it will enable us to deal quickly with definitions less clear.

I wish I could claim that Tolstoy's statement of the case is as lucid as Ballou's. Tolstoy repudiates the old law of tit-for-tat (*lex talionis*) and advocates non-resistance with wonderful zeal and enthusiasm; but, after careful examination, I am forced to admit that his statement of this matter does not seem to me satisfactory.

He lays particular emphasis on the examples given in the Gospels immediately after the precept: "Resist not him that is evil."

"Whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man would go to law with thee, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn thou not away."

And he formulates a definite and rigid rule that under no circumstances should any human being *use physical force* to

restrain another—either personally, or through a policeman, magistrate, or judge. Elsewhere he says: "A true Christian cannot claim any rights of property. All that he uses, a Christian only uses till some one takes it from him. He cannot defend his property, so he cannot have any." From the prohibition to use any physical restraint he logically deduces the condemnation of all governments (municipal, parliamentary, or other), all property (private or communal), all political or industrial organisations, and in fact all organisations of human society that have existed or do exist, in which physical force is used to restrain any one. In "The Slavery of Our Time," he insists on the sinfulness of paying any rates or taxes, and of accepting even a civil post under government; while in his "Letter to Working People," he insists on the sinfulness of working for a landowner, or of hiring land on any conditions whatever.

These deductions are so tremendous that the starting point—the condemnation of all physical restraint—deserves close examination. "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*" A chandelier may be very brilliant, but the larger it is the more the firmness of the hook attaching it to the ceiling needs to be tested. I will, therefore, suggest one or two reasons for doubting the validity of Tolstoy's position, though my main purpose is not to criticise Tolstoy's definitions, but to indicate the true value of non-resistant principles as I understand them.

In the first place, such examples as "from him that would borrow—turn not away" (even if we took them as authoritative) do not support the opinion that *physical* restraint is the thing specially condemned; but every one of the examples given would fit the other interpretation: that we should do good and not harm to one another, both mentally and physically.

Secondly, is it wise to make of such a precept as "use no physical restraint to any man," a rigid, definite, and external rule of conduct? The multiplication of such rigid rules, it seems to me, tends to stunt the growth and free play of man's reason and conscience, which should find exercise in solving the complex, difficult, and ever varying cases that meet us in life: cases which, if solved always by rigid, impersonal rules of this kind, will, I believe, sometimes be solved wrong.

In my humble perception the *best* religious and moral guidance—as Tolstoy has, on other questions, repeatedly pointed out—is such as points to an ideal, and gives a direction for each man to follow as far as he can; not such as draws hard and fast lines and bids men toe them. For instance: the Mosaic law of the Sabbath, though it dealt with a very real human need for rest, was not a permanently satisfactory solution of the problem it dealt with, just because it was so rigid, definite, precise, and external. And to take another case, the substitution of the profound but elastic injunction to avoid anger and seek reconciliation, was an advance on the rule “Thou shalt not kill,” just because of its greater spirituality, elasticity, and profundity. Morality does not consist in reaching a certain boundary and stopping there, but consists in freely *moving forward towards perfection*. Therefore, rigid external rules are, by their nature, inferior to principles which succeeding generations may grasp more fully and practise more and more thoroughly; and I, for my part, prefer to regard the law of non-resistance as one which bids us not to do evil to our fellow-man, rather than as one which prohibits our ever restraining him by physical force. In the simple case of a rash or angry child trying to throw itself out of a high window, I cannot see how any humane man could think it right not to use physical restraint if he could not check the child otherwise.

The contrast between Ballou’s view of non-resistance (that we should never wish to *injure* even the worst of men) and Tolstoy’s view (that we should never use *physical force* to check even the rashest of men) comes out very clearly in an interesting correspondence between them, published in the *Arena* in December, 1890, soon after Ballou’s death.

In July, 1889, Tolstoy writes:

“I cannot agree to the concession for employing violence\* against drunkards and insane people. . . . A true Christian will always prefer to be killed by a madman, than to deprive him of his liberty.” And again: “I think that for a true Christian, the term ‘government’

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\* Unfortunately Tolstoy nearly always uses the word *violence* even where it is essential to discriminate between harmful *violence* and benevolent *physical force*. He never admits that physical force may be rightly used.



. . . . cannot have any significance and reality. Government is . . . only regulated violence."

This appeared to Mr. Ballou "to exceed the limits of practical good sense," and he replied, in January, 1890, explaining that he did not plead for "employing *violence* in any case: but for employing uninjurious benevolent physical force in the cases alluded to, where the absolute welfare of all the parties concerned should be scrupulously regarded.

"I make no concession to killing, injuring, or harming any human being. What I approve is not only sanctioned but dictated by the law of pure good will. This class of cases includes all cases of delirium, partial delirium, and passionate outrage, wherein the assailant, as well as the victim, will have reason for thankfulness that beneficent restraint and prevention was imposed. There are multitudes of such cases in human experience: and the employment of beneficent physical restraint in such cases must not be confounded with the popular doctrine that it is right to employ deadly physical force against human offenders and enemies. *This* is the resistance of evil which Christ forbade. . . You say, 'True Christians will always prefer to be killed by a madman rather than to deprive him of his liberty.' And by parity of reason from the same principle, I suppose you must say, a true Christian, if watching with a delirious sick man, would prefer to see him kill his wife, children, and best friends rather than restrain or help restrain him by uninjurious physical force of his insane liberty. What principle of Christ's makes insane liberty thus sacred? Or what dictate of enlightened reason, humanity, or fraternal love demands such conduct towards the insane?"

As to Governments being only "regulated violence," Ballou (who himself held that a really good government would be one that existed to ascertain and proclaim the regulations most desirable for the public welfare: regulations that among a wise people would be enforced by moral suasion and by public opinion without the use of violence) replied that Governments are realities, and we cannot ignore them.

"They are outgrowths from nature, however crude and defective. Man is a social being by natural constitution; he is not, and never can be, a solitary, independent, individual being. . . . Christ came to establish the highest order of governmental association, a purely fraternal social order—a church 'against which the gates of hell should not prevail.' For this He lived and died. No-governmentism, non-organisationism, sheer individualism, is no part of Christianity. It is impossible, unnatural—a chaos."

In March, 1890, Tolstoy replied, "I will not argue with your objections. It would not bring us to anything." And so this remarkable correspondence, between the most careful American and the most powerful European exponents of non-resistance, ended.

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Every theoretical difference worth anything, results ultimately in a practical difference. And the different perceptions of non-resistant principle just considered, result in this, that holding Tolstoy's view, a man (whether in a private or a public capacity, whether acting for himself or as a trustee) should condone any theft, or fraud, or malversation, rather than use the civil courts of law or lay a restraining hand on a man who was stealing documents essential to another man's character or work. That view appears to me to be neither reasonable nor moral.

I know of only one plausible objection to the correctness of my statement of Tolstoy's position. It will be said: "Tolstoy is not merely a genius, he is also a man of strong common-sense, and—no matter what he may have written or said—it cannot be that he *means* anything so unreasonable as the view you attribute to him." To which I can only reply that that has been my own argument for years past, and that I now abandon it reluctantly and only because I am forced by overwhelming evidence to do so. If Tolstoy (who is still alive and will receive this article) will say he does not mean what I suppose him to mean, no one will be more pleased by that declaration than I shall be. He has spoken so wisely and so well on so many great questions, that I can never venture to differ from him without keen regret and a desire to see the matter as he sees it, or to be assured that he does not hold the opinion from which my reason compels me to dissent.

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No examination of our subject would be complete that omitted to mention the curious view which has lately come over from America as part of the religion of "Healthy-Mindedness" (as Prof. James calls it), more especially as that view is not quite new to us, having, to some extent, been expressed by a number of orthodox commentators anxious to make the

Gospel precepts accord with the deadly Governmental violence to which they were accustomed.

The "Healthy-Minded" view starts from the fact that our minds influence our bodies to an unknown extent, and that many men who feel ill, would be quite well could they but think so. The tendency of "Healthy-Mindedness" is to insist on the importance of our states of mind and of feeling, and to *ignore* the importance of what goes on *outside* the mind of the person who is to be healed or saved. Carried to an extreme, this produces the mental attitude of the man who could not understand why some people objected to the South African war. "They only need not to think about it, and it won't exist!"

This view colours the whole mental outlook of its devotees, and tinges minds that have never consciously been converted to Mrs. Eddyism or any of the allied superstitions.

When dealing with the texts, "Resist not evil," or "Judge not," such people instinctively consider, first of all, what will be the most comfortable mental attitude for them to adopt. They are not much concerned to help the right, if it be difficult or dangerous to do so, or if mental effort would be needed to discover to which side the balance of right inclines.

Their attitude may be illustrated by a story. Once upon a time, in a certain country, there existed a Peace Society a lady-member of which dealt dishonestly with money collected for the cause. Another member, becoming aware of this, protested; but the Secretary of the Society ("Healthy-Mindedly" inclined) used his influence to squash investigation. He considered that it would be bad for the Society, and he could not understand why anyone, unless prompted by malice, should desire an inquiry. The remedy for the evil (if an evil existed) was, he thought, to remove it from one's own mind—what happens outside our own mind does not matter. The Society was guided by its Secretary. Later on some of its members wished to protest against a war that broke out, but they found that their Executive, while objecting to war in the abstract, held that the best remedy for any particular war was to exclude it from their sphere of contemplation.

In general the "Healthy-Minded" have little difficulty in

accepting the words "Resist not evil," or "Resist not him that is evil," quite literally. And they sometimes go so far as to interpret them to mean, "Do not have any but favourable opinions about anyone. Shut your mind against perceptions which might oblige you to differentiate between trustworthy and untrustworthy people."

I once knew a group of young people who made it a rule to trust everybody, and to think the best of everybody they met, hoping that their confidence would convert the dishonest to honesty, and that the defects they ignored would cease to exist. Perhaps they over-estimated their influence on human affairs, at any rate the chief result of their efforts was that everybody they knew seemed to them inferior to any body they did not yet know; for they could not help being aware of imperfections in people they knew well, but they easily attributed perfection to people they did not know at all.

Mental confusion results from all such wilful ignorance of plain facts, as from all juggling with one's own mind. Tolstoy is not guilty of such mistakes. He knows that we have eyes in order that we may see, brains in order to think, and powers of expression in order to communicate our perceptions; and he has over and over again expressed disapproval of individuals (*e.g.* of Wilhelm II., Pobedonóstsef, and many others), as well as of whole groups of men (priests, kings, statesmen, etc., etc.). I am aware that both in conversation and in his writings Tolstoy sometimes used words which, taken by themselves, seem to run counter to what I have just said, and that he has often blamed himself for being too *severe* in his judgments. But to beware of harshness, to be considerate for others, and to aim at uttering only "righteous judgment," is one thing, and to refrain from all expression of disapproval, is quite another. There is no more delicate problem than that of finding the ever-shifting boundary which divides what we should not say, lest we cause needless offence, from what we should not leave *unsaid*, lest we fail in our duty to speak a difficult and unpopular truth.

Quite the most irrational of the positions I have met with on this subject (so irrational that I would not mention it were it not fairly common among a certain set) is, that we may

express opinions about people's *actions* but not about their *motives*. For instance, that if a lady elopes with her husband's groom, we may disapprove of her doing so, but must not form any opinion as to whether she went away with the groom to take riding lessons, or for some other purpose.

The plain reply to such nonsense is, of course, that every observant person knows that the power of understanding character and judging motives (the two are inseparably allied) is invaluable; and that those most gifted with that talent can, and often do, render inestimable services by aiding, helping, guiding, and warning, others not so well endowed as themselves.

There is a passage in Ruskin's "Munera Pulveris" which throws much light on the foregoing:

"We must understand the real meaning of the word *injury*.

"We commonly understand by it, any kind of harm done by one man to another; but we do not define the idea of harm: sometimes we limit it to the harm which the sufferer is conscious of; whereas much the worst injuries are those he is *unconscious* of; and, at other times, we limit the idea to violence, or restraint; whereas much the worst forms of injury are to be accomplished by indolence, and the withdrawal of restraint.

"*Injury* is, then, simply refusal, or violation of, any man's right or claim upon his fellows; which claim . . . is mainly resolvable into two branches: a man's claim not to be hindered from doing what he should; and his claim to be hindered from doing what he should not.

"Now, in order to a man's obtaining these two rights, it is clearly needful that the *worth* of him should be approximately known; as well as the *want* of worth, which has, unhappily, been the principal subject of study for critic law."

Here Ruskin touches the profoundest root of the whole matter. As soon as one perceives the importance of character and motive—things too subtle and too much alive to be fitted into dogmatic cages—one feels that there may be great danger in formulating new, rigid, external rules by which to judge or regulate our own or other people's conduct.

No doubt there are cases in which such rigid formularisation and public proclamation of new rules of conduct have served a great purpose (Garrison's anti-slavery pledges are a case in point). But in all such cases the basic principle should be most clearly defined and most thoroughly tested, and the new rules



of conduct should be such as really accord with the moral perceptions of the plain man. They should also be such as can stand the test of practical experience; otherwise, after much effort has been misdirected, we may find that we are attacking that to which, in spite of its obvious blemishes, God has granted healthy and vigorous roots. As Jane Addams says, "A man who takes the betterment of humanity for his aim and end, must also take the daily experience of humanity for the constant correction of his process. . . . There is a common sense in the mass of men which cannot be neglected with impunity, just as there is sure to be an eccentricity in the differing and reforming individual, which it is perhaps well to challenge."

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The nature of this inquiry has obliged me to dwell much on the defectiveness of certain statements of non-resistant principle, but I have tried only to strip the ivy that strangles a valuable tree. Matthew Arnold when accused of sapping the roots of Christianity, replied that he only sought to rid Christianity of the superstitions by which it is encumbered, because he believed Christianity would be more potent without them. So I should like to free the principle of non-resistance from overstatement, in order that it may penetrate more minds in a world still so terribly afflicted by the old revengeful spirit of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." The better principle announced by Isaiah (and by Buddha and Lao-Tze almost contemporaneously), and re-inforced and exemplified in the story of the life of Jesus—"in whose mouth was no guile, but who went as a lamb to the slaughter"—is slowly winning its way, though the old instincts rush back at times, and nations become drunk with blood.

The principle of non-resistance seems to me specially potent when stated not absolutely but comparatively. In questions of veracity, a man who realises how difficult it is to see even a small part of the truth, and how impossible it sometimes is to express what one has seen, may hesitate to assert that we should always speak the whole truth; but he will readily admit that we should be as frank and open and truthful as we can. So it is with non-resistance, which applies equally to our physical and mental powers, and to our public and private affairs. It

bids men not harm but help one another, and if they cannot do this perfectly, to do it as much as they can! The moral law cannot be abrogated by appealing to the baseness of man. Perhaps it is true that there were more Englishmen eager to "avenge Majuba" than there were who cared about the death-rate of children in our Concentration Camps; perhaps the business of human slaughter must still be carried on in retail by murderers, and wholesale by kings, statesmen, and generals for many generations—the moral law, for all that, remains great and will more and more prevail.

I have admitted that I do not think Tolstoy is at his best in his *definition* and *explanation* of this subject, but he is quite at his best in the persuasive power, the courage, and the enthusiasm with which he has pleaded the cause of the oppressed, denounced legalised violence, and called on men to contrast the state of things existing in the world to-day with that which would exist were we all doing our best to establish the Kingdom of God on earth. To him is due the credit of having gained a world-wide hearing for the principles of non-resistance, and this marks him out as the Wiclif, if not the Luther, of a reformation which may yet sweep conscription and militarism from the world, and cause our descendants to regard any premeditated and systematic preparations for the slaughter of their fellow-men with the abhorrence we now feel for cannibalism.

AYLMER MAUDE.

## CRIME AND CRIMINALS.\*

IF I looked at jails and crimes and prisoners in the way the ordinary person does, I should not speak on this subject to you. The reason I talk to you on the question of crime, its cause and cure, is because I really do not in the least believe in crime. There is no such thing as a crime, as the word is generally understood. I do not believe there is any sort of distinction between the real moral condition of the people in and out of jail. One is just as good as the other. The people here can no more help being here than the people outside can avoid being outside. I do not believe that people are in jail because they deserve to be. They are in jail simply because they cannot avoid it, on account of circumstances which are entirely beyond their control, and for which they are in no way responsible.

I suppose a great many people on the outside would say I was doing you harm if they should hear what I say to you this afternoon, but you cannot be hurt a great deal anyway, so it will not matter. Good people outside would say that I was really teaching you things that were calculated to injure society, but it's worth while now and then to hear something different from what you ordinarily get from preachers and the like. These will tell you that you should be good and then you will get rich and be happy. Of course we know that people do not get rich by being good, and that is the reason

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\* An Address delivered to the Prisoners in the Chicago County Jail.



why so many of you people try to get rich some other way, only you do not understand how to do it quite so well as the fellow outside.

There are people who think that everything in this world is an accident. But really there is no such thing as an accident. A great many folks admit that many of the people in jail ought not to be there, and many who are outside ought to be in. I think none of them ought to be here. There ought to be no jails, and if it were not for the fact that the people on the outside are so grasping and heartless in their dealings with the people on the inside, there would be no such institutions as jails.

I do not want you to believe that I think all you people here are angels. I do not think that. You are people of all kinds, all of you doing the best you can, and that is evidently not very well—you are people of all kinds and conditions and under all circumstances. In one sense everybody is equally good and equally bad. We all do the best we can under the circumstances. But as to the exact things for which you are sent here, some of you are guilty and some of you are not guilty. Some of you did the particular act because you needed the money. Some of you did it because you are in the habit of doing it, and some of you because you are born to it, and it comes to be as natural as it does, for instance, for me to be good.

Most of you probably have nothing against me, and most of you would treat me the same as any other person would; probably better than some of the people on the outside would treat me, because you think I believe in you and they know I do not believe in them. While you would not have the least thing against me in the world you might pick my pockets. I do not think all of you would, but I think some of you would. You would not have anything against me, but that's your profession, a few of you. Some of the rest of you, if my doors were unlocked, might come in if you saw anything you wanted—not out of any malice to me, but because that is your trade. There is no doubt there are quite a number of people in this jail who would pick my pockets. And still I know this, that when I get outside pretty nearly everybody picks my pocket.

There may be some of you who would hold up a man on the street, if you did not happen to have something else to do, and needed the money; but when I want to light my house or my office the gas company holds me up. They charge me one dollar for something that is worth twenty-five cents, and still all these people are good people; they are pillars of society and support the churches, and they are respectable.

When I ride on the street cars, I am held up—I pay five cents for a ride that is worth two and a half cents, simply because a body of men have bribed the city council and the legislature, so that all the rest of us have to pay tribute to them.

If I do not want to fall into the clutches of the gas trust and choose to burn oil instead of gas, then good Mr. Rockefeller holds me up, and he uses a certain portion of his money to build universities and support churches which are engaged in telling us how to be good.

Some of you are here for obtaining property under false pretences—yet I pick up a great Sunday paper and read the advertisements of a merchant prince—"Shirt waists for 39 cents, marked down from \$3.00."

When I read the advertisements in the paper I see they are all lies. When I want to get out and find a place to stand anywhere on the face of the earth, I find that it has all been taken up long ago before I came here, and before you came here, and somebody says, "Get off, swim into the lake, fly into the air; go anywhere, but get off." That is because these people have the police and they have the jails and the judges and the lawyers and the soldiers and all the rest of them to take care of the earth and drive everybody off that comes in their way.

A great many people will tell you that all this is true, but that it does not excuse you. These facts do not excuse some fellow who reaches into my pocket and takes out a five dollar bill; the fact that the gas company bribes the members of the legislature from year to year, and fixes the law, so that you people are compelled to be "fleeced" whenever you deal with them; the fact that the street car companies and the gas

companies have control of the streets; and the fact that the landlords own all the earth—they say, has nothing to do with you.

Let us see whether there is any connection between the crimes of the respectable classes and your presence in the jail. Many of you people are in jail because you have really committed burglary. Many of you, because you have stolen something: in the meaning of the law, you have taken some other person's property. Some of you have entered a store and carried off a pair of shoes because you did not have the price. Possibly some of you have committed murder. I cannot tell what all of you did. There are a great many people here who have done some of these things who really do not know themselves why they did them. I think I know why you did them—every one of you; you did these things because you were bound to do them. It looked to you at the time as if you had a chance to do them or not, as you saw fit, but still after all you had no choice. There may be people here who had some money in their pockets and who still went out and got some more money in a way society forbids. Now you may not yourselves see exactly why it was you did this thing, but if you look at the question deeply enough and carefully enough you will see that there were circumstances that drove you to do exactly the thing which you did. You could not help it any more than we outside can help taking the positions that we take. The reformers who tell you to be good and you will be happy, and the people on the outside who have property to protect—they think that the only way to do it is by building jails and locking you up in cells on week-days and praying for you on Sundays.

I think that all of this has nothing whatever to do with right conduct. I think it is very easily seen what has to do with right conduct. Some so-called criminals—and I will use this word because it is handy, it means nothing to me—I speak of the criminals who get caught as distinguished from the criminals who catch them—some of these so-called criminals are in jail for the first offences, but nine-tenths of you are in jail because you did not have a good lawyer, and of course you did not have a good lawyer because you did

not have enough money to pay a good lawyer. There is no very great danger of a rich man going to jail.

Some of you may be here for the first time. If we would open the doors and let you out, and leave the laws as they are to-day, some of you would be back to-morrow. This is about as good a place as you can get anyway. There are many people here who are so in the habit of coming that they would not know where else to go. There are people who are born with the tendency to break into jail every chance they get, and they cannot avoid it. You cannot figure out your life and see why it was, but still there is a reason for it, and if we were all-wise and knew all the facts we could figure it out.

In the first place there are a good many more people who go to jail in the winter time than in the summer. Why is this? Is it because people are more wicked in winter? No, it is because the coal trust begins to get in its grip in the winter. A few gentlemen take possession of the coal, and unless the people will pay \$7 or \$8 a ton for something that is worth \$3, they will have to freeze. Then there is nothing to do but to break into jail, and so there are many more in the jail in winter than in summer. It costs more for gas in the winter because the nights are longer, and people go to jail to save gas bills. The jails are electric-lighted. You may not know it, but these economic laws are working all the time, whether we know it or do not know it.

There are more people go to jail in hard times than in good times—few people comparatively go to jail except when they are hard up. They go to jail because they have no other place to go. They may not know why, but it is true all the same. People are not more wicked in hard times. That is not the reason. The fact is true all over the world that in hard times more people go to jail than in good times, and in winter more people go to jail than in summer. Of course it is pretty hard times for people who go to jail at any time. The people who go to jail are almost always poor people—people who have no other place to live first and last. When times are hard then you find large numbers of people who go to jail who would not otherwise be in jail.

Long ago, Mr. Buckle, who was a great philosopher and

historian, collected facts, and he showed that the number of people who are arrested increased just as the price of food increased. When they put up the price of gas ten cents a thousand, I do not know who will go to jail, but I do know that a certain number of people will go. When the meat combine raises the price of beef, I do not know who is going to jail, but I know that a large number of people are bound to go. Whenever the Standard Oil Company raises the price of oil, I know that a certain number of girls who are seamstresses, and who work after night long hours for somebody else, will be compelled to go out on the streets and ply another trade, and I know that Mr. Rockefeller and his associates are responsible and not the poor girls in the jails.

First and last, people are sent to jail because they are poor. Sometimes, as I say, you may not need money at the particular time, but you wish to have thrifty forehanded habits, and do not always wait until you are in absolute want. Some of you people are perhaps plying the trade, the profession, which is called burglary. No man in his right senses will go into a strange house in the dead of night and prowl around with a dark lantern through unfamiliar rooms and take chances of his life, if he has plenty of the good things of the world in his own home. You would not take any such chances as that. If a man had clothes in his clothes-press and beefsteak in his pantry, and money in a bank, he would not navigate around by night in houses where he knows nothing about the premises whatever. It always requires experience and education for this profession, and people who fit themselves for it are no more to blame than I am for being a lawyer. A man would not hold up another on the street if he had plenty of money in his own pocket. He might do it if he had one dollar or two dollars, but he wouldn't if he had as much money as Mr. Rockefeller has. Mr. Rockefeller has a great deal better hold-up game than that.

The more that is taken from the poor by the rich who have the chance to take it, the more poor people there are who are compelled to resort to these means for a livelihood. They may not understand it, they may not think so at once, but after all they are driven into that line of employment.



There is a bill before the Legislature of this State to punish kidnapping children with death. This crime is born, not because people are bad; people don't kidnap other people's children because they want the children or because they are devilish, but because they see a chance to get some money out of it. You cannot cure this crime by passing a law punishing by death kidnappers of children. There is one way to cure it. There is one way to cure all these offences, and that is to give the people a chance to live. There is no other way, and there never was any other way since the world began, and the world is so blind and so stupid that it will not see. If every man and woman and child in the world had a chance to make a decent, fair, honest living, there would be no jails, and no lawyers, and no courts. There might be some person here or there with some peculiar formation of their brain, like Rockefeller, who would do these things simply to be doing them; but they would be very, very few, and those should be sent to a hospital and treated, not sent to jail; and they would entirely disappear in the second generation, or at least in the third generation.

I am not talking pure theory. I will just give you two or three illustrations.

The English people once punished criminals by sending them away. They would load them on a ship and export them to Australia. England was owned by lords and nobles and rich people. They owned the whole earth over there, and the other people had to stay in the streets. They could not get a decent living. They used to take their criminals and send them to Australia—I mean the class of criminals who got caught. When these criminals got over there, and nobody else had come, they had the whole continent to run over, and so they could raise sheep and furnish their own meat, which is easier than stealing it; these criminals then became decent, respectable people because they had a chance to live. They did not commit any crimes. They were just like the English people who sent them there, only better. And in the second generation the descendants of those criminals were as good and respectable a class of people as there were on the face of the earth, and then they began building churches and jails themselves.

Some of you people have lived in the country. It's prettier than it is in here. And if you ever have lived on a farm you understand that if you put a lot of cattle in a field, when the pasture is short they will jump over the fence; but put them in a good field where there is plenty of pasture, and they will be law-abiding cattle to the end of time. The human animal is just like the rest of the animals, only a little more so. The same thing that governs in the one governs in the other.

Everybody makes his living along the lines of least resistance. A wise man who comes into a country early sees a great undeveloped land. For instance, our rich men twenty-five years ago saw that Chicago was small and knew a lot of people who would come here and settle, and they readily saw that if they had all the land around here it would be worth a good deal, so they grabbed the land. You cannot be a landlord because somebody has got it all. You must find some other calling. In England and Ireland and Scotland less than five per cent. own all the land there is, and the people are bound to stay there on any kind of terms the landlords give. They must live the best they can, so they develop all these various professions—burglary, picking pockets, and the like.

Again, people find all sorts of ways of getting rich. These are diseases like everything else. You look at people getting rich, organising trusts, and making a million dollars, and somebody gets the disease and he starts out. He catches it just as a man catches the mumps or the measles; he is not to blame, it is in the air. You will find men speculating beyond their means, because the mania of money-getting is taking possession of them. It is simply a disease; nothing more, nothing less. You cannot avoid catching it; but the fellows who have control of the earth have the advantage of you. See what the law is; when these men get control of things, they make the laws. They do not make the laws to protect anybody; courts are not instruments of justice; when your case gets into court it will make little difference whether you are guilty or innocent; but it's better if you have a smart lawyer. And you cannot have a smart lawyer unless you have money. First and last it's a question of money. Those

men who own the earth make the laws to protect what they have. They fix up a sort of fence or pen around what they have, and they fix the law so that the fellow on the outside cannot get in. The laws are really organised for the protection of the men who rule the world. They are not made to do justice. They were never organised or enforced to do justice. We have no system for doing justice, not the slightest in the world.

Let me illustrate: Take the poorest person in this room. If the community had provided a system of doing justice, the poorest person in this room would have as good a lawyer as the richest, would he not? When you went into court you would have just as long a trial, and just as fair a trial, as the richest person in Chicago. Your case would not be tried in fifteen or twenty minutes, whereas it would take fifteen days to get through with a rich man's case.

Then if you were rich and were beaten, your case would be taken to the Appellate Court. A poor man cannot take his case to the Appellate Court; he has not the price. And then to the Supreme Court, and if he were beaten there he might perhaps go to the United States Supreme Court. And he might die of old age before he got into jail. If you are poor, it's a quick job. You are almost known to be guilty, else you would not be there. Why should any one be in the criminal court if he were not guilty? He would not be there if he could be anywhere else. The officials have no time to look after all these cases. The people who are on the outside, who are running banks and building churches and making jails, they have no time to examine 600 or 700 prisoners each year to see whether they are guilty or innocent. If the courts were organised to promote justice, the people would elect somebody to defend all these criminals, somebody as smart as the prosecutor—and give him as many detectives and as many assistants to help, and pay as much money to defend you as to prosecute you. We have a very able man for State's attorney, and he has many assistants, detectives and policemen without end, and judges to hear the cases—everything handy.

Most all of our criminal code consists in offences against property. People are sent to jail because they have committed



a crime against property. It is of very little consequence whether one hundred people more or less go to jail who ought not to go—you must protect property, because in this world property is of more importance than anything else.

How is it done? These people who have property fix it so they can protect what they have. When somebody commits a crime it does not follow that he has done something that is morally wrong. The man on the outside who has committed no crime may have done something. For instance: to take all the coal in the United States and raise the price two dollars or three dollars when there is no need of it, and thus kill thousands of babies and send thousands of people to the poorhouse and tens of thousands to jail, as is done every year in the United States—this is a greater crime than all the people in our jails ever committed, but the law does not punish it. Why? Because the fellows who control the earth make the laws. If you and I had the making of the laws, the first thing we would do would be to punish the fellow who gets control of the earth. Nature put this coal in the ground just as much for me as it did for anyone, and nature made the prairies up here to raise wheat for me as well as for them; and then the great railroad companies came along and fenced it up.

I will guarantee to take from this jail, or any jail in the world, five hundred men who have been the worst criminals and law-breakers who ever got into jail, and I will go down to our lowest streets and take five hundred of the most abandoned prostitutes, and go out somewhere where there is plenty of land, and will give them a chance to make a living, and they will be as good people as the average in the community.

There is a remedy for the sort of condition we see here. The world never finds it out, or when it does find it out it does not enforce it. You may pass a law punishing every person with death for burglary, and it will make no difference. Men will commit it just the same. In England there was a time when a hundred different offences were punishable with death, and it made no difference. The English people strangely found out that so fast as they repealed the severe penalties and so fast as they did away with punishing men by death,

crime decreased instead of increased; that the smaller the penalty the fewer the crimes.

Hanging men in our county jail does not prevent murder. It makes murderers.

And this has been the history of the world. It's easy to see how to do away with what we call crime. It is not so easy to do it. I will tell you how to do it. It can be done by giving the people a chance to live—by destroying special privileges. So long as big criminals can get the coal fields, so long as the big criminal has control of the city council and gets the public streets for street cars and gas rights, this is bound to send thousands of poor people to jail. So long as men are allowed to monopolise all the earth, and compel others to live on such terms as these men see fit to make, then you are bound to get into jail.

The only way in the world to abolish crime and criminals is to abolish the big ones and the little ones together. Make fair conditions of life. Give men a chance to live. Abolish the right of the private ownership of land, abolish monopoly, make the world partners in production, partners in the good things of life. Nobody would steal if he could get something of his own some easier way. Nobody will commit burglary when his house is full. No girl will go out on the streets when she has a comfortable place at home. The man who owns a sweat-shop or a department store may not be to blame himself for the condition of his girls, but when he pays them five dollars, three dollars, and two dollars a week, I wonder where he thinks they will get the rest of their money to live. The only way to cure these conditions is by equality. There should be no jails. They do not accomplish what they pretend to accomplish. If you would wipe them out, there would be no more criminals than now. They terrorise nobody. They are a blot upon any civilisation, and a jail is an evidence of the lack of charity of the people on the outside who make the jails and fill them with the victims of their greed.

CLARENCE S. DARROW.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU :  
AND THE HUMANE STUDY OF NATURAL  
HISTORY.

OUR methods of studying natural history are at present in a state of transition. Under the old system the typical naturalist united the functions of sportsman, anatomist, and collector ; while the animals were regarded as nothing more than automata, mere "specimens," to be "obtained" or "collected," in the interests of the glass case or the museum, with as little injury as possible to their external appearance, but with entire indifference to their feelings as sentient beings or their existence as a part of Nature. This process of "collecting" might be carried on by the "naturalist" in person, or it might be delegated to another—to the gamekeeper, for instance, that most dismal figure in English country life, the sexton of all that is free and wild and beautiful. "Gentlemen interested in natural history," said Jefferies, "often commission the keeper to get them specimens of rare birds." That was "natural history," of the old style—the body-snatching period, when animals appeared to have no sense or rights or individuality in their life, and were only of interest to the student as promising to be ornamental when dead. Fortunately, this method of natural history is now moribund itself.

The new method is a study not of death, but of life ; it observes animals not as potential corpses, but as living embodiments of nature's will. It sees them possessed not

of mere racial "instinct" (that blessed word which for centuries has furnished the excuse for every form of maltreatment), but of real personal individuality and a due share of rights. They are persons, not things. Accordingly, in proportion as this view is prevalent, we see the collector rebuked\* and the hand of the blood-sportsman stayed. The gun is replaced by the field-glass and the camera, the scalpel by the pencil; the stuffed corpses in the museum, or the dead-alive prisoners in the menagerie, by the free life that springs up (when we encourage it) even in our city parks and gardens. We are beginning to know that there is something better worth studying in Nature than hides and bones.

That this newer aspect of Nature-study is now in the ascendant (though, of course, the body-snatching method is still largely practised) is shown by the fact that it is in favour with all the writers of genius who have devoted themselves to natural history during recent years. Richard Jefferies in England, and John Burroughs in America, though in part belonging to the old school, may, on the whole, be quoted as strongly leaning to the new. Mr. W. H. Hudson's books on English open-air life are entirely devoid of the miserable mania for killing; and the same is true of the works of Mr. Edmund Selous, the brothers Kearton, and many other modern writers of distinction. Not less striking, in America, is the tribute borne to the new methods by such well-known authorities as Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson, Mr. William J. Long, and Mr. Francis Herrick. The spirit of the new and humaner movement could hardly be better expressed than in the following passage from Long's "School of the Woods," in a reference to the Moose:—

"Though the rifle is in your hand, its deadly muzzle never rises from the trail. That great head, with its massive crown, is too big for any house. Hung stupidly on a wall, in a room full of *bric-a-brac*, as you usually see it, with its shrivelled ears that were once living trumpets, its bulging eyes that were once so small and keen, and its huge muzzle stretched out of all proportion, it is but misplaced, misshapen ugliness. It has no more, and scarcely any higher sig-

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\* As in the scathing passage on what we owe to the collector in Mr. H. G. Wells's "The Wonderful Visit."

nificance than a scalp on the pole of a savage's wigwam. Only in the wilderness, with the irresistible push of his twelve-hundred pound, force-packed body behind it, the crackling underbrush beneath, and the lofty spruce aisles towering overhead, can it give the tingling impression of magnificent power which belongs to Umquenawis the Mighty in his native wilds."

What is true of "Umquenawis the Mighty" is true also of the smallest denizen of the woods. We owe it to Mr. Long and Mr. Seton-Thompson that they have demonstrated, as has never before been demonstrated, the *individuality* of animals. There is no surer step towards a recognition of their rights.

But while we honour such distinguished writers as Mr. Hudson, Mr. Seton-Thompson, and Mr. Long, let us not forget that this humane natural history has had its earlier pioneers, men who anticipated the new spirit, by some keen instinct, in the very heyday of the body-snatching. Of these pioneers none is more remarkable than Henry David Thoreau, the increasing interest in whose writings is shown by the increasing Thoreau literature, while the personal influence of his character has been already felt in not a few lives both in America and England.\* "The poet-naturalist" was Ellery Channing's description of him; and the title, so applicable in Thoreau's case, seems likely to be perpetuated in the school of which he was a forerunner. And between poetical natural history and humane natural history there is, as we shall see, a very close kinship and connection.

At the very outset, however, we are met by that common criticism of poet-naturalists in general, and of Thoreau in particular, which asserts that they look *through* Nature instead of *at* her. There is a noteworthy passage in Thoreau's journal where this criticism is anticipated in a very characteristic

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\* Among recent works may be mentioned "The Personality of Thoreau," by F. B. Sanborn; "Thoreau, his Home, Friends, and Books," by Mrs. Russell Marble; "Thoreau, his Life and Aims" (new edition), by H. A. Page; and "Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist" (new edition), by Ellery Channing. By the death of Mr. Alfred W. Hosmer, of Concord, on May 7th, 1903, lovers of Thoreau have lost one of the truest and most faithful of their fellow-students, a man who followed in Thoreau's footsteps both literally and metaphorically, and was himself the best possible proof of the nobility of Thoreau's influence.

reference to the old conflict between the poetical and the scientific temperament.

"Man cannot afford to be a *naturalist*, to look at Nature directly, but only with the side of his eye. He must look through and beyond her. To look at her is as fatal as to look at the head of Medusa. It turns the man of science to stone."

One sees what Emerson meant when he wrote of Thoreau that "none knew better than he that it is not the fact that imports, but the impression or effect of the fact on your mind. Every fact lay in glory in his mind, a type of the order and beauty of the whole."

Then there is the complaint that Thoreau intrudes his own personality between the reader and the subject.\* It is true that there is what may be called a self-consciousness in such modern poet-naturalists as Thoreau and Jefferies which is absent in the simple old naturalist school of Gilbert White; but the "self" portrayed by them is the higher and spiritual self, and quite as much a part of Nature as are the skies or forests. Thoreau, as we know, declined to write essays on natural history, pure and simple, on the ground that "he could not detach the external record of observation from the inner associations with which such facts were connected in his mind."

To come to the point, then, as to Thoreau's attitude towards Nature. He held that "Nature must be viewed humanly, to be viewed at all, that is, her scenes must be associated with humane affections." To him there was no yawning gulf between human and non-human; indeed, he so anticipated, in his poetical fashion, the evolutionary doctrines of a later era that Mr. Grant Allen has written of him as follows:—

"Like no one else, he knew the meaning of every note and movement of bird and beast, and fish and insect. Born out of due time,

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\* Mr. Robert Blatchford, for instance, asserts that, while Gilbert White was satisfied with loving service of Nature, Thoreau "seems to have expected wages in the shape of public applause," and that "one resents his thrusting of his puny, greedy, eager soul between one's gaze and Nature"—an unmerited sneer at one of the most single-hearted, self-restrained, and unambitious of men, who lived his life on a plane to which very few authors have even aspired, and was so uncompromising in his devotion to his own ideals that he cut himself off from every chance of adequate recognition.

just too early for the great change in men's views of nature, which transferred all interest in outer life from the mere dead things one sees in museums to their native habits and modes of living, he was yet in some sort a vague and mystical anticipatory precursor of the modern school of functional biologists." (*Fortnightly Review*, May, 1888.)

"If we take the ages into account," says Thoreau, "may there not be a civilisation going on among brutes as well as men? They [the Walden foxes] seemed to me to be rudimental, burrowing men, still standing on their defence, awaiting their transformation." The horse appeared to him as "a human being in a humble state of existence," and he was pathetically affected by the human behaviour of the oxen when loosed from the yoke at nightfall; even the wild moose in the Maine forests were to him "Moose-men, clad in a sort of Vermont grey or homespun." He remarks how "man conceitedly names the intelligence and industry of animals *instinct*, and overlooks their wisdom and fitness of behaviour." Here is a significant comment on the failure of man to assist the development of the horse:—

"I saw a man a few days since working by the river, with a horse, carting dirt; and the horse and his relations to him struck me as very remarkable. There was the horse, a mere animated machine. . . No contract had been made with him that he should have the Saturday afternoons, or the Sundays, or any holidays, his independence never being recognised; it being now quite forgotten, both by man and horse, that the horse was ever free. . . . It was plain that the man was not educating the horse, not trying to develop his nature, but merely getting work out of him."

The better way in natural history, as Thoreau discerned it, is stated in the following passage:—

"There is a higher law affecting our relation to pines as well as to men. A pine cut down, a dead pine, is no more a pine than a dead human carcass is a man. Can he who has discovered only some of the values of whalebone and whale oil be said to have discovered the true use of the whale? Can he who slays the elephant for his ivory be said to have 'seen the elephant'? These are petty and accidental uses; just as if a stronger race were to kill us in order to make buttons and flageolets of our bones; for everything may serve a lower as well as a higher use. Every creature is better alive than dead, men and moose and pine trees, and he who understands it aright will rather preserve its life than destroy it."

The fact of Thoreau's friendship with the great scientist, Agassiz, makes such testimony the more remarkable. Elsewhere he says:—

“I think the most important requisite in describing an animal is to be sure that you give its character and spirit, for in that you have, without error, the sum and effect of all its parts known and unknown. You must tell what it is to man. Surely the most important part of an animal is its *anima*, its vital spirit, on which is based its character, and all the particulars by which it most concerns us. Yet most scientific books which treat of animals leave this out altogether, and what they describe are, as it were, phenomena of dead matter.”

At an early period in his life Thoreau discarded the use of the gun and the trap. “As for fowling,” he says, “during the last years that I carried a gun, my excuse was that I was studying ornithology, and sought only new or rare birds; but I confess that I am now inclined to think that there is a finer way of ornithology than this. It requires so much closer attention to the habits of the birds that, if for that reason only, I have been willing to omit the gun.” He desired, as he tells us, to hold the bird not in the hand but “in the affections.” It is said that when he was once asked by some Concord folk whether he really did not shoot a bird if he wanted to study it, he replied, “Do you think I should shoot *you* if I wanted to study you?” There we have the principle of humane Nature-study in a sentence.

Directly connected with this view of natural history was Thoreau's humane attitude towards the treatment of animals in general. Though he disowned any principle of “compassion” as such, and avowed his belief in the “universal innocence” of Nature (“I love to see that Nature is so rife with life that myriads can be afforded to be sacrificed and suffered to prey on one another”), he has yet given incomparable expression to many humanitarian sentiments. Take, for example, a passage in his Journal for December 12th, 1856:—

“Wonderful, wonderful is our life, and that of our companions! That there should be such a thing as a brute animal, not human! that it should attain to a sort of society with our race! Think of cats, for instance; they are neither Chinese nor Tartars, they neither go to school nor read the Testament. Yet how near they come to



doing so, how much they are like us who do! . . . . At length, without having solved any of these problems, we fatten and kill and eat some of our cousins! Where is the great natural historian? Is he a butcher? or the patron of butchers? As well look for a great anthropologist among cannibals or New Zealanders."

It is instructive to note the progress of Thoreau's humanitarian sympathies in his successive writings. In the "Week on the Concord River," the earliest of his published volumes, we find him in a somewhat divided state of mind, "waiting for further information":—

"The woods on the neighbouring shore were alive with pigeons. . . . We obtained one of these handsome birds, which lingered too long upon its perch, and plucked and broiled it with some other game, to be carried along for our supper. . . . It is true, it did not seem to be putting this bird to its right use to pluck off its feathers, and extract its entrails, and broil its carcass on the coals; but we heroically persevered, nevertheless, waiting for further information. The same regard for Nature which had excited our sympathy for her creatures nerved our hands to carry through what we had begun. . . . The carcasses of some poor squirrels, however, the same that frisked so merrily in the morning, which we had skinned and embowelled for our dinner, we abandoned in disgust, with tardy humanity, as too wretched a resource for any but starving men. It was to perpetuate the practice of a barbarous era. If they had been larger, our crime had been less. Their small red bodies, little bundles of red tissue, mere gobbets of venison, would not have 'fattened fire.' With a sudden impulse we threw them away, and washed our hands, and boiled some rice for our dinner. . . . Yet sheep and oxen are but larger squirrels, whose hides are saved and meat is salted, whose souls perchance are not so large in proportion to their bodies."

When "Walden" was written, the "further information" had in large measure been vouchsafed, as may be learnt from the remarkable chapter entitled "Higher Laws," in which, though still constrained by his optimistic temperament to revere the "primitive, rank, and savage" instincts, as well as the higher ones, he bears this explicit witness to the better way:—

"I have found repeatedly of late years that I cannot fish without falling a little in self-respect. I do not think that I mistake. It is a faint intimation, yet so are the first streaks of morning. There is something essentially unclean about this diet and all flesh. Having been my own butcher and scullion and cook, as well as the gentleman

for whom the dishes were served up, I can speak from an unusually complete experience. It may be vain to ask why the imagination will not be reconciled to flesh and fat. I am satisfied that it is not. Is it not a reproach that man is a carnivorous animal? True, he can and does live, in a great measure, by preying on other animals; but this is a miserable way—as any one who will go to snaring rabbits or slaughtering lambs may learn—and he will be regarded as a benefactor of his race who shall teach man to confine himself to a more innocent and wholesome diet. Whatever my own practice may be, I have no doubt that it is part of the destiny of the human race, in its gradual improvement, to leave off eating animals, as surely as the savage tribes have left off eating each other when they came in contact with the more civilised.”

In a later written work, “The Maine Woods,” he has the following remarks on the sport of moose-hunting:—

“But on more accounts than one I had had enough of moose-hunting. I had not come to the woods for this purpose, nor had I foreseen it, though I had been willing to learn how the Indian manœuvred; but one moose killed was as good, if not as bad, as a dozen. The afternoon’s tragedy, and my share in it, as it affected the innocence, destroyed the pleasure of my adventure. This hunting of the moose merely for the satisfaction of killing him—not even for the sake of his hide—without making any extraordinary exertion or running any risk yourself, is too much like going out at night to some woodside pasture and shooting your neighbour’s horses. These are God’s own horses, poor timid creatures that will run fast enough when they smell you, though they *are* nine feet high. . . . It is no better, at least, than to assist at a slaughter-house.”

In an interesting chapter on “Thoreau as Naturalist,” it is stated in Mrs. Marble’s book that he “became a vegetarian in general diet, though he was never wholly ascetic in this regard.” *Ascetic*, however, is hardly the word to apply to one who abandons flesh-meat for the reasons which Thoreau assigns. Mrs. Marble truly remarks that “the thoughts of dissection were, in the main, revolting to his fine-grained, poetic nature”; but when she adds that “he lived before the modern methods of science had demonstrated the comparatively brief suffering and the vast benefits from careful vivisection,” we cannot but remind her that Thoreau was, by Emerson’s description, a man of “trenchant sense,” a “searching judge of men,” who “understood the matter in hand at a glance, and saw the limitations and poverty of those he

talked with, so that nothing seemed concealed from such terrible eyes," and that he "detected paltering as readily in dignified and prosperous persons as in beggars, and with equal scorn." To suggest that a man of such keen insight would have been imposed on by the shallow and impudent pretences of modern vivisectors is hardly to pay a compliment to his genius. One would give much to have one of Thoreau's mordant epigrams on the pseudo-scientists who confound knowledge with cruelty, and excuse cruelty by falsehood.

We have said enough to show how, in Thoreau's case, the poetic and the humane treatment of natural history were practically identical. Loving Nature as he did, he could not but equally love those children of Nature whom we call "the animals." They were, so Emerson has told us, "as it were, his townsmen and fellow-creatures; so that he felt an absurdity or violence in any narrative of one of these by itself apart, and still more of its dimensions on an inch-rule, or in the exhibition of its skeleton, or the specimen of a squirrel or a bird in brandy." But the most beautiful feature of Thoreau's character as naturalist yet remains to be mentioned—the strange influence which he wielded—like the hermits of old—over the wild inhabitants of the forest. "His intimacy with animals," says Emerson, "suggested what Thomas Fuller records of Butler, the apiologist, that 'either he had told the bees things or the bees had told him.' Snakes coiled round his leg, the fishes swam into his hand, and he took them out of the water; he pulled the woodchuck out of its hole by the tail, and took the foxes under his protection from the hunters." This power was perhaps owing in part to his habit of silent watchfulness, which enabled him "to sit immovable, a part of the rock he rested on, until the bird, the reptile, the fish, which had retired from him, should come back and resume its habits"; but we cannot doubt that it was mainly due to his humane sympathy, the sense of love and brotherhood which, as in the case of St. Francis, lent so rare a charm to his relations with the non-human races.

In conclusion, let us quote a passage from Thoreau's writings which sums up the task that awaits the great naturalist of

the future, and the characteristics of the new study of natural history:—

“How little we know of the inner life of animals! How few our facts are, and how little certain we are of them! What a huge book, and what an intensely interesting one, is waiting to be written on this subject by some great genius of the future! Surely it tells not a little for the in-curiosity, and perhaps the conceit of us humans, that we have been taken up so entirely with our little selves for these many thousand years past, and have been honouring historians and poets and philosophers and novelists and travellers and essayists, simply because they told or imagined or guessed or reported the way and the manner and the conversations and thoughts and ideas and faculties of our fellow human creatures; and all the time we have been acting as if we were alone in the world, and as if it were not inhabited by crowds of beings with ways towards us and towards each other which, seeing how much we depend upon the same animals, it behoves us most strongly to understand.”

When such a book is written—and it can hardly be written until the general feeling of mankind towards the lower races is quickened and humanised—its author and its readers alike will owe much to Thoreau, as the pioneer who braved the ridicule of the critics and scientists of his day in his advocacy of a method of Nature-study which was then regarded as a mere whim or oddity, but is now in process of being adopted by the best naturalists of our age.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF VIVISECTION.

### I.

IT is idle, I fear, to claim to be "impartial" on such an issue as that of the value of vivisection; but as I am seeking the attention of the defenders of the practice, I may perhaps do well to explain at the outset that my position is at least not one of *a priori* hostility. A personal recoil from the practice of vivisection I know I share with not a few medical men, who yet believe in its efficacy, and therefore justify its continuance; and so far am I from founding my own verdict on that recoil, that I have more than once opposed the arguments of those anti-vivisectors who seem to me to translate it into a more or less inconsistent veto on the acts they dislike. Nor can I, I confess, see any more validity against vivisection in the eloquent theistic appeal of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, circulated by the "National Canine Defence League," than the same thesis would carry against the slaughter or even the forcible enslavement of animals. I even venture to deprecate the onesidedness of a "*Canine* Defence League," which suggests rather a personal predilection for dogs than a moralised conviction.

It will perhaps be granted me, then, that I am on the whole at least as unprejudiced in regard to vivisection as most of

the scientific men who approve of it. In any case, I confess to recognising an unselfish devotion to the common good among many toiling physicians, believers in vivisection, who habitually give much of their labour without reward to the poor; while I cannot but recognise at times a much lower degree of unselfishness among zealous opponents of vivisection, who to my thinking, now and then, show small consideration for the rights of human beings as against the privileges of their pets. Holding these views as to the distribution of personal merit among the disputants, I have yet seen reason to infer, from the very arguments of the champions of vivisection, that the practice does very little if any good; and this is the issue I now seek to raise.

## II.

Vivisectors, one presumes, cannot ask for more than that their case be judged in terms of their own statement of it; and this is what I am attempting. By common medical consent, I gather, the work of Mr. Stephen Paget, entitled "Experiments on Animals" (Fisher Unwin, 1900), is a competent statement of their case up to its date; and it carries a high official endorsement in the so-called "Introduction" of Lord Lister. That preface, indeed, misstates the position of many anti-vivisectionists, inasmuch as it asserts without qualification that "they allow that man is permitted to inflict pain upon the lower animals when some substantial advantage is to be gained." Certainly many refuse the "permission" even on that score. Let us, however, waive that side-issue and proceed to examine on their merits the data and arguments of Mr. Paget, which Lord Lister represents as conclusive.

The first case is the familiar one of Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, in regard to which, as to the others dealt with, Lord Lister assures us that the attitude of those who deny its derivation from vivisection is "based upon ignorance." Mr. Paget certainly shows that Bowie's translation, followed by Dr. Berdoe, left out the *viva* in rendering the passage "*multa frequenter et varia animalia viva intro-*

*spiciendo.*" But seeing that the first sentence of the *De Motu Cordis* begins "*Cum multis vivorum dissectionibus uti ad manum dabantur,*" the point of Harvey's frequent vivisections is really past dispute; and it was a clear error on Dr. Berdoe's part to put it in doubt. The true issue is that raised by Mr. Wall and Mr. Adams—whether Harvey reached his discovery by means of his vivisections.

The most important datum on this head is clearly the letter of Boyle,\* quoted by Mr. Paget, in which it is told that shortly before his death Harvey explained to Boyle that he had been led to his theory by noticing the position of the valves in the veins—a discovery obviously reached by dissection, and established before him. On this, however, Mr. Paget points out that Boyle admittedly talked with Harvey only once, when he was nearly eighty years old, and "occupied with other cares." Then Mr. Paget concludes thus: "And it is stupid, or worse than stupid, to attempt to set this letter against Harvey's exact words."

It is unfortunate that in his very first chapter Mr. Paget should thus resort to terms of vituperation against opponents; and doubly unfortunate for him that he should do so in an instance where he is merely evading the issue. The citation of Boyle's testimony is obviously *not* an "attempt to set this letter against Harvey's exact words." The exact words cited from Harvey do not once contradict the proposition cited from him by Boyle; and I venture to ask any student whether that proposition is not absolutely convincing. How *could* Harvey have clearly conceived his theory save by recognition of the function of the valves? That he *did* vivisect abundantly is certain; but Mr. Paget does not cite from him a single suggestion that his vivisection threw a gleam of light on his problem. On the contrary, he confesses to vivisectioning much and often, before he "began to think to himself" the true solution. In his very first sentence, as Mr. Paget notes, he declares that after "*many* dissections of living animals" he was so confused that he "began to think, with Frascatorius, that the move-

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\* Not "Sir" as Mr. Paget repeatedly writes, but "The Hon." Robert Boyle—the great chemist.

ment of the heart was known to God alone. For," he continues, "I could not distinguish aright either the nature of its systole and diastole, nor when nor where dilatation and contraction took place; and this because of the swiftness of the movement. . . . Wherefore my mind wavered." And while by his own avowal he at length reached his conclusion after many more vivisections, he nowhere points to a single new concrete observation made in the course of all that reiterated groping. All that he specifies in addition to the phenomena of the valves and other aspects of the dissected dead body is "the great quantity of the blood passing through, and the swiftness of its passage"—matters easily established by one act of vivisection, if not abundantly established by a thousand previous observations of wounds, and of the phenomena of the slaughter-house.

Let us now see where we stand. It lies on the face of the case, even as put by Mr. Paget, that a vast quantity of Harvey's vivisection was gratuitous and futile, "a vain dabbling of the hands in blood." But, it may be urged, Harvey made his discovery as a result of all that experimentation; and we are not entitled to say that, in the then state of knowledge, he could have reached his conclusion without all those repetitions of mostly inconclusive experiment. This I am willing to grant, in the sense that ill-trained minds, however original, are known to work wastefully, and that the waste is *for them* part of the process of speculation; and on those grounds I am not at all concerned to criticise Harvey for his multiplied cruelties. The question is one of *fit present practice*, in the light of the *philosophy* of past practice. Not even Mr. Paget, I suppose, will argue that because Harvey fumbled through a hundred vain vivisections before he came to his theory, any investigator may now fitly do the same on the chance of making a discovery. Nor will any student, I believe, now deny that Harvey's theory is ill-presented by him; and that a more convincing presentation of it could be made, *and is now made*, by stating first all the relevant data reached by simple dissection, and then connecting with them the relevant phenomena of the living body, as known from general surgical experience. We are often told that Harvey's theory was accepted by no



contemporary physician above forty. Was not part of the reason this, that he, though much wiser than his contemporaries, was yet a blundering and tactless reasoner, ill-fitted to demonstrate a new truth?

Let me not be thought to aim at belittling Harvey, who *did* reach a truth where other students, with the main data before them, failed. "Sylvius had discovered the existence of the valves of the veins; but Fabricius [Harvey's teacher] remarked that they are all turned towards the heart. Combining this disposition with that of the valves of the heart, and with the absence of valves in the arteries, he might have come to the conclusion that the blood moves in a different direction in the arteries and in the veins, and might thus have discovered the circulation,"\* but did not; though before him the pulmonary circulation had been known to Servetus and to Realduus Columbus, the successor of Vesalius; and though Cæsalpinus had actually noted the swelling of veins below ligatures, and partly drawn the obvious inference. But what is the *instruction*, the lead to practice, rightly to be drawn from all these facts? Surely this: that even Harvey, with all these clues before him, *visisected far too much and thought far too little*.

That this will be denied by any candid reasoner, I do not believe; and in that case what is the philosophic value of the position taken up by Mr. Paget and Lord Lister? From the fact that much vivisection *did* precede Harvey's discovery, they virtually leap to the conclusion that it *fitly* preceded it, and that this is a ground for continued indulgence in vivisection. From a bare *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, they proceed to the canon that because one man hit upon a right theory after much admittedly unilluminating experiment, the mere multiplication of experiment is a source of illumination for all men after him. They really might as well say that because much random alchemy preceded and led up to some of the earlier essential discoveries of chemistry, the methods of early alchemy should still be indulged in.

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\* WHEWELL: *Hist. of the Induct. Sciences*, 3rd ed., iii. 329, 330; following Cuvier. In reality the valves of the veins were known before Sylvius.

## III.

Following Mr. Paget, we come next to a series of minor discoveries: (a) Malpighi's perception of the function of the capillaries; (b) Hales's measurement of the blood pressure in arteries; (c) Hunter's recognition of collateral circulation; and a variety of observations concerning which Mr. Paget gives *no details whatever as to the use of vivisection in making them*. I have no pretension to speak as a physiologist; but as a seeker for facts and reasons, I am entitled with others to ask whether Malpighi's discovery *required* the vivisection of his frogs. The question here is not whether in or after a vivisection he came by his discovery, but whether vivisection *as such* is the source of the demonstration; whether it *fitly* preceded the discovery. Clearly there is no *a priori* argument against such a casual sequence; but Mr. Paget seems to hold that he has proved his point all round when he shows mere sequence. Again and again he asks such questions as this (p. 43): "If a better understanding of the nervous system *could have been got* without experiments on animals, why had men to wait so long for it?" I fear that Mr. Paget does not realise how deep a question he has put. The first and most obvious answer is: Because men did so little coherent thinking; to which he will probably answer: "They did the best they could"; which amounts to saying that nothing could ever have happened otherwise than it did.

But supposing that, for simplicity's sake, we grant that formidable assumption, Mr. Paget's cause will be in no way furthered. There is good ground for saying that men in the past learned to practise toleration only after realising the interminable bloodshed into which intolerance led them. Let us say that they could not have learned the lesson otherwise: what then? Does it follow that the method of intolerance is now to be encouraged wherever the spirit of intolerance raises its head? Or are we to go about eulogising murderous intolerance as the historical source of toleration? If not, we are equally debarred from justifying a past method, seen now to be unscientific, on the mere score that it happened to be the way by which men reached science. If we can see that

their thinking was haphazard and slovenly, their mental state one of torpor, the corollary is not that what happened to rouse them is obviously the true scientific method, but that we in our turn should be more alert.

Let us take one of Mr. Paget's own admissions—he makes so many that we must credit him with candour, if not with perspicacity. Discussing cerebral localisation, he writes (p. 57):

“Clinical observation and *post-mortem* examination found the speech-centres; physiological experiments had nothing to do with it. But at once, as soon as practice gave the word to science, physiology set to work. These clinical facts had been there all the time; loss of speech had gone with disease or injury of ‘Broca’s convolution’ ever since man had been on the earth, and nobody had observed and recorded the sequence. Then, after 1861 (Broca’s date), everything was changed, and in a few years physiology had mapped out a large part of the surface of the brain. . . . and charted and settled once and for ever the amazing geography of the motor centres. There is nothing more wonderful in the whole kingdom of science.”

To begin with, the “once and for ever” is not very scientific. There has been, and still is, plenty of dispute as to localisation of function. Further, “Broca’s convolution,” as Mr. Mattieu Williams has decisively shown, is Gall’s convolution; Gall having found it long before. But, letting all that pass, we have to ask what Mr. Paget has made out for vivisection? By his own account, *Broca reached his conclusion from a series of autopsies*. Is the argument then this, that surgeons, after 1861, took up the discovery with interest because they were now able to vivisect brains: that they were effectively stimulated only by the scent of blood? I can see no other content in Mr. Paget’s case at this point; and I have only to say that in terms of normal common-sense, ethical and scientific, his practical conclusion is beside the case. If it can be shown that the whole surgical world ignored an obvious lesson for forty years, and were finally roused only by the excitement of vivisection, the plausible inference is that what attracted them is *not* the truly scientific line of movement. In the terms of the case, they were not scientifically alert men. What then accredits their procedure? Is the better trained man to act as the untrained and unthinking man acted?

Inverting Mr. Paget’s argument, we may reasonably put

the case thus. The long apathy of these men warns us against intellectual somnolence; their apparent abstention from reflection is a suggestion to us to think; and there is even a presumption that when their brains *did* begin to work it was not in the fashion potentially most fruitful. On the face of the history, the discoverers of the first facts of localisation—almost the only “facts” that are yet absolutely unquestioned—*did not vivisect*. The vivisectors are the men who had divined nothing from normal pathological observation; who had conclusive facts before their faces and yet saw in them no meaning. Is it then so certain that by means of vivisection they have really advanced science in the sense of drawing right generalisations from the facts they *have* recognised?

## IV.

Here again, when we would know the truth, Mr. Paget gives us little help. Even as to brain localisation he gives hardly any details; and not till he comes to the subject of antitoxins does he broadly raise the question of therapeutic results. Now, if he were merely to argue that in view of alleged good results from experiments on animals with drugs and viruses, *those* experiments should not be vetoed, I suppose he would have so plausible a case that the Legislature might be trusted to back up his view. Even the communication of a disease to an animal is so much in the way of Nature—or of “Providence,” if Mr. Jerome will have it so—that a disease-scourged humanity is not likely to veto the process while there is a hope of finding thereby a prophylactic. In passing, it is to be noted that one of Mr. Paget’s most enthusiastic witnesses as to a new prophylactic seems to be under a complete hallucination as to previous experience. “Our methods,” says a Pasteurian writer quoted by him (p. 162), “perfect themselves from day to day, and it is not impossible that we may come to master the plague as Jenner did small-pox” (*que nous arrivons à être maître de la peste comme Jenner l’a été de la variole*). Now, whatever dispute there may be as to the present efficacy of vaccination from Pasteurised calf-lymph, there can be none as to the utter failure of Jenner’s original lymph to cope with

small-pox. The facts have been so fully set forth by Professor Crookshank and others, that one is bound to discount the competence of professional men who still hold by the myth.

Again, however, let us waive the minor issue and come to the major. What has evoked the heat of discussion is the question of vivisection proper—the infliction of extreme pain upon animals in order to detect physiological processes; and thus far, as we have seen, Mr. Paget yields us no proof that such procedure was scientifically necessary to the discovery of any important truth. On the other hand, by way of justifying all manner of painful experiments, he repeatedly cites as “experiments upon animals,” cases in which animals have been fed in a particular way without causing them pain, and then killed in order to discover what went on in digestion or in tissues—*e.g.* Du Hamel’s studies on the growth of bone in pigs, and Claude Bernard’s feeding of dogs with and without sugar before killing and dissecting them. These are not cases of vivisection, and to cite them as “experiments on animals” by way of justifying *all* experiments on animals, is a course which will not edify plain men, however it may recommend itself to Lord Lister.

But there is a further need for challenge. Mr. Paget cites the case of the Rev. Stephen Hales’s experiment on “a mare” in order to measure blood pressures. He does not seem to be aware that Hales records a number of experiments of the kind on horses and other animals; and he goes into no details. As it happens, Hales tells that the old nags whose arterial blood pressures he measured were worn-out animals who were to be killed at any rate; and what he did was to bleed them to death quite as rapidly as a butcher does the animals he kills, only making observations on the process. But that is not all. Hales drew from his experiments certain conclusions as to the propriety of bleeding as a medical method, thus contriving to confirm physicians in a dangerously wrong practice! The argument was in effect this: “You see how strong are the blood pressures in the dying horse; then ‘bleed,’ and bleed *frequently*, as you see how those pressures revive and augment.” Will Mr. Paget tell us precisely what was the gain to science from those early demonstrations of the various

numbers of inches to which the arterial blood of bleeding beasts could be forced up a glass tube by their hearts in their terrified struggles? And, recognising that after all the beasts in question were being killed, and were not being tortured out of mere curiosity, will he tell us what justification Hales's discovery gives for new inflictions of gratuitous suffering on the chance of finding out something?

One is fain to challenge Mr. Paget, at yet another point, to be true to the lessons of his own narrative. In his chapter on "The Gastric Juice" he shows, however unconsciously, that Réaumur's painful-looking experiments (1752) on the digestion of fowls simply led him to false conclusions after Valisnieri (about 1690) had reached by dissection a substantially true theory, which further dissections might easily have developed. Here the pain-giving method, needlessly resorted to, yielded not truth but error, which obscured a partly established truth. After Réaumur, as Mr. Paget himself shows, the first step forward was made by Spallanzani (1777), whose results were again substantially reached not by vivisection but by dissection, inasmuch as he "observed how after death the gastric fluid may under certain conditions act on the walls of the stomach itself"; and it is at *this* point, in Mr. Paget's statement, that Bernard sums up: "Henceforth the experimental method had cut the knot of the question raised by the theories of Borelli and Valisnieri." In point of fact, both Borelli and Valisnieri had made experimental observations, only not enough; and at every point of dispute in the evolution, as described by Bernard, we can see men delaying truth by loose guessing and incomplete induction, when they might have made harmless observations that would have been conclusive.

Finally, in 1825, we find Beaumont utilising the case of Alexis St. Martin, the young Canadian with a hole in his stomach, and so proving by fresh observation, without resort to cruelty, the very conclusion reached by Spallanzani nearly fifty years before. And here Mr. Paget notes "that Alexis St. Martin's case proves that a gastric fistula is not painful." Why then is *this* principle not continuously kept in view in Mr. Paget's inquiry? "It has been said times past number,"

he writes, "that an animal with a fistula is in pain. It is not true. The case of St. Martin is but one out of a multitude of these cases: an artificial orifice of this kind is not painful." Who will not welcome this assurance? And why does not Mr. Paget, realising as he does that it is welcome, aim at a constant discrimination of vivisections, so as to show how humanity may be benefited by experiments on animals without putting them to torture?

Unhappily Mr. Paget is concerned first and last merely to discredit anti-vivisectionists; and just as he presses into the vindication of vivisection experiments which involved no vivisection, so does he contrive to eke out a case for cruel vivisection with a record of experiments which were not cruel. He is thus perpetually shifting the issue before his readers, with the probable effect, when they are loose reasoners, of getting them to associate with the idea of vivisection much painless experimentation which does yield new knowledge, when in point of fact his total argument is a claim for liberty of painful vivisection, a practice from which he proves no good result otherwise unattainable, save in the contested and doubtful case of inoculation of animals with different forms of disease. His procedure, in short, suffers from the very shortcomings which we have seen setting up cruelly random experiment and delaying scientific advance—the lack of due intellectual industry and alertness, the qualities which might have averted alike the ignorance complained of and the cruelty by which men sought to cure it.

## V.

Always we come back to this crux: the proved insufficiency of the *thinking* of the investigators, who claim to have reached discoveries by vivisection. I have already granted that, in view of the sad sluggishness of progress in the past, it is idle to go about denouncing the actual innovators because they fumbled so over their work. We may, indeed, go further, and confess that, by reason of the imperfection of the faculty of reasoning in almost all of us, our innovating ideas are normally reached at haphazard, after many times seeing the significant

facts without noting their significance ; so that a man *may* get during a vivisection a clue or explanation that he could with due vigilance have reached without it. It is because of realising this normality of short-sightedness that I shrink from an attitude of mere censoriousness towards men who are doing in medicine very much what is done in other sciences, broadly regarded. But still we must come to the practical issue. Once we have realised, whatever be our line of research, how slow we have been to follow it with our full intelligence, shall we not admonish ourselves in future to keep our loins girt and our eyes attentive? And who is more bound, by every principle of moral and scientific wisdom, to take to himself this admonition than the experimental physiologist—he whose laxity may mean the delay of boons incalculable ; he whose resort to cruel experiment by way of saving mental labour is the substitution of an animal's torture for his own noblest activity, and a probable impairment of the very faculty which he has so slothfully husbanded?

That resort to vivisection means this is the first conclusion forced upon us by a critical study of Mr. Paget's book ; and it is forcibly brought home to us afresh in one of his latest records of alleged gain from vivisection. I refer to his chapter on Myxœdema, where, with his usual candour as to the recording of facts and his usual inadequacy in interpretation, he tells how, as a result of experiments on a monkey, Sir Victor Horsley and others came to a conclusion which they could perfectly well have reached long before without such experiment, had they reflected intelligently on the data before them. This lies on the face of Mr. Paget's narrative. In 1877, he tells us, Dr. Ord read a paper on Myxœdema, in which, stating the pathology of the disease, he noted as a symptom the wasting of the thyroid gland. "In 1882 Reverdin stated before the Medical Society of Geneva that signs like those of myxœdema had been observed in some cases of removal of the thyroid gland on account of disease (goître)." After further discussion, and during the slow progress of an inquiry by a Committee of the Clinical Society, Mr. Horsley, going to work in 1884, "was able, by removal of the gland, to



produce in monkeys a chronic myxoedema, a cretinoid state, the facsimile of the disease in man." Yet, by Mr. Paget's account, it was *six years* before Mr. Horsley took the natural inductive step from the facts published in 1877 and 1882, and merely reasserted as a result of his act of vivisection in 1884. "On February 8th, 1890, he published the suggestion that thyroid-tissue from an animal just killed should be transplanted beneath the skin of a myxoedematous patient." This gave good results, whereafter two practitioners resorted with better results to thyroid sandwiches, which "in their turn were eclipsed by tabloids."

Now, what does all this signify? The one vital idea, after the original complete diagnosis, was simply that of putting thyroid tissue into patients who lacked it. That idea might, logically speaking, have been reached by Ord in 1877 or earlier; it is a simple empirical induction from his data. Dr. Horsley's idea *followed* his resort to vivisection, but followed it after so many years that he clearly did not get it from any new phenomena found by him in the course of his experiment. All credit be to him for finally thinking of the remedy; but the bare historical fact is simple, that he happened to think of it in 1890, long after he had done his experiment. And is not the reasonable inference this, that reliance on vivisection, even in the case of the man capable of effective original thought, rather arrests than stimulates the decisive mental process, the step from observation to comprehension? Even in regard to him—and how much more in regard to the others!—the summing up of the whole matter, once more, is that *animals suffer because of men's lack of thought*. The lack is relative to the need; arduous thought being needed for a difficult problem; but, granted the difference of plane, the generalisation holds good of the scientific world as of the unscientific, of the physiologist as of the drayman.

## VI.

If this be a justified conclusion—and, having definitely reached it from a study of Mr. Paget's book, I can claim that

it has been at least come to in the full light of the facts—the legitimate hope of humanitarians is surely this, that the best intelligence of the medical profession will rise to the lesson, and that cruel vivisection will be progressively discredited. I at least cannot believe that a profession which I know to contain so much of wisdom, sympathy, and goodness, is to be led to right practice only by coercion: indeed, I have no faith in coercion as a means of humane reform in this case; and if I vex any anti-vivisectionist friends by saying so, I would beg of them in turn to weigh the situation critically. The cruelty they attack is not, like most of the usually punished cruelty to animals, a *merely* or *wholly* unthinking cruelty which can be checked by law, and in regard to which the very law helps to set up a new popular standard. On the contrary, while it has arisen from lack of due activity of thought on the higher planes, it is, as we have seen, consciously and industriously justified by citation of medical records. Bad as the argument is, it is honest; and I cannot admit that most of the medical men who accept it are exceptionally lacking in good feeling. Reasoning as they do, they will infallibly feel that if they are simply forbidden to inflict pain for healing's sake while all are free to poison rats and trap mice, and a multitude of cruel sports remain unrestrained by law, they are being persecuted by dishonest or irrational sentimentalists; and they will evade the law wherever they can. Some will cross to the Continent for what they will honestly term scientific freedom; and *the total amount of cruelty inflicted may even be increased.*

Surely the ideal of true humanitarianism is to persuade, not to coerce; to make men humane, not to make them merely submit to legal menace. If the bulk of the medical profession remains not merely convinced but more strongly convinced than ever that the resistance to vivisection is unscientific, what will have been gained to humanity by passing a fresh law forbidding all vivisection? Coercion is indeed, unhappily, an indispensable weapon in some of the social relations; but if, as we grow wiser and better informed, we realise more and more its imperfection even in these relations, surely the course of wisdom is not to set it to fresh work, where it will assuredly

evoke a new and unheard-of exasperation. A desire for the modification of the stress of penal law is one of the most widespread growths of opinion among humanitarians. Would it not, then, I respectfully ask, be a strange anomaly if among the same humanitarians it should become a matter of conscience to make a new order of criminals, by a new statute, out of a class of men conscientiously bent on the public good, and satisfied, however mistakenly, that they are promoting it?

JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

## THEOLOGY *VERSUS* HUMANITY.

### TWO CRITICISMS OF MONSIGNOR VAUGHAN'S ARTICLE.\*

#### I.

I GLADLY avail myself of the permission kindly extended to me by the editor of *THE HUMANE REVIEW* to make some comments on Mgr. Vaughan's article, in the July number, from the point of view of one who belongs to none of the churches. My object is to combat Mgr. Vaughan's contention as to the morality and necessity of vivisection. I do not desire to plunge into controversy as to the teaching of the Catholic Church. I gladly admit that I am not an expert in the highly technical language of the "divine science." Theology means the science of Deity, which to me is equivalent to the science of the Unknown, and as I do not believe that the Unknown can be the object of science, to me theology is not a science at all. I will pass, therefore, very rapidly over the first part of the article in question. But there are one or two criticisms which even the ordinary layman, inexperienced in "scientific theology," is competent to make on Mgr. Vaughan's very extraordinary argument (as it seems to me) concerning those duties of man towards animals, the existence of which he expressly denies, and implicitly admits.

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\* Readers are referred to the letter on the same subject on pp. 287, 288.

Mgr. Vaughan quotes Cardinal Newman to this effect: "*We have no duties towards the brute creation.*"\* . . . Of course we are bound not to treat them ill, for cruelty is an offence against that holy law which our Maker has written in our hearts," etc.

Now to the mind of the ordinary reasoning man, not versed in the subtleties of theological logomachy, it would seem that if "*we are bound*" not to treat animals ill, we have duties towards animals. But no; that admission must not be made by the orthodox Catholic, for, as Mgr. Vaughan tells us, Pope Pius IX., when he refused to allow the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (*not* "the Protestant Society for the Promotion of Kindness to Animals," as Mgr. Vaughan chooses to call it) to be established in Rome, "expressly stated that 'Man owes duties to his fellow-men; but he owes no duties to the lower animals.'" But here is the loophole for escape. Cardinal Manning has said: "It is true that man owes *no duty directly to the brutes*, but he owes it to God, whose creatures they are, to treat them mercifully." Thus the duty is to God, and not to the animals. But, really, if God has ordained that we ought not to be cruel to animals, the ordinary reasoning man would have thought that this is an excellent reason for saying that we have *duties* towards the animals. And Mgr. Vaughan seems subsequently to admit this by necessary implication, for he quotes with approval from the Catechism of the Diocese of Mayence, "To kill or torment beasts *without necessity or some useful purpose, is sinful*," and applies "Bishop Bagshawe's explanation" that this is so, "not because animals have rights," but "because we have duties." What duties? Surely duties to animals. I will not occupy space by considering the question whether animals can properly be said to have "rights," but how any intelligent thinking man can deny that we have *duties* towards the animals would pass my comprehension, had not a lengthy sojourn on this planet taught me that there is no proposition too absurd to find advocates even among those who pose as the leaders and instructors of humanity, when matters of theological doctrine are in question.

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\* Original italics.

Neither will I waste time over Bishop Bagshawe. That good Bishop, as quoted by Mgr. Vaughan, has said, "Men have reason and freewill, and it is necessary to have reason and freewill in order to have a right, properly speaking, at all. That which is not intelligent has not a right. But nevertheless we have duties, though they have not rights. We have the duty to imitate our Creator; our Creator is infinite mercy." Yet there is here much to criticise, did space permit. For instance, as a convinced Determinist, I deny the doctrine of freewill. Moreover I deny that "animals" are properly divided, as asserted by the Bishop, and by Mgr. Vaughan, into two classes, viz.: "(a) rational (as men), or else (b) irrational (as the beasts)." I hold that "the beasts" have reason, however imperfectly developed. The difference between the reason of man and the reason of "the beasts" is quantitative and not qualitative. I am glad to hear that "our Creator is infinite mercy," but I should much like to see some evidence of it. Certainly Nature does not reveal it. It is just as reasonable to argue that the Creator (if such there be) is evil because of all the evil in the world, as that he is good because of all the good in the world. If he created the beautiful summer day, and all the potentiality of human goodness, he also created cancers (physical and moral), and all the potentiality of misery and crime. In fact, to employ a quotation which is none the less true because it has so often been made use of—

"Nature, red in tooth and claw  
With ravine, shrieks against his creed."

But it is beside the point to argue these questions here. It is quite enough for us to accept Mgr. Vaughan's assurance that the teaching of the Catholic Church is "that cruelty, whether to men or beasts, is always wrong," and that "the Church not merely does not approve of cruelty, but that she positively denounces and reprobates and condemns cruelty of every kind." We ought to be devoutly thankful for that statement, and, that being so, it would seem to matter little on what basis that merciful doctrine is supposed to be established. ἀρχὴ γὰρ τὸ ὅτι καὶ εἰ τοῦτο φαίνεται ἀρκούντων, οὐδὲν προσδεῖσαι τοῦ διότι. Neither need we pause to discuss the cruelty of the Italian and

the Spaniard, whether it be racial, or fostered, if not caused, by the peculiar tenets of the Catholic theology. The Agnostic merely notes the fact that any amount of unquestioning faith in supernatural doctrines and dogmas will not save men from the perpetration of the most abominable and heartless cruelties.

But now, after this rather lengthy exordium, I come to the real point at issue. Is Mgr. Vaughan right in his defence of vivisection? Let us consider the arguments which he uses in support of it.

The Right Reverend and very learned Canon writes as follows:—"Where circumstances are such that pain *must* fall either upon man or beast, that is to say, where there is no third course open to us, we prefer it to fall on the beast, and not on the man. The anti-vivisectionist, on the contrary, prefers it to fall on the man, and in this he seems to us to be guilty of cruelty."

I will venture to say that a more glaring misstatement than this was never made, but let me hasten to add, using Mgr. Vaughan's own words with reference to his opponent, it is a misstatement "which arises, not, we are willing to believe, from any desire to misrepresent or calumniate, but from sheer ignorance."

In the first place we deny the necessity of the alternative postulated by Mgr. Vaughan. It is not true "that pain *must* fall either upon man or beast," with the implication that by putting it upon the beast we can prevent it falling upon the man. Neither is it true that "the anti-vivisectionist prefers it to fall on the man," whereas, by allowing it to fall upon the beast, he could save the man.

There is no such alternative as that proposed. We anti-vivisectionists deny that by torturing animals it has been found possible to mitigate human suffering. There is not a jot or tittle of evidence in support of that proposition. The statement with regard to appendicitis (*e.g.*) made by Mgr. Vaughan on the authority of an anonymous writer in *The Tablet* I do not hesitate to characterise as a grotesque departure from veracity. Let us lay to heart the words of Sir Frederick Treves (not himself, I believe, an opponent of *all* vivisection), "Many years

ago I carried out on the Continent sundry operations upon the intestines of dogs, but such are the differences between the human and the canine bowel that when I came to operate upon man I found I was much hampered by my new experience, that I had everything to unlearn, and that my experiments had done little but unfit me to deal with the human intestine." (See *British Medical Journal* for November 5, 1898.)

But even if it could be shown (which it cannot) that vivisection has been the means whereby discoveries have been made which have led, in some instances, to the alleviation of human suffering, we should still contend most strenuously that such a result was dearly bought, and that humanity has lost in the process very much more than it has gained.

Mgr. Vaughan, with the wisdom, I will not say of the serpent, but of the astute controversialist, has tried to fix our attention exclusively on experiments of inoculation on rabbits, guinea-pigs, and "such small deer." Now I will not here argue about such experiments. It would take far too long. But no one knows better than Mgr. Vaughan that there are other experiments, more properly known as *vivisection* (viz., the cutting of a living body), which are more generally referred to, and even more bitterly resented by the anti-vivisectionists. Such are the experiments constantly made before medical students and students of physiology, to "demonstrate" vital processes. Such are the experiments concerning which Mgr. Vaughan and those who hold his opinions, can read of at length in the recently published "Shambles of Science," by two lady students at University College. But it is well to take a concrete instance, and I will take one where there was no "vivisection" at all properly so called, though there were experiments (abominable experiments in our view) on living creatures.

It appears from an answer recently given by the Home Secretary in the House of Commons that Professor Schäfer has performed, and (as it would seem) is still performing, experiments on the effect of immersion on dogs, in order to ascertain "the best means of effecting resuscitation in cases of apparent drowning;" and that "in view of the great importance of the subject in connection with the saving of human life," the Home Secretary has "not felt justified in disallowing the certificates."



This means that dogs are taken in cold blood and deliberately drowned, in order that the Professor may try if he can bring them back to life again. And this in the supposed interest of humanity!

Now, it by no means follows that the best method for resuscitating the apparently drowned dog is also the best method to employ with men and women in the same case. But, admitting, for the sake of argument only, that these experiments may possibly lead to an improved system of treating the apparently drowned, I should still contend that human life is dearly purchased by such revolting practices.

On what principle does man arrogate to himself the right of torturing helpless creatures in search of a possible means of prolonging some human lives? I hold very strongly that such infliction of suffering cannot be justified, and is therefore properly stigmatised as "cruelty." "It is not, nor it cannot come to good." The gain to humanity by such experiments is, to say the least, very doubtful, but the loss is certain; and the certain loss is incomparably greater than any possible gain. Humanity has never gained, and never will gain, by cowardice, and callousness to suffering, and only by such epithets can I characterise the conduct of those who can so treat the dog, "the little brother," the friend of man. What sort of a man must he be who can look a dog in the face, and seeing the trust and pathos of those eyes, can nevertheless bear away the helpless creature and deliberately consign him to the agonies of drowning in the hope of making scientific capital out of his sufferings?

To us such a proceeding is hideous and abhorrent. Better far that the drowned should sleep on than that these Professors should be given *carte blanche* for their sickening "experiments." They may be actuated by all the "good intentions" that Mgr. Vaughan claims for them, but to us they seem as perverted, and as estranged from true humanity as so many "Frankensteins." It is amazing to us that preachers of religion and teachers of men like Mgr. Vaughan, cannot see this. And yet the experiments and demonstrations of the vivisection table are more horrible even than those of Professor Schäfer.

Mgr. Vaughan says that "more real mercy and tenderness

and commiseration are shown in allowing *necessary experiments* to be made upon beasts rather than upon men," and that "it seems really heartless and unfeeling to prevent all *useful and necessary experiments* being made upon animals." But surely the Right Reverend Canon is old enough controversialist to know that nothing is gained in the cause of truth by question-begging epithets. We deny both the necessity and the utility of the experiments. We believe them to be prejudicial to the best and highest interests of humanity; we maintain that they are not morally justifiable, and the unjustifiable infliction of pain we call "cruelty."

In conclusion, I would unburden my mind by a few remarks concerning the faith which I hold, viz., "the faith of an Agnostic."\* Unthinking people sometimes talk as though those who feel that they can entertain no fixed belief with regard to that which they conceive to be unknowable, are more likely to be callous to animal suffering than such as accept the doctrines of "Revealed Religion." It is to be regretted that some writers in this controversy should think it necessary to obscure the issue as between vivisectionists and anti-vivisectionists by depreciatory allusions to "atheists" and "materialists," as though such people could not be just as sincere, just as enthusiastic as themselves in the cause of humanity. Thus it has curiously resulted that while some attach great responsibility to the Church of Rome for the cruelty which has been so rampant in Catholic countries, at the same time Christians of another denomination are blaming the "materialistic theories" of modern science!

The fact is, I take it, that humanity, in the Christian world at any rate, is a plant of comparatively recent growth. It certainly flourishes quite as well on atheistic, or agnostic, as on orthodox soil. It is, I presume, rather a matter of thought and temperament than of religion. Still I conceive that a lamentable effect was produced by that Faith which taught that the earth was the centre of the universe, and that man was created to be the lord of it, and all that therein is. "God," says Mgr.

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\* Those who would cavil at the expression are referred to Huxley's *Essays*, vol. v., p. 245.

Vaughan, referring to Genesis, "has given man dominion over the beasts of the field, and the birds of the air." That doctrine has much to answer for. For myself I repudiate it. I look upon the beasts and the birds as my brothers, and my cousins, more or less "removed," but descended from the same ancestral form. I have superiority over them by reason of that superior brain power with which evolution has endowed me, but that very reasoning faculty, in them so imperfectly developed, teaches me the iniquity of ill-treating them; teaches me the sacred duty of lovingkindness to these poor dumb friends whom chance and circumstance have put into my power.

In my view it is a calamity that this duty is nowhere to be found expressly, and hardly even, by implication, enjoined in the books held sacred by Christianity.\* But, alas! as Mr. Lecky writes, "the animal world, being altogether external to the scheme of redemption, was regarded as beyond the range of duty." The Pythagoreans had taught the doctrine of kindness to animals, but "in the range and circle of duties inculcated by the early Fathers those to animals had no place." What a contrast to the religion of the Buddha, which three hundred years before Christ had established hospitals for animals as well as men! *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*, says Mgr. Vaughan. The Agnostic would fain teach him that the animal body is not a *vile corpus* to be experimented upon at will, and that it is not good for men to seek escape from suffering through the tortures of their humbler brethren.

GEORGE FORESTER.

## II.

IT is to be hoped that Monsignor Vaughan's article on "Cruelty to Animals and Theology" will not too greatly mislead waverers. It is a wonderful illustration of the plausible

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\* The sentiment involved in the injunction not to "seethe the kid in its mother's milk" is, no doubt, charming, but it would, surely, have been more to the point to have enjoined kindness to the kid in its lifetime! "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox which treadeth out the corn" is better, but St. Paul makes short work of it. "Doth God take care for oxen?"—which he evidently thinks an absurd idea. But these few sporadic passages of the Old Testament have, in any case, but little value, while the New Testament is unfortunately silent.

surface-reading of theological students in general and Roman Catholics in particular.

May I be permitted to point out one or two of his most fallacious arguments?

As an argument in favour of vivisection Monsignor Vaughan instances the father who beats his son over severely for the boy's own good. As animals, however, are not vivisected for *their own good*, where is the analogy?

Again he instances the case of a wounded soldier who has to suffer the pain of amputation to save his life. And again I reply the animal's life is not saved by the vivisection it has to undergo.

Indeed the main evil of vivisection is the cowardly doctrine it inculcates of forcing suffering on the weaker, not for *their* benefit, but for *ours*. Monsignor Vaughan argues that it is more necessary to save human beings from pain than creatures who are not human beings.

Why? On what grounds does he base this arbitrary saying?

Health is harmony. Pain is discord. Pain is the outcome of broken harmony, of broken laws, of disobedience. Did the animals or the humans introduce disobedience into the universe? If I remember rightly it was the humans. Why should animals pay the penalty? Is it not the typical big bully over again, who thrashes a smaller boy for getting a prize?

The vivisectionist, according to Monsignor Vaughan, prefers that pain should fall on the innocent animal. The anti-vivisectionist prefers that man should bear the consequences of his own law-breaking.

Monsignor Vaughan repudiates the idea that animals have "rights," or any knowledge of right or wrong. Upon what grounds does he base *this* knowledge? Does he mean to deny the fact that all animals in their natural state obey the divine instincts implanted within them? They *know* right, and they *do* right, when *we* allow them to. Humans *know* right and *do* wrong, and pain and disease result. Pain is the danger-flag, the unfailing signal of disobedience to laws. Animals obey; *we* don't; why should we not bear the consequences?

The birds upon our housetops are a daily example to us of the physical health that results from obedience to the laws of the universe. Humans have always disobeyed those laws, and shifted the consequences whenever possible on to other shoulders. It is not a position to make us proud.

Monsignor Vaughan says again it is better to experiment on a rabbit than on a child. Eminent medical authorities contradict this, and say the rabbit and the child are too dissimilar. The experiment is misleading. The same authorities assert that *observation* is of greater value than any experiment. Obedience to the laws of health is more valuable than either.

But observation and obedience are not so interesting as experiment. And the general public never hears the full truth. For instance, two or three years since, inoculation for diphtheria was being loudly trumpeted as a triumph of vivisection. But when the patients got lockjaw from the inoculation the trumpet was smothered.

Maybe the time is not so far off when Monsignor Vaughan and others will learn with surprise that the human is not so super-superior as he thinks himself, and will begin with shame to take a lower place. It is unusual for the genuinely superior to need to insist on the fact so constantly.

ELLEN TIGHE HOPKINS.

## THE DEMOCRATIC IDEAL IN LITERATURE.

PROBABLY the most significant tendency of our times is the rapid movement towards a more democratic state of society. Already in politics, in art, in literature, in public opinion, in social life, in the humanitarian movement, there are abundant evidences of a growing democratic spirit. As time goes on, with the growth of this spirit, it seems likely that up to a certain stage literature will have a prominent, a growing influence—that it will be the principal means of leading and stimulating the future democracy. In the spread and conflict of ideas, in the formation of public opinion, in morally influencing the world, and, more especially, in the creation of individual and national ideals, literature may become a dominant force. The material wealth of a nation we may look upon as the body; and literature and religion—to become fused hereafter—as its soul. This new literature will be the best antiseptic for the brutal vulgarity of the materialism and money-making of our modern civilisation. The future will be moulded largely by our poets and philosophers. To the poet who shall have absorbed in himself science and modernity and the life of the common and average man, interpreting them in their ethical, spiritual meanings, with prophetic insight reading the future—to him the priest and the politician will take a secondary place.



It is, therefore, useful to consider what literature has at present to offer as elements of a new ideal for the future democracy. The popular poet, the poet read, accepted, and admired by the populace is not necessarily a democratic poet—but at present generally the reverse. The latter, being the pioneer of a new society, must wait for a full understanding and acceptance until the people have come up level with himself. He does not tell us only what we knew before, or please us with a passing fancy, but creates to some extent the taste by which he is to be enjoyed. Walt Whitman is the supreme example of a democrat—as that acute observer, Thoreau, remarked, “He *is* democracy”—and Edward Carpenter is, perhaps, the only other man for whom can be claimed the title of democratic poet. Although in some ways Carpenter has been influenced by Whitman, yet he is very different, and has a decided and distinct individuality, and is innately democratic. Until the appearance of “Leaves of Grass” and “Towards Democracy” there was nothing in literature having a full appreciation of the people, embracing humanity in all its phases with fervent love and equality. Of course each of the past literatures has uttered some syllable, contributed some element, towards our present democratic ideal. For instance—the ancient Oriental and Hebrew literatures, in stimulating the moral elements and religious fervour in man—the Greek, with its grand ideals of physical strength and beauty, of comradeship and heroism, and of healthy national life—the literature of science, in removing superstitions, clearing the ground, and revealing some of the laws of the physical universe—Shakespeare, in presenting types of great personalities, of grand, heroic, proud individuals—Milton, in pleading for liberty of conscience—Wordsworth, in seeing the divinity and beauty of Nature, and as an example of plain living and high thinking—Carlyle, in exposing the shams and cant of a commercial age, and rousing the heroic in man—Ruskin, in teaching the nature of true beauty and true riches—Shelley, the great pioneer of the democratic movement, opening up new fields of reform, and giving great impetus to the cause of freedom and justice, freedom of mind and soul as well as of body—and so on.

Let us consider a few of the main features of democratic poetry—that is, the poetry of Whitman and Carpenter, and their ideals of a future individual and national life. To proceed, it will be well to try and get some conception of what democracy means. It is difficult, practically impossible, to give any definition of it—just as it would be impossible to define, say, Christianity or Nature—in a few words; and as democracy resides wholly in the future, it must of necessity be a matter of speculation to some extent. The etymological meaning of the word, of course, is “the power of the people.” But although the means of self-government are now in the hands of the people, yet the people are too ignorant to make use of that privilege. It is not even the political rule of the people. We have yet to witness the birth of “the people,” though the birth-throes are now upon us; we are now fast learning our powers and responsibilities. As great political changes are generally the result of, and followed by, great moral changes—the French revolution, repeal of the Corn Laws, free compulsory education, etc., marking changes far deeper than political ones—so also the democratic franchise marks, and will result in, moral changes in all the spheres of private and public life. Democracy is not only a political question, it is more a personal and religious one. The democrat does not mean the man who merely believes in a particular theory of government, while at the same time he treats his fellows as inferiors; as, for instance, in so-called democratic America, where the blacks are pariahs, and not allowed in the same places as the whites. That is the anti-thesis of democracy. He will be a democrat in his life, and treat all his fellows as equals and brothers. The democrat will not only treat them so, but will feel and know that they really *are* so.

The ordinary conception or definition of democracy is “the government of the people by the people and for the people,” in Lincoln’s homely phrase; but necessary and important as that is, democracy is *more* than that, it is a social life of the people by the people and for the people; an industry, an art, a literature, a religion—of, by, and for the people. Some of



our great men have been opposed to democracy for the reason that they held a false or crude idea of what it meant. For instance, to take no less a man, Carlyle's railing against democracy was really against *mob*-rule, which is a very different thing; and although he favoured an aristocratic government, a rule by our great men, yet he knew well enough that *they* are a product of the people. The question a democrat would ask of a government is, "What sort of men and women does it tend to produce?" We are fond of boasting of the magnitude of our national resources, of our extensive commerce, army, navy, and shipping; of our vast empire; of the perfection of work and ingenuity displayed in the manufacture of an immense variety and abundance of commercial goods; of the great feats of engineering, etc.; and we do well to take pride in these things; but when we look at the men and women it results in, we must all admit a grave disproportion. Whitman says:—

"A great city is that which has the greatest men and women.  
Though it be but a few ragged huts, it is yet the greatest city in  
the whole world."

and again:—"Produce great persons, and the rest follows."  
With the right persons any form of government would serve.

In considering the ideals of Whitman and Carpenter, it is necessary, first of all, to try to understand the point of view from which the democrat looks out upon the world. He regards the material universe as being but the material manifestation of the divine spirit. "The stars and the daisies shine out visibly from the bosom of God," says Carpenter. He sees that behind all the objects of the world exist the permanent realities. What are generally regarded as the most solid and concrete things are really the most fleeting. Material objects are "dumb beautiful ministers" to the soul; and the body "the necessary film enveloping the soul." The material universe is really so much symbolism. Like the type in a printed book, natural objects are representations of something else; they are but words in the great book of Nature, and we must see through and beyond that book, just as we do with a printed book, and get at the meanings.

The democratic poet does this, and comes into conscious realisation of the divine spirit, and finds he is one with it, in fact, that he *is* that spirit, as likewise are all the living things of the earth. "I and the Father are one," said Christ. We are all members of one body, and "I know," said Whitman, "that all the men are my brothers, and all the women my sisters and lovers." Hence his deep sympathy, which is not objective but subjective. "I do not ask the wounded person how he feels, I myself *become* the wounded person"; and again, "Whoever degrades another degrades me."

I must also quote what Carpenter says, speaking of the birth within him of the democratic consciousness:—

"I became for the time overwhelmingly conscious of the disclosure within me of a region transcending in some sense the ordinary bounds of personality, in the light of which region my own idiosyncrasies of character—defects, accomplishments, limitations, or what not—appeared of no importance whatever—an absolute freedom from mortality, accompanied by an indescribable calm and joy. I also immediately saw, or rather *felt*, that this region of self existing in me existed equally (though not always equally *consciously*) in others. In regard to it the mere diversities of temperament which ordinarily distinguish and divide people dropped away and became indifferent, and a field was opened in which all might meet, in which all were truly equal. Thus the two words which controlled my thought and expression at that time became Freedom and Equality."

We, therefore, see that democracy means the birth of a new consciousness—the cosmic consciousness—and not merely a new idea or theory. It is not a matter of politics only, but an affair of the individual heart and mind. We see, too, why the main keynotes of democratic poetry are freedom, equality, and love.

How different is this conception of life and the universe from that of aristocratic and feudal poetry! The latter is exclusive and select, rejects the vulgar and common; pays most attention to form, style, and convention—while the democratic poet is all-accepting, all-embracing, the so-called evil as well as so-called good; the vulgar, despised, neglected, and commonplace all come within his sympathetic interests. To that character most scorned by respectable society, Whitman exclaims, "Not till the sun excludes you will I exclude

you." He is, therefore, no lover of caste or sectarianism, and his patriotism extends to the bounds of humanity.

We will note other differences appearing in democratic poetry. First of all, its style, which is such a stumbling-block to so many who cannot see over the hedges of their conventional gardens to the untraversed fields outside. It is no new thing for an original genius to step beyond the bounds of conventional methods, though it would be unique if the critics at the outset approved of his doing so. He may be original in his mode of expression, as well as in the matter of his thought. Former poets would not regard as poetry anything not trimmed, formal, or rhymed. Whitman says that rhyme may not be used by the great poets in the future, but only by the lesser poets and versifiers. The style of Whitman and Carpenter is, and must be, more free and unrestrained, more simple and direct, like all great elemental poetry—the poetry of the Psalms and Isaiah, for instance. The more plastic the style, the more difficult to master, not easier, as some critics mistakenly imagine. Poetry is independent of rhyme—in some prose writings we find the richest poetry, while, on the other hand, much of the current so-called poetry is as lifeless and prosy as an average church sermon. But no poet or artist can disregard rhythm. This is essential to all great art, for the reason probably that there appears to be a rhythm pervading all life and nature. Life and the universe is largely made up of vibration and rhythm—the rhythm of all the sights and sounds of nature, of the movement of the solar system ("the music of the spheres"), of night and day, of the seasons, the waves and tides—of the heart's action and the physical functions, of music, etc.; and he who would express life must necessarily be rhythmical, though not necessarily bound by any artificialities of rhyme. The style of "Leaves of Grass" and "Towards Democracy" is of a nobler, broader rhythm, like a Tchaikovsky or Beethoven symphony compared with Mozartian, though, if we compare it with music, probably Wagner is nearest in style and feeling. It is more impassioned, more suitable and effective for their purposes than the ordinary conventional verse. Read aloud, it enables the voice to express most effectively every shade of pathos,

emotion, and passion, and is capable of affecting us by the music of its words and rhythm, which, after all, is the main test.

One prominent feature of democratic poetry is that it is seminal. It does not, like most former poetry, present to us something elaborated, perfect, and finished, so that we have only to passively receive it ; but instead, it suggests, stimulates, and strengthens thought, deepens and widens the sympathies, creates the mood, the atmosphere, and leaves us to do the main things ourselves. It is the sun and the rain ; it is for us to develop the flowers and fruit. It is not pedantic. It would have the pupil go ahead of the teacher. "He most honours my style who learns under it to destroy that of the teacher," says Whitman. The method is what might be called musical, in the wide sense. It aims at affecting in subtle ways the spirit, the soul, of man as much as the intellect. Music is the best means of doing this, and that being so, music is a greater art than poetry. Perhaps at some future day it will be the principal means of soul-communication. Those pages which have been misunderstood as merely long "catalogues" in democratic poetry have a very decided place and purpose. By a series of suggestions and mental pictures, it creates the mood or feeling it wishes to inspire. If it wishes to say *universal* or *spacious*, by a series of mental suggestions it makes us feel a sense of universality or space—that is, if our imagination and feeling are capable of responding—or, if it wishes us to see the beauty and perfection of all things, the common and evil as well as the select and good, it plays upon the imagination until we feel that it is so. As in music, so it appeals to the deeper nature of man, affecting his moral nature more than his intellect. The intellect alone cannot grasp the great facts of life and the universe. "Let your mind realise the miraculous beauty of the world," says Whitman. Only so can the deeper powers be active. For this he does not argue or preach. Whitman says:—

"The words of my book nothing, the drift of it everything—  
A book separate, not linked with the rest nor felt by the intellect  
But you ye untold latencies will thrill to every page."

He is often most eloquent by his silence. He aims to affect us as Nature does. "I permit," says Whitman, "Nature to speak at any hazard without check and with original energy." He will influence us not by arguments, but in the same way as a personal presence does, or the song of a bird in the early spring, or the sight of a landscape, or the rolling ocean, or a rippling brook, the rain or sunshine, the sunset, the starry night, or the awakening dawn. He deliberately adopts the methods of Nature. Having come into conscious relationship with the spirit underlying phenomena, there is consequently a close affiliation between him and material nature, so that he is able to give it articulation, to interpret, as it were, natural objects, and suggest to us their spirit, which, we must remember, is not to be comprehended by the intellect alone. To accomplish this is the greatest triumph of art.

Feudal or aristocratic poetry is provincial—it deals more with the ruling and cultured classes, but does not appreciate the common people. It portrays and exemplifies great characters, men of great dignity, honour, courage, and heroism, splendid models in some ways to set before the people; but they are always the men in high places and of high birth or authority, apparently impossible for the common people, who are put in the background, with no higher qualities than honesty and faithfulness. Democratic poetry emphasises the fact that in the humblest circumstances it is possible to develop a great personality—to be proud, generous, powerful, heroic, to have sublime thoughts, deep feelings, and enjoy the greatest prizes the world has to give, to become great in any sphere of life—to quote two great examples, Burns as a poet, and Lincoln rising to take supreme command of a great nation. There is an abundance of unexpressed poetry among the common people, and most of the picturesque in their common occupations. In their lives and doings is to be found the best material for literature and art. The poet and artist of democratic feeling will not portray fine ladies and gentlemen in their drawing-rooms, or kings and knights in their castles or palaces, but will take for his subjects the engine-driver on the footplate of his engine, the collier with smutched face, the



ploughman, the harvester, the man with the hoe, the blacksmith, the navvy on tramp with his wife and children in search of work—the workshop, the docks, the little cottage, the market-place. Democratic poetry is full of the daily occupations of the workers, and of the life of the fields and woods and of populous pavements. These objects are full of real beauty and poetry.

The attitude of the democratic poet is a complete change from the old theological conception of the universe to that of the modern and scientific. He says the day of the priest is over, and every man must be his own priest; that there is no greater god to one than one's self. To him the body and all its parts are good and beautiful, and none must be subordinated; he sees the same natural laws in every form of life, no matter how large or how small, for size is only relative; he sees divinity in all men, and every living thing—everything without exception has an eternal soul; he sees the common origin of man and the animals and the unity of all life; he sees that death is the law of life; he sees the earth only as a speck in the great infinite universe; he knows that matter is indestructible, and that the earth's forces are constant; he rejects the old idea of the fall of man, and in its place sees the development and progression of life, that every atom is aspiring to be man ("the soggy clods shall become lovers and lamps"); that every hour is the semen of centuries and still of centuries. He sees no sin, but good in everything, good and evil as relative terms; that there is no more heaven and hell in the future than exists in the present; all is beautiful to him, and he "does not see one cause or result lamentable at last in the universe." At the last he does not separate the material from the spiritual; all materials are for spiritual results. He not only accords with the latest revelations of science, but vivifies them with ethical and spiritual meanings. He would have a more humane science than that of to-day. Through his sympathy, intuition, and insight—his cosmic sense—he sees truths not recognised by the scientist. "Science is not his dwelling, but only an entrance to an area of his dwelling."

We may now consider the sort of culture suggested by this

democratic ideal. Whitman says: "The best culture will always be that of the manly and courageous instincts and loving perceptions and of self-respect." In the first place, it is not a library or university culture only, but taken at first hand from actual life and experience. A strong, healthy body is essential, and the best culture must have regard to the physical training of the man. The body is the sacred temple of the soul. Through its myriad avenues of sense, through every pore, comes the influence of the outer world. The whole healthy body is a medium through which are conducted strength and gladness to the soul. Mind pervades the whole body, and disease of any part of it will influence the mind.

"Only health puts you *en rapport* with the world," and health is only to be retained by a free life in the open air. The true culture must not only deal with the thinking man, but also with the eating and drinking, procreating, and loving man. Sex, which underlies such a great part of human life, must not be ignored or concealed as something to be ashamed of. Only when sound and vital there can the man otherwise be sane and pure. There is great need at present for a more wholesome view of such matters. It is time sex was lifted from the vulgar, morbid, unscientific atmosphere of the present day, and regarded in the open, natural way of the scientist and with the sacredness of these poets. The same with parentage: they would hasten the time when it will be the noblest science. Then, too, the great importance of woman's emancipation from her present thralldom to the position of equal and mate of man cannot by them be overrated. No scientific treatise will have such influence as the writings of Whitman and Carpenter towards a cleaner, more natural view of sex-functions and to a nobler conception of parentage. The intellect, too, must have full respect, for great is the power of the intellect; but there does not seem any danger of that being undervalued at the present day. But rising superior to intellect, there is something in man—we may call it the moral nature or the soul—to which the intellect is servant. The intuitions, emotions, and desires are attributes of it. If a man have health, noble aspirations, and a high moral nature, then we may be sure his manners and conduct will be of an excellent

kind; he will need no training in these things. Every action has at last spiritual results, and our lives should be lived in regard to that fact. The cultivation of the deeper self is the best culture.

Another essential element in the democratic ideal is the culture of a great and lofty individualism. The growth of the social spirit does not mean a weakening of the individualist temper, but rather the ennobling of it. Anything is to be avoided which would have the effect of removing all great effort and responsibility from the individual. The important thing is the production of grander individuals. All life and materials are directed to the individual, and that individual is yourself, yourself, yourself, whoever you may be. All is for the purpose of forming and deciding your identity. "He or she is greatest who contributes the greatest original practical example." The democrat is no meek and mild angel. He says, "Muscle and pluck for ever," and to the weakling he exclaims, "Open your scarfed chops till I blow grit within you." He is joyfully conscious of his power, and glories in his strength. "He gathers the minds of men out of their brains and the love out of their hearts as he encounters them." He wages war on all the silly conventions, respectabilities, inanities, and inhumanities, and against all tyrants. He enters the political arena, and has definite beliefs on social questions. One struggle succeeded, greater ones follow. He does not stop sleeping and dallying in any theory or dogma; he is a soldier of revolt; he takes up the task eternal, and conquers newer, mightier worlds.

"Oh, the joy of a manly selfhood!  
To be servile to none, to defer to none—  
Not to any tyrant known or unknown.  
To walk with erect carriage, a step springy and elastic;  
To look with calm gaze or with a flashing eye;  
To speak with a full and sonorous voice out of a broad chest;  
To confront with your personality all the other personalities  
of the earth."

But along with this great pride in oneself goes an equal love for his fellows. Either without the other would be a defect. For the making of a great individual this self-pride and love



for others must go together. Neither can stretch too far while it is in company with the other. The democrat has a passionate love for his fellows. He is an example of manly and robust love and fervent comradeship. This is the cornerstone of his character, binding all the other elements together and refining them, which, too, can be the only permanent strength of a nation. Whitman looks to the development of this adhesive love and fervid comradeship ("threads of manly friendship, fond and loving, pure and sweet, strong and lifelong, carried to degrees hitherto unknown—not only giving tone to individual character and making it unprecedentedly emotional, muscular, heroic, and refined, but having deepest relations to general politics") as the counterbalance and offset of our vulgar materialism.

Such—it seems to the writer—are some of the features of the poetry of Whitman and Carpenter, and the elements it offers us for a new, a democratic ideal. Their books, "Leaves of Grass" and "Towards Democracy," form, I believe, the greatest body of inspiration and prophecy that has appeared for many centuries. They begin a new era in literature. They are indicative of the future. The world is certainly going their way. They herald a new day, and will have an important influence in the evolution of a new, a humane society, a true Democracy.

CHARLES F. SIXSMITH.

## THE WAR AGAINST THE SPARROW.

WE have frequently been told that the Board of Agriculture seldom does anything well, and there is doubtless some considerable truth in the assertion. Its action in regard to the quarantine and muzzling of sane and healthy dogs, exempting those used in cruel blood sports, is so well known that the facts relating thereto need not be recounted here. Like the Home Office and other Departments of State, the Board of Agriculture is stubborn, and will only yield to the pressure of an enlightened and determined public opinion, as manifested at the polls or through the House of Commons. This was shown, clearly enough, in the case of its ill-judged Dog Bill, introduced a session or two ago, and now either withdrawn or abandoned.

The Board's series of leaflets on the value of birds in agriculture is full of mistakes and inaccuracies. The last leaflet of this series, No. 84, on "The House Sparrow," is in every way a discreditable production, insisting in a wild sort of manner that the bird is as much a pest in New Zealand and Australia\* as he is alleged to be in the British Isles, and suggesting various modes for his slaughter, all of which are of a more or less brutalising nature and quite as foolish as they are repulsive to anyone possessing a spark of humane feeling.

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\* It has been pointed out by a correspondent in the *Animals' Friend* that this argument "about the *colonising* sparrows should be passed over altogether—it cannot be considered in regard to *passer domesticus* here in England."

As the sparrow is absolutely without legal protection in this country, his destruction might have been left to the amenities of grain-poisoners, gun-bearers, trap-setters, professional slaughterers forming sparrow clubs, and the gambling fraternity who patronise public-house "shoots." The Board of Agriculture might surely have concerned itself with other and more needful work; certainly the enemies of the sparrow stand in no need of encouragement from high quarters, and its action in publishing broadcast this biased statement is a piece of gratuitous folly.

What guarantee is there that louts with guns will not destroy rare and valuable birds on the pretext that they are following the advice and carrying out the instructions of the Board of Agriculture? Let Kent and Sussex answer. Many country people know nothing whatever of natural history, and can scarcely tell a common sparrow from any other bird of similar size and colouring; and, moreover, does not the Board of Agriculture itself say:—"Every encouragement should be given to the protection of all other small birds, *unless there are obvious reasons for including other species than the sparrow in the black list*"? (Italics mine.) Now, what does this mean? Why, it means that any member of a sparrow club can shoot or in other ways destroy bullfinches, skylarks, linnets, tits, and other birds, and that County Councils, in their applications to the Home Secretary, will have to consider local peculiarities, and the Home Secretary will have to frame his orders accordingly. In this way we foresee an extension of the existing absurd anomalies, and much of the good which has been accomplished under the Wild Birds Protection Acts will be undone. In support of these remarks, let me quote the following extract from a letter by Mr. W. Percival Westall in the *Animals' Friend*:—

"The tree sparrow will probably suffer as well (as the house sparrow), and this would be a diabolical shame, as even the author of this death-warrant admits that this latter bird is of much service. Not only will the tree sparrow suffer in this wise, but other beautiful birds, for before now I have had nightingales' eggs brought to me as sparrows', and I might mention others. And the gentle little hedge sparrow—wrongly named—will also be persecuted when the cruel decree goes forth. . . . Give the word that the house sparrow shall

be drawn and quartered, and a great many other birds will also perish; give the ploughboy and the nest-robber a *foot*, and they will take a *yard*."

The leaflet encourages the offering of bounties for heads and other bloody trophies, which is highly objectionable in itself, as it will be likely to lead not only to dishonesty and fraud, but is an additional incentive to indiscriminate butchery. We are told that a club in Kent, with less than twenty working members, destroyed during the last three seasons over 28,000 sparrows in a comparatively small area. The members of this club are held up by the Board of Agriculture as an example to follow. What a brave band they must be!

Again, is not the Board's recommendation that "shooting with small shot is useful" calculated to bring about a renewal of the agitation for the suspension of the 10s. gun license, or at any rate lead to breaches of the law? It is just this little contribution to the Revenue which prevents inexperienced men and lads from killing and maiming themselves and others, to say nothing about animals and birds. With a Pistols Bill before Parliament, which has the support of the Home Office, the less the Board of Agriculture says about "shooting with small shot" the better.

It may be necessary in certain localities to reduce the sparrows' preponderance; if it is decided to do so, let the work be given to reputable persons, who will see that the birds are killed expeditiously and with as little suffering as possible. No incentive whatsoever ought to be held out to hobbledehoys and ignorant and irresponsible persons. The killing, too, ought to be done before or after the breeding season, in the winter, say, and thus obviate the risk of starving the helpless young birds in the nest. The abstraction and destruction of eggs ought also to be carried out systematically and in a legitimate manner. The present barbarous and selfish destruction of nests and plundering of eggs ought not to be permitted in a country which boasts of a wealthy and influential Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, under royal patronage. It is on a par with the ruthless slaughter, in far-away lands, of the lovely heron in the midst of the nesting season, in order to furnish the aigrettes which, alas! are still worn by vulgar and

thoughtless women. Were one-thousandth part of the time and money which are now expended in destroying life devoted to the discovery of humane methods of checking and regulating superabundant existence, there would be much more justifiable reason for being proud of our civilisation than there is just now.

There is not a word in the leaflet about the sparrow-hawk, whose mission is to keep in check such birds as wood-pigeons, sparrows, and other small seed-eating birds, and who does valuable service. In this connection the opinion of the late Lord Lilford is of great value. Writing as an ardent preserver of game, he maintained that it is quite unnecessary to exterminate any bird of prey. Another careful observer, Mr. Edward Newman, F.L.S., author of "British Moths," says that "a sparrow-hawk, left to himself, even by scaring the sparrows from the ripening grain, will save the wages of at least three boys." As Mr. Hudson forcibly reminds us, "It would be impossible to devise a more effectual method of lessening his (the sparrow's) predominance than that which nature teaches—namely, to subject him to the competition of other and better species."

So we see that in the opinion of some of our leading authorities the sparrow-hawk would soon rectify abnormal passerine life and bring back the balance of nature to its proper level.

Another thing to be advanced in favour of this natural process is that through its agency there would be preserved to us many beautiful forms of bird life which, for various causes, are threatened with utter extinction. What nature-lovers are striving for is efficient legislative protection for those species of wild birds which keep the smaller tribes—especially the graminivorous—in check. First and foremost, then, the Board of Agriculture might very well have urged upon keepers and game-preservers the necessity of protecting and even of breeding, within certain limits, such birds of prey.

The model scheme of rules published by the Board of Agriculture, which can be amended or curtailed according to the requirements of the district, show that any person, old or young, is eligible to join a Sparrow Club on the payment of five shillings or less, as the case may be. We know that in

many districts little boys and girls are employed by their parents and other rustics in the sanguinary business of hunting down the sparrow and other useful birds, who are killed in a horrible manner. If the Board of Agriculture does not approve of this conduct, let it say so, and not otherwise condone, as it appears to do at present, the ruffianly "mercies" of the average boy and girl, whose first instinct is to torment and destroy any defenceless being that may come within their clutches. What is the good of the Board of Education issuing instructions as to the teaching of humanitarianism *in* schools, if *out* of them the children are encouraged by another department of the State to hunt to a cruel death the whole race of sparrows?

No reputable authority nowadays maintains that the sparrow is, from first to last, absolutely harmless, especially if he is permitted to increase over the normal, and it would be obviously unfair to extend to him in all cases the measure of protection afforded to birds that are purely insectivorous. The contention is that, though he consumes a certain amount of grain during the harvest, he is, for the rest of the time (quite nine months of the year), useful in clearing fields of noxious weeds such as goosefoot, orache, knotgrass, wild-mustard, chickweed, etc., and in destroying the eggs and larvæ of many small insects. He has a big appetite for caterpillars and other pests of the cultivator too numerous to mention. Most indefatigable and ubiquitous of birds, he picks up unconsidered trifles by the way, and may be regarded as scavenger, insect-eater, and weed-destroyer in one. Mr. Joseph Nunn, the Royston farmer, who has made a special study of the sparrow for sixteen years, says that he is thoroughly convinced that he is "the most valuable of all our indigenous small birds."

While it may be true, as stated by the Board of Agriculture, that the sparrow drives other birds, as, for instance, the swallows and house-martins,\* away, it is to be questioned whether

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\* Mr. Nunn considers that sparrows "are much more useful as fly-catchers than the swallows and martins, who only come for the best of the fly season. Their favourite winged food consists of moths, flies, and beetles." Butterflies, we note, "are never molested, I suppose owing to their unpleasant flavour."

such birds have left us entirely. I have heard from different parts of the country that the sparrows do not molest other birds, and that they can be seen living on friendly terms with both swallows and martins. How is it that in many parts where the sparrow is common, so likewise are many purely insect-feeding birds, and that elsewhere a dearth of sparrows as well as of swallows and warblers has been remarked? Swallows and house martins are "eccentric" birds; I have known a large colony of the latter leave a district which they had frequented for years for no apparent reason; certainly their action was not due to the persecution of the sparrows.

The reply to the charge brought against the sparrow by the Board of Agriculture—that examinations of the contents of the stomachs of these birds have been made in this country and abroad, and it has been shown that from 75 to 80 per cent. of the food of those of mature age throughout the whole year consists of cultivated grain—is to be found in a pamphlet written by Dr. Greene, F.Z.S., Mr. Horace Tuppen, and Mr. Percival Westall, entitled "Miss Ormerod and the Sparrows' Death Warrant." The simple reason why no insects are found is because "the sparrow so thoroughly masticates an insect, that in two or three bites it is reduced to pulp, and eats so much grit, that it would require very close observation indeed to detect the insects undoubtedly devoured, although not visible to the naked eye or under the influence of the microscope. We do not wonder (write our authors) at no insects being found in the crops of the birds; these all get into the gizzard, in the form we have already mentioned."

The corn eaten by the sparrow during the six or seven weeks of harvest, shows want of precaution on the farmer's part and may be largely prevented. The proper method of dealing with him (in the absence of his natural enemies) is to frighten him during the harvesting time. There is a lot of nonsense talked about the havoc done by sparrows in robbing corn-ricks. They may do damage in the case of slovenly farmers, who build imperfect corn-ricks, but a rick, well made, is almost invulnerable against the sparrow or other small birds, though mice and voles can make an impression which is hardly credible. The mischief wrought by these small rodents is too often put down to the account of the sparrows.

If the sparrow lives on corn from year's end to year's end, as some of his relentless opponents practically say he does, it would be interesting to know where he finds such food during the unseasonable months. Partly on the roads and partly in the stubbles and the threshing yard—then what does it matter? There is plenty of corn in the stubbles in winter, and much of the corn on the roads and dung-heaps has been dropped from nose-bags or already partaken of by the horse. By the way, can any scientific expert explain what it is that the sparrow finds so attractive in stable manure? Of course there is some undigested grain, but there are popularly reported to be parasites as well.

Mr. Charles Dixon, the well-known writer on birds, makes an eloquent defence of the much-maligned sparrow in his interesting book on "Bird Life in a Southern County." After describing the good the sparrow does in destroying aphides, he says, "It seems incredible that, in the face of this usefulness, such a war of extermination should be waged against the house sparrow, or that clubs should actually be in existence for the sole purpose of bringing about the extinction of the species."

Canon Tristram, F.R.S., in a preface which he wrote to Miss Edith Carrington's useful little work, "The Farmer and the Birds,"\* says that the sparrow, when not too numerous, is a valuable ally of the farmer and gardener. He would keep them within "moderate bounds," but observe that "nothing can excuse the idiotic sparrow-clubs for their wholesale destruction."

This is no indiscriminate defence of the sparrow. It would be idle to contend that the bird is quite harmless; no bird who lives on a mixed diet is. But I do hold that the leaflet issued by the Board of Agriculture is an ornithological libel, as we have the testimony of many authorities, practical and otherwise, who have made birds the study of a lifetime, that the good done by sparrows far outweighs the harm they do. I have read the fulminations of several prominent sparrow-haters.†

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\* George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden, London.

† To what an insane extent the hatred of the sparrow is carried may be seen in the remark of Mr. P. H. Emerson, author of "Birds, Beasts, and Fishes of the Norfolk Broadland":—"Would that all sparrows had one head, and that I might be allowed to silence for ever the infernal chattering of that commonplace pest."



Those which are not marred by total ignorance of the bird's habits, and therefore untrustworthy, are strongly biassed statements. The writers have entered on their crusade with minds so prejudiced against the defendant that the result must have been a foregone conclusion. It is impossible to reason with such people. If facts tell against their conclusions, so much the worse for the facts. Setting aside as unworthy of notice the uncorroborated testimony from America and other questionable sources, I find no account taken of the bird's favourable points—everything is painted as black as possible, though admissions made by Mr. J. H. Gurney, Jun., and the late Miss Ormerod tell very much in his favour. When Mr. Tegetmeier, the well-known authority on game, and the author of several books on game-breeding, waxes wroth against the poisoning of sparrows with grain as "a cowardly, painful, and treacherous" method of getting rid of them, we are driven to the conclusion that his solicitude for the sparrow in this particular would not be half so great loved he not game birds more. Mr. Tegetmeier is a game-preserver first, and a friend of the farmer afterwards; and his real objection to poisoned grain is that it works more havoc among pheasants and partridges than among the sparrows, and this is the reason why he fosters the cruel and demoralising sparrow-clubs. Mr. Tegetmeier has no compunction respecting the trapping of hungry birds and letting them beat out their lives in enforced confinement, so I take with a grain of salt his denunciation of poison, and regard his unwonted display of humane consideration for the passerine tribe as intended for his beautiful game birds after all. Mr. Tegetmeier is no genuine nature-lover, as he prefers the exotic birds to our own, and takes the old-fashioned view that you cannot have both pheasants and hawks—now happily discredited.

I cannot do better than conclude by quoting the following extract from an able article from the pen of Mr. Ernest Bell, entitled "The Sparrow and the Government Department," which appeared in the *Animals' Friend* of July, 1903:—

"The increase of the sparrow seems to us to be mainly due to the over protection of game, which means the destruction of all the sparrow's natural enemies, as the sparrow-hawk, raven, magpie, jay,

weasel, etc. Thus the balance of nature has been upset, and it will take something more than a Government Department to restore it by main force through further destruction—in fact, further meddling is likely to end only in further trouble. The destruction of corn and other crops, of which the sparrow is accused, is small compared with that caused by ‘game,’ about which no one talks, while the destruction of the sparrow means the increase of many of the insects and weeds most injurious to agriculture. There is a right remedy for every economic as for every physical ill, and that is to remove the cause. Other so-called remedies may have a temporary effect, but it can be temporary only. The time has, perhaps, not yet come for the revision or abolition of the Game Laws, which are at the bottom of much cruelty, besides this, to men as well as animals, but until this time comes, and we recognise the real cause of the evil, no permanent good, but only an increase of the evil in one form or another, can be the result of trying to evade or circumvent the laws of nature.”

We have known the Board of Agriculture to withdraw a leaflet found to be inaccurate, and we recommend to its consideration whether the present one might not with advantage be treated similarly.

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

## REVIEWS.

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### SCHOPENHAUER'S "BASIS OF MORALITY."

The appearance of an excellent English translation of Schopenhauer's *Das Fundament der Moral*\* is an event of considerable interest to humanitarians, for the essay is nothing less than a philosophical statement, by the greatest of modern thinkers, of the ethics of humanitarianism. When we reflect that this work was first published as long ago as 1840, it is somewhat surprising that, in spite of the author's full recognition of humaneness as the true basis of morals, the ethical schools should still appear to regard humanitarianism as something beyond their scope ; but we must remember that the acceptance of a doctrine which, as Schopenhauer himself remarked, "strikes directly at many deeply rooted prejudices," is subject to far longer delays and more stubborn hindrances than that of some purely academic system which makes no practical demand on anybody's conscience. All the more reason is there that humanitarians should utilise to the utmost the keen weapons which Schopenhauer's genius has placed in their hands. To everyone who is concerned in the advocacy of humanitarian principles, a study of this powerful treatise is indispensable ; all we can here do is to indicate briefly its most important arguments and conclusions.

It is Schopenhauer's contention that there are only three fundamental springs of human conduct, from one or other of

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\* *The Basis of Morality*. By Arthur Schopenhauer. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by Arthur Brodrick Bullock, M.A. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co., London, 1903. 4s. 6d.)

which all motives must arise, viz. : “ (a) Egoism, which desires the weal of the self, and is limitless. (b) Malice, which desires the woe of others, and may develop to the utmost cruelty. (c) Compassion, which desires the weal of others, and may rise to nobleness and magnanimity ” : and of these Compassion is the sole source of disinterested action and the only moral incentive.

“ It is, what we see every day, the phenomenon of Compassion ; in other words, the direct participation, independent of all ulterior considerations, in the sufferings of another, leading to sympathetic assistance in the effort to prevent or remove them ; whereon in the last resort all satisfaction and all well-being and happiness depend. It is this Compassion alone which is the real basis of all voluntary justice and all genuine loving-kindness. Only so far as an action springs therefrom has it moral value ” (p. 170).

The general rule by which such actions are to be tested is thus laid down by Schopenhauer : *Neminem læde ; immo omnes quantum potes juva* (“ Injure no one, but as far as possible give help to all ”) ; the first part of which maxim forms the negative virtue, “ justice ” ; while the second part forms the active virtue of “ loving-kindness ” (*menschenliebe*), these two “ cardinal virtues ” together including and superseding the “ duties ” of the ethical schools.

“ In place of these ‘ duties ’ I put two virtues ; the one justice, and the other loving-kindness ; and I name them cardinal virtues, since from them all others not only in fact proceed, but also may be theoretically derived. Both have their root in natural Compassion. And this Compassion is an undeniable fact of human consciousness, is an essential part of it, and does not depend on assumptions, conceptions, religions, dogmas, myths, training, and education. On the contrary, it is original and immediate, and lies in human nature itself. It consequently remains unchanged under all circumstances, and reveals itself in every land and at all times ” (p. 177).

Incidentally, it may be observed, Schopenhauer points to the fact that the difficulties of what is known as the sex question would in large measure be solved, if the rule *neminem læde*, the fundamental principle of justice, were more fully realised and acted on. Without the instinct of sympathy, there is no possible solution of the difficulties by which society is beset ; for, in the words of Rousseau (referred to by Schopenhauer as “ that profound reader of the human heart, who drew his wisdom not from books but from life ”), “ men would never had been anything but monsters, if Nature had not given them compassion to support their reason.”

The philosophy of humanitarianism is thus finely summed up in Schopenhauer's essay :

"Boundless compassion for all living beings is the surest and most certain guarantee of pure moral conduct, and needs no casuistry. Whoever is filled with it will assuredly injure no one, do harm to no one, encroach on no man's rights; he will rather have regard for every one, forgive every one, help every one as far as he can, and all his actions will bear the stamp of justice and loving-kindness. On the other hand, if we try to say : 'This man is virtuous, but he is a stranger to compassion'; or, 'He is an unjust and malicious man, yet very compassionate,' the contradiction at once leaps to light" (pp. 213, 214).

One of the most striking features of "The Basis of Morality" is Schopenhauer's unequivocal inclusion of the non-human races within the scope of ethics. He indignantly rejects, as an outrage to true morality, the contention of Kant (still unfortunately current in the writings of modern ethicists, as in the "Natural Rights" of the late Professor D. G. Ritchie) that animals are mere *things*, and that while it is a breach of man's duties "towards himself" to treat animals cruelly, because it deadens the sense of sympathy which is serviceable in his dealings with his fellow-men, he can have no *direct* duties towards the animals.

"So one is only to have compassion on animals," cries Schopenhauer, "for the sake of practice, and they are, as it were, the pathological phantom on which to train one's sympathy with men! In common with the whole of Asia that is not tainted by Islam (which is tantamount to Judaism), I regard such tenets as odious and degrading. . . . Because Christian morals leave animals out of consideration, therefore in philosophical morals they are at once outlawed; and so they are good for vivisection, for deer-stalking, bull-fights, horse-races, etc., and they may be whipped to death as they struggle along with heavy quarry carts. Shame on such a morality . . . which fails to recognise the Eternal Reality immanent in everything that has life, and shining forth with inscrutable significance from all eyes that see the sun!" (p. 93).

This "strange and inexcusable" contempt for animals under European ethics is stigmatised by Schopenhauer as "a view of revolting coarseness," a "barbarism of the West," which "rests on the assumption, despite all evidence to the contrary, of a radical difference between man and beast"—the Cartesian doctrine on which he pours a torrent of scathing ridicule. He protests, too, against that etymological sophistry which in the German language assigns different terms to men on the one part, and to animals on the other, for the expression of certain

vital functions which are identically the same in both, and in the English language reduces all animals to the neuter gender—even the highly organised dog or monkey being absurdly denominated as “it”!

In a strongly worded passage Schopenhauer bears testimony to the truth that the difference between human and non-human is one of degree only :

“The truly essential and fundamental part in man and beast is identically the same thing. That which distinguishes the one from the other does not lie in the primary and original principle, in the inner nature, in the kernel of the two phenomena (this kernel being in both alike the Will of the individual); it is found in what is secondary, in the intellect, in the degree of perceptive capacity. It is true that the latter is incomparably higher in man, by reason of his added faculty of abstract knowledge, called Reason; nevertheless this superiority is traceable solely to a greater cerebral development, in other words, to the corporal difference, which is quantitative, not qualitative, of a single part, the brain. In all other respects the similarity between men and animals, both psychical and bodily, is sufficiently striking” (p. 221).

He further remarks that the English people has been honourably distinguished by its compassion for animals, which led it, first among European races, “to fill up by legislation the *lacuna* that religion leaves in morality,” that is, to pass laws for the prohibition of cruelty. “Europeans,” he says, “are awaking more and more to a sense that beasts have rights, in proportion as the strange notion is being gradually overcome and outgrown, that the animal kingdom came into existence solely for the benefit and pleasure of man.”\*

We have said enough to show that, while unthinking persons will doubtless continue to suppose that humanitarianism has no philosophical basis, such a view cannot be seriously maintained, in the face of Schopenhauer's elaborate reasoning, by any thoughtful student. But perhaps the most striking chapter in the book is the concluding one, on “The Metaphysical Groundwork,” in which the attempt is made to give a theoretical explanation of the practical principle that has been established, though Schopen-

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\* Less forcible than the rest of his reasoning on this subject is Schopenhauer's incidental justification of flesh-eating, on the ground that “men by going without animal food, especially in the north, would suffer more than beasts do through a quick death, which is always unforeseen; although the latter ought to be made still easier by means of chloroform.”

hauer is careful to insist that this is a work of supererogation, which must not imperil the stability of his ethical conclusion.

This explanation is found in the Oriental doctrine of the universal kinship of all living beings.

"This, therefore, is what I should regard as the metaphysical foundation of Ethics, and should describe as the sense which identifies the *ego* with the *non-ego*, so that the individual directly recognises in another his own self, his true and very being. From this standpoint the profoundest teaching of theory pushed to its furthest limits may be shown in the end to harmonise perfectly with the rules of justice and loving-kindness as exercised; and conversely, it will be clear that the practical philosophers, that is, the upright, the beneficent, the magnanimous, do but declare through their acts the same truth as the man of speculation wins by laborious research, by the loftiest flights of intellect. Meanwhile moral excellence stands higher than all theoretical sapience. The latter is at best nothing but a very unfinished and partial structure, and only by the circuitous path of reasoning attains the goal which the former reaches in one step. He who is morally noble, however deficient in mental penetration, reveals by his conduct the deepest insight, the truest wisdom; and puts to shame the most accomplished and learned genius, if the latter's acts betray that his heart is yet a stranger to this great principle—the metaphysical unity of life" (pp. 273, 274).

What is this but a philosophical assertion of what has also been avowed by the poet?

Among the noblest in the land,  
Though he may count himself the least,  
That man I honour and revere,  
Who, without favour, without fear,  
In the great city dares to stand  
The friend of every friendless beast.

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#### NON-RESISTANCE.

*Resist Not Evil.* By CLARENCE S. DARROW. (Ernest Bell, York Street, Covent Garden, London, 1903. 2s. 6d. net.)

A reference to Mr. Darrow's "*Resist Not Evil*" is specially appropriate in the present number of *THE HUMANE REVIEW*, which contains his address on "Crime and Criminals," and also Mr. Aylmer Maude's article on "Non-Resistance." Mr. Darrow is a well-known American advocate and writer, who has had much personal experience of the criminal law and prison system, and has successfully pleaded the cause of Labour

in some legal cases of great interest and importance; and it is an encouraging sign of the times that such a man—an able, brilliant, and successful lawyer—should be devoting the best of his energies to humanitarian principles.

“Resist Not Evil” is an extremely lucid and convincing statement of the futility and cruelty of punishment, and of the fact that human society rests, in the main, not on force or government, but on the benevolent and social instincts. “The criminal,” he shows, “is always the man we do not know, or the man we hate—the man we see through the bitterness of our hearts”; and it is because of this fact, because the laws are made by those who have selfishly monopolised the good things of life, that “from the dawn of civilisation an endless procession of weak and helpless victims, despised and outlawed, have been marching up to prison doors, and still the procession comes and goes.” It is with the *principle* of non-resistance that Mr. Darrow deals, with an ideal rather than a policy. “The question of the correctness of non-resistance as a theory,” he says, “like any other theory, does not depend upon whether it can be enforced and lived now or to-morrow, but whether it is the highest ideal of life that is given us to conceive.” Viewed in this light, as a criticism of present modes of governing and punishing, and as an assertion of something higher and better, Mr. Darrow’s contention is unanswerable.

The practical applicability of non-resistance principles to our present social system is only glanced at in the book, and the subject would, indeed, demand a whole volume for adequate treatment; yet the question is one of very great importance to the working humanitarian who is desirous of giving effective protection to the weak and helpless against torture and oppression. Granted that ninety-nine out of every hundred of our laws are useless and tyrannous, there is yet a kind of legislation, such as that, for instance, of the Factory Acts and the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which does not seem justly liable to be classed, with the rest, as a mere form of State violence. And here the distinction drawn by Adin Ballou, as quoted by Mr. Maude, between *injurious* force and uninjurious or *defensive* force, may perhaps indicate a right solution of the difficulty.

Further, in our present “half-civilised condition,” as Mr. Darrow truly calls it, it is obvious that reforms can only come



by slow and gradual instalment. However ideally right a certain course may be, the *when* has to be considered. We cannot pass at a bound from unjust laws to *no* laws, but we must first pass (it seems to us) from unjust laws to just laws, and then the further transition to the more ideal state may become possible. We hope that Mr. Darrow, having given us this admirable work on the ideal of non-resistance, will follow it up by a companion essay on the application of that ideal to the humanitarian propaganda of to-day.

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#### THE SUPERMAN.

*Man and Superman: A Comedy and a Philosophy.* By BERNARD SHAW. (Archibald Constable and Co., Westminster, 1903. 6s.)

Once again Mr. Bernard Shaw has baffled the critics. It has been generally assumed that his new book, "Man and Superman," is the cry of a cynical and disillusioned spirit of middle age, whereas in fact it is the supreme expression of its author's irrepressible juvenility and hopefulness. It is true that, like Jefferies in his "Story of My Heart" (and this book may be regarded as, in a sense, the story of Mr. Shaw's heart), he insists that everything has failed, but that is only his way of throwing into stronger relief his own latest and most sanguine proposal for the reformation of the world; and this new scheme of his, for the organised breeding of a higher type of being, which he calls (after Nietzsche) the Superman, is far more tenderly romantic, more recklessly ideal, than the most impassioned dreams of two-and-twenty. For consider what it is that Mr. Shaw would persuade the British public to undertake. He would prescribe a governmental system of breeding "Shakespeares, Goethes, Shelleys, and their like," instead of the present race of civilised savages, and he thinks that "a conference on the subject is the next step needed." Imagine a representative conference of the British nation, with the Lord Mayor in the chair, coming to the conclusion that it is desirable in future to breed citizens of the type of Shelley, or of G. B. S. himself—the type, that is to say, which they most religiously abhor! Even the collective stupidity of Anglo-Saxondom would be hardly so stupid as to commit suicide in *that* manner. The

only general principle at which such a conference could arrive would be the deliberate elimination of the very class of intellect which Mr. Shaw would encourage. What it would decide to breed would be, not the Superman, but the Infra-man, or, what is perhaps much the same thing, the Superior Person.

We are convinced that it is not middle-aged cynicism, but the generous enthusiasm of youth, that has betrayed Mr. Shaw into his present mood of impatience. He will some day be content to look upon his fellow-beings as what they verily are—a race of rough, but not unkindly, barbarians, emerging with infinite slowness to a more humanised condition. Mr. Shaw speaks of “our few *accidental* supermen.” But nothing is accidental; and if mankind, even as it is, has been evolved from an ape-like ancestry, and if even a few supermen have been evolved from mankind, that in itself is proof enough that our progress is not wholly chimerical. Mr. Shaw need not be apprehensive about his Superman. The Superman is coming in the fulness of time, but he will not come by the institution of a “human stud farm” (we are much more likely to get the Infra-man by that method), but by the slow, thankless, imperceptible, but none the less effective process of fostering love and brotherhood in place of hatred and cruelty. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. There can be no general breeding of the higher qualities until the higher qualities are themselves sufficiently general. As George Meredith expresses it,

“But not till nature’s laws and man’s are one  
Can marriage of the man and woman be.”

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#### “THE NATURALIST IN LA PLATA.”

*The Naturalist in La Plata.* By W. H. HUDSON, F.Z.S.  
(J. M. Dent and Co., London, 1903. 5s. net.)

Readers of THE HUMANE REVIEW will not need to be told that, in our opinion, Mr. Hudson holds the foremost place among English nature-writers of the present time, and that the cheaper edition that has just been issued of his “Naturalist in La Plata” is cordially welcomed by us. Mr. Hudson’s works fall naturally into two divisions—those which deal with South American life, and those which deal with English. “The Naturalist in La Plata” is the chief production of his earlier

period, and a re-reading of this wonderful book has made us feel more than ever convinced that it will take permanent rank with the great masterpieces of natural history. In saying this we are not biassed by our sympathy with the humane school of nature-students to which Mr. Hudson belongs; for there are, in fact, far fewer traces of the humanitarian spirit in his earlier books than in his later ones; but we allude to the singular charm, the strange, indefinable fascination, with which his descriptions of wild life affect us. That is the chief characteristic of all really memorable writings on natural history—of the “poet-naturalist” as distinguished from the mere naturalist and observer. Not that Mr. Hudson in any way *romances* about what he describes; on the contrary, his style is one that appeals to the reader by its frank and obvious directness. But he has the great gift of conveying the most durable impressions by the simplest language, and in this respect several of the chapters in “*The Naturalist in La Plata*” remind one of Thoreau’s masterly essay on “*The Natural History of Massachusetts*.” Nothing could be better, for example, than the sense which Mr. Hudson gives us, at the outset, of “the desert Pampas”; and the chapter on “*The Puma or Lion of America*” is one of the most profoundly suggestive pieces of writing that we know. No one who loves a beautiful book should fail to become possessed of “*The Naturalist in La Plata*.”

---

#### FUNGUS HUNTING.

*British Edible Fungi: How to Distinguish and How to Cook Them. With Coloured Figures of upwards of Forty Species.* By M. C. COOKE, M.A., LL.D. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co., London. 7s. 6d.)

At the present time of year it is seasonable to draw attention to one of the few kinds of hunting to which humanitarians give their sanction—the chase of the Edible Fungi, of which this country can boast more than half a hundred kinds. For not only is fungus-hunting one of the best of bloodless sports, and a joy unknown to those who imagine that the only wholesome species is the orthodox “mushroom” of our markets (where “one to one is cursedly confined,” as Dryden said of matrimony); but the science of fungus-eating is a subject which

closely concerns, or ought to concern, the food-reformer, seeing that countless tons of valuable food are annually wasted through the crass ignorance of our fellow-countrymen. It is strange, to one who knows the delicate uses of fungi, that vegetarians, in especial, should not have made mushroom-cookery a feature of their system; strange, too, that England, as compared with other countries, should be so prejudiced against one of the most delicious forms of food. What would be thought of people who deliberately allowed a crop of early peas, or asparagus, or salsify, to rot on the ground? Yet this would be no worse than what is done by those who neglect, or kick aside as worthless, some of the greatest delicacies of the vegetable kingdom in the absurd belief that they are "poisonous." Such being the tone of public opinion, it is not surprising that there is a free-masonry among fungus-eaters, who, for the most part, prefer to keep the secret to themselves rather than be subjected to the pitying smile of the uninitiated. As to the country folk, who live in daily reach of these luxuries, yet would rather starve than eat a "toadstool," what can we say of them but

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,  
Agricolas!

To those of our readers who have an open mind on the subject, we can commend Mr. Cooke's manual as a most useful companion for a walk. By the help of its clearly written descriptions and coloured charts, it is possible to become as well acquainted with a score or so of edible fungi as with the common mushroom itself, and there are also useful hints as to where to hunt for the various species, and how to cook them when caught. It is worth remarking that, whereas the meadow mushroom is only procurable during a few weeks of the year, the fungus-hunter can pursue his sport during six or seven months, and many of the best kinds can be dried for winter use. Thus, for example, in April and May, the St. George's mushroom (*Agaricus gambosus*) grows abundantly in large rings on rich pastures, and the Morel may be found, but more sparingly, in woods and coppices. These are soon succeeded by the Fairy Ring Champignon, the little buff-capped fungus which, once known, is always eagerly sought for, and the Giant Puff-Balls, which, while young and solid, are a dish fit for an epicure. Then, in August, there is the golden-coloured Chanta-

relle, often growing in profusion along woody banks and dingles ; and a little later the tall " Parasol " or Scaly Mushroom (*Agaricus Procerus*), always a welcome addition to the basket. With September and October comes the great crop of fungi, when the fields are full of the meadow mushroom and the woods of the edible *Boletus* and various other kinds ; and even in November there are the Blewitts and Ivory-caps to carry on the sport. When one realises that all these species, and many others, are far superior, freshly gathered, to the stale, leathery, tasteless plants—artificially grown—that are sold in fruiterers' shops, and that they are all easily recognised by persons of ordinary intelligence, one sees that the fungus-eater is not altogether so foolish and so foolhardy as he is popularly supposed to be—that the laugh, in fact, is altogether on the other side.

---

#### RECENT BOOKS OF NOTE.

*The Shambles of Science: Extracts from the Diary of Two Students of Physiology.* By LIZZY LIND AF HAGEBY and LEISA K. SCHARTAU. (Ernest Bell, York Street, Covent Garden, London. 1s. net.)—A powerful exposure of the cruelties of the physiological lecture-room.

*Broken Gods: A Reply to Mr. Stephen Paget's "Experiments on Animals."* By EDWARD BERDOE, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., etc., with an Introduction by the HON. STEPHEN COLERIDGE. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co., Paternoster Square, London. 1s.)—Dr. Berdoe's name is well known as one of the leading opponents of vivisection, and his latest work is a valuable addition to the controversial literature of the subject.

*Isola, or the Disinherited.* By LADY FLORENCE DIXIE. (Leadenhall Press, 50, Leadenhall Street, London.)—A reprint of a poetical drama which was first published in *Young Oxford*. The wrongs of woman and of all suffering humanity—all suffering creation—are the theme.

*Uric Acid as a Factor in the Causation of Disease.* By A. HAIG, M.D. (J. and A. Churchill, Great Marlborough Street, London.)—A sixth edition of Dr. Haig's standard work, which has done so much to promote the cause of a humaner and more hygienic diet system.

## CORRESPONDENCE:

### CRUELTY TO ANIMALS AND THEOLOGY.

SIR,—Monsignor John Vaughan published in your issue of last July what purports to be a "reply" to my article on *cruelty to animals and theology* in the April number of the HUMANE REVIEW. I shall be obliged if you will insert this letter in your October issue, though I do not intend the question to rest here.

The first thing, as it seems to me, which was required in an answer to my paper was sufficient grasp of my argument to enable my opponent to assure himself that a statement of the scholastic doctrines of "rights" or "dominion" is as irrelevant as the discussion of vivisection which takes up the remainder of Monsignor Vaughan's answer, but to which I never alluded. The scholastic doctrines referred to, moreover, present none of those petrifying obstacles in the path of the educated layman which Monsignor Vaughan naïvely conjures up for readers of the HUMANE REVIEW. He really thinks us all too simple, when he undertakes to appal us by trumpeting round Jericho with a penny whistle.

Our moral theologians define animals as "things." For Monsignor Vaughan's opponents this in itself constitutes a true instance of moral obliquity. Indeed it should be pointed out, in case there should be any readers of the HUMANE REVIEW who are not as well aware of the fact as I am, that Monsignor Vaughan ventured to provide a diluted statement of the doctrine of our "moral theologians," and has, purposely or ignorantly (either should put him out of court as a serious pleader) omitted the "strong meat" which, nevertheless, is ready to the hand of all young men in seminaries. This however does not exhaust Monsignor Vaughan's scenic expedients. He tells us that he is "a great lover of animals" himself. This is well enough. But he also suggests that Pius IXth's natural inclination towards such institutions as societies for the prevention of cruelty, was stifled with reluctance in deference to the exigencies of sound doctrine. (HUMANE REVIEW, July 1903, page 145.) Buoyed up by this flattering fiction of his imagination he even ventures to prophesy my regret for the allusion to Pius IX. on



page 1 of this REVIEW for April. Monsignor Vaughan may rest assured that the Pope's theology did no violence at all to his moral principles. He kept singing birds, and had their eyes put out by one of the men belonging to the *caccia alle reti* at the Vatican. The exercise of these functions was not confined to the pontificate of Pius, it is as familiar in the Pope's own palace of the Vatican as the kindred *métier* of creating singers for the Sistine Chapel was familiar in the Pope's own city of Rome. Both are instances of the non-moral "moral theology" which attempts to regulate ethics by theological fictions. The Catholic Christian by blinding birds in order that they may sing more, makes an *auto da fé* acceptable to the divinity who delivered the brute creation unconditionally into the hands of man. *Consideration and mercy towards animals is regarded by Catholic theology as a kind of materialism.* To tell us that they are safeguarded by moral theology either in theory or in practice is mere impudent bluff. Hitherto the theologian has preferred that you should demonstrate your "place in the scale" by putting out birds' eyes and swinging cats round by the tail (which, as practised in the Pope's palace or by little boys outside it, may be described respectively as the useful or ornamental exercise of our "dominion" over the brutes) rather than by showing mercy; an alleged duty so prominent verbally and so unproved argumentatively in Monsignor Vaughan's paper.

What is really morally hopeless in this paper is the ingenious contrivance by which the word "cruelty" is made non-applicable to such exercise of dominion as the above. Catholic theologians are not cruel, they are only theologians; and if we were not so ignorant we should have had more patience and respect for a careful definition of the word which, as by an enchanter's wand, lifts it out of all recognisable relation to the thing.

Monsignor Vaughan's article is then in no sense at all an answer to mine; it has not only no head or tail, but it rambles on with a perverse irrelevancy, lightened by irrelevant personalities, which do credit neither to his understanding or his sense of fitness. Those Catholics who, like myself, believe that history teaches that morality is at least as prone to progress as—let us say—doctrines are prone "to develop," are still awaiting an abler devil's advocate than Monsignor Vaughan.

M. A. R. TUKER.

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# THE HUMANE REVIEW.

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## VIVISECTION.\*

I THINK there are indications that we have reached a kind of crisis in this matter of Vivisection. Everything has its day ; and this craze for digging into the bowels and brains of animals has come to a climax where it must surely before long prove its own futility and insanity. I use the words deliberately ; for when mankind has reached that pass where the fear and terror of outer bodily disease drives it to do things revolting and violating to its own inner life and deepest instincts, it is obvious that it has got to an ugly place, where disaster waits it on either hand, and only those go forward whom the gods have blinded.

It is as well at the outset that we should take stock as far as we can of the forces arrayed against us, and realise the extent to which Vivisection prevails, and the nature of it. We see Institutes of Preventive Medicine and Pathological Laboratories springing up in all directions ; we find catalogues of vivisectional apparatus, like that of Lantenschlager, circulating by the fifty thousand ; we know there is a large trade in living animals ; but these things are vague, and while it is obvious that the spread of Vivisection is very great, it is of course difficult to gauge its exact extent. The Parliamentary Return, however, for 1902, on "Experiments on Living Animals," comes to our aid by informing us that 57 places were used last year for such experiments ; that over 200 persons actually performed experiments in them ; and that the total number of experiments thus registered was 14,906, or close upon 15,000.

Of these 14,906, 12,776 were "not serious," without anæs-

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\* An address given before the Humanitarian League.

thetics, and 2,130 are denominated as "serious," with anæsthetics. But again out of these last, in 945 cases certificates were granted dispensing with anæsthetics, after the commencement or during the continuance of the operation. Thus by the Report's own showing, out of the 15,000 experiments, there were just under 1,000 serious ones practically without anæsthetics; there were somewhat over 1,000 serious, in which anæsthetics were understood to have been used; and again there were nearly 13,000 without anæsthetics, but not understood to be serious.

In trying to estimate what amount of animal suffering these figures represent, I do not wish either to harrow your feelings needlessly, or to do an injustice to those who think themselves called on to inflict that suffering. Of the 13,000 less serious experiments, the most part undoubtedly are those inoculations and hypodermic injections for which there is such a rage just now. They do not as a rule mean what we should call great agony. You have, however, to remember that each experiment is more often really a series of experiments lasting for days, weeks, or even months, in which the animal is kept in durance vile till it dies or is killed, and in which it may be subjected to the most horrible and loathsome diseases with which humanity is acquainted. Though we may not call that serious, it is probable that the animal itself would take a very different view of the matter; and anyhow it is impossible to deny that in these experiments, practically without anæsthetics, a vast mass of suffering must be involved. On the other hand, those which the Report calls "serious" are such as it is sickening merely to read about—the opening out of the whole internal cavity of an animal's body, the pushing of tubes down veins and arteries, the dissecting out of important nerves, even of the spinal cord itself, and the stimulating of their cut ends with electricity—these things are hideous to think of. Lately it seems that the study of the blood activity or circulation in the various organs, by means of a *phlethysmograph* or *oncometer*, has become much the fashion. This is a kind of air-tight box into which the organ is introduced, and which, by an indicator, automatically registers the expansion and con-

traction of the organ within it. To do this the body must of course be deeply cut open. Here ("Shambles of Science," p. 129) is a big white bull-terrier fastened on its back. The chest has been transformed into a deep and broad red hole; the skin, muscles, and ribs have been removed, the lungs and other organs exposed; the neck has been opened, and in order to keep the animal alive a tube is tied into the windpipe, and artificial respiration is being kept up. Now one of the kidneys or a lobe of a lung must be disengaged from its place in such a way that without being severed from the body it can be placed in the box. And now we are ready to try every conceivable stimulant or drug with a view to its effect on the organ. We may try stimulating the brain with electricity, or different parts of the brain, or again different nerves, or we may try food or want of food, or the administering of drugs, as betain or neurine or choline or muscarine, or any of the thousand substances of the *materia medica*, and each time we must see whether the organ expands or contracts, and piously record the result.

Some of these experiments may be conducted under anæsthesia; some obviously cannot be. We may have to test the effect of Pain itself on the organ, or of Fear; the responses generally to stimulation will be interfered with by anæsthetics, and it will be advisable to keep these down as much as possible, even in those cases where they are used. And we have seen that in 1,000 "serious" cases in 1902 they were, except for the initial proceedings, formally dispensed with.

Can we doubt the conclusion, namely, that an enormous amount of what we must call "atrocious pain" is inflicted every year? I would gladly escape that conclusion; but I do not see any way of doing so, and there remains nothing but to face the fact.

There are practically two pleas advanced in justification of Vivisection:—(1) That it is done for the definite and laudable object of curing Disease. (2) That it is done for the general advance of Knowledge.

These two pleas of course overlap. The first may lead to the second, and the second to the first.

Let us take (1) the justification of Vivisection because it leads to the cure of Disease. This is generally held in the forefront by defenders of the practice—and of course appeals most to the general public. "To sacrifice the cat in order to save the baby" seems so simple and obvious—it is wondered how anyone could object. And certainly we might almost wish the matter *were* as simple as that.

But when we come to look closely into this plea it is surprising how little it amounts to. Here is Stephen Paget's book, which, bearing as it does an introduction by Lord Lister, becomes a sort of official expression on the subject. We look down a long list of diseases, to the cure of which Vivisection is said to have contributed. There is anthrax and tubercle and diphtheria, tetanus and rabies and cholera and typhoid and yellow fever. The list sounds impressive. The specific microbe of each of these diseases is supposed to have been hunted down, serums have been prepared, and injected into men and animals; and the statistical results are given. Yet really these are disappointing, and the figures, even as quoted by Mr. Paget, most weak.

Certainly there is a difficulty in combating the utterances of modern medicine, owing to their kaleidoscopic, oracular character. At one moment one is told that vaccination protects the subject for life, at another the period is reduced to ten years, and at another again to a few months! Now a certain serum is highly recommended—as in the case of pulmonary tubercle or typhoid—but a few months later one hears that it has been abandoned as ineffective or dangerous. One is reminded of the way in which fighting used to be carried on in old days in Japan. A story is told of an engagement between two parties of Japanese in a civil war, which was being hotly contested; when suddenly one party ceased firing, and a flag of truce was seen coming from their side. The other party of course ceased firing too, thinking the battle over; but what were their feelings when the enemy calmly explained that their *powder had run out*, and all they wanted was a couple of hours respite while they went to *fetch some more!*

I feel a difficulty in attacking Mr. Paget's book, because I

see that it is already three years old, and I shall be told that his arguments are now run out, and that he is fetching some more. I had thought of singling out his chapter on the *Diphtheria Antitoxin*, because that is undoubtedly the strongest from his side in the book. But already I hear rumours that this particular antitoxin is becoming discredited in some medical circles. However, as I do not wish to attach too much importance to these rumours, it may be worth while to say a few words about the matter.

At the conclusion of his chapter on this subject Mr. Paget quotes the results of the *Clinical Society's Report* of 1898—to the effect that by the use of antitoxin—

- (1) The general mortality in diphtheria cases is reduced by one-third (say, 30 deaths where previously 20).
- (2) Mortality in tracheotomy is reduced by one-half.
- (3) The antitoxin must be administered early to be effective.
- (4) The frequency of accompanying paralysis not diminished.
- (5) Rashes and pains and joint swellings caused by the antitoxin, but not serious.

This seems a little disappointing altogether, but still the figure would indicate a valuable saving of life—if it were not that considerable deductions have evidently to be made. In the first place we have to remark on the strange increase in the number of cases of diphtheria since the antitoxin was introduced. The Registrar General's returns give for the annual death-rate from diphtheria in England and Wales for 1881-90 (before antitoxin) 162 per million, and for 1891-1900 (mostly after) 262 per million. These figures are so remarkable that they have led certain protagonists of our movement to suggest that the use of antitoxin has actually increased instead of diminished the mortality from diphtheria. This, however, is not quite fair. It may be that simultaneously with the use of the antitoxin there has been, owing to some curious coincidence and from other causes, a great spread in the prevalence of the disease.

But by far the most probable explanation of the figures is that in late years, and since the adoption of the antitoxin in 1895, the term diphtheria has been much more widely applied,

and that a vast number of cases are now classified as diphtheria which formerly came under some other head, or were called simply sore-throat. Indeed, the Medical Officer of Health for Gloucester is reported to have said that it is the "fashion now to call every case of sore-throat diphtheria." If that is so, and if it is also remembered that the antitoxin is considered to be far most effective if administered in the first day or two, when the distinction between sore-throat and diphtheria is still doubtful—why the figures in favour of the antitoxin do, it must be confessed, lose much of their value!

Furthermore, it has to be considered that in late years nursing and general treatment have immensely improved, and that every case which receives the antitoxin treatment in the first three or four days is also assured of excellent care in other respects; and at once we see that a portion of the decrease in mortality must be placed to that cause.

Mr. Paget has also quoted in another place the figures of the *Hospitals of the Metropolitan Asylums' Board*, and it must be said that they do not strengthen his case. They are as follows:—

| Non-antitoxin Years. |            |                 |       |
|----------------------|------------|-----------------|-------|
| 1889                 | percentage | mortality ..... | 40.74 |
| 1890                 | "          | " .....         | 33.55 |
| 1891                 | "          | " .....         | 30.61 |
| 1892                 | "          | " .....         | 29.51 |
| 1893                 | "          | " .....         | 30.42 |
| 1894                 | "          | " .....         | 29.29 |
| Antitoxin Years.     |            |                 |       |
| 1895                 | percentage | mortality ..... | 22.85 |
| 1896                 | "          | " .....         | 21.20 |
| 1897                 | "          | " .....         | 17.79 |
| 1898                 | "          | " .....         | 15.37 |
| 1899                 | "          | " .....         | 13.95 |
| 1900                 | "          | " .....         | 12.01 |

Here there is all along from 1889 to 1900 a decline in the rate of mortality (from 40 per cent. to 12 per cent.), which decline may easily be ascribed to the two causes already mentioned—namely, the continual inclusion of milder and more outlying cases, and the continual improvement in general treatment and nursing. There is a decided drop of 7 per cent. in

the mortality between the last of the non-antitoxin years (1894) and the first of the antitoxin years (1895), which is so far in favour of the antitoxin treatment ; but even so this drop is discounted by the fact that there is a similar drop of 7 per cent. between '89 and '90—both being years long before salvation by serum had become an article of faith. So that even with the best intentions, and Mr. Paget's own quoted figures, it is really very difficult to feel at all impressed.

This of diphtheria being as I say the strongest case in the book, it would be hardly necessary that I should detain you over the others, nor would time allow. Over anthrax and tubercle controversy still rages, even among the experts ; the tetanus serum is "as yet" of little use (more powder being fetched) ; the Pasteur treatment of rabies is for *prevention only*, before the actual signs of the disease have appeared ! Haffkine's treatment of the cholera and the plague in India has given rise to serious criticisms, and even suspicion that inoculation has actually spread the plague ; while the less said about the serum treatment of the enteric fever in South Africa the better for its credit !

After all this, it is like escaping from some kind of nightmare into the light of day, to turn to the real, the vast, progress which has been made during the last fifteen years by rational methods. The open-air treatment of Phthisis has established itself, and won amazing victories all along the line ; Leicester, by Small-pox isolation and general sanitation, reduced her small-pox mortality in 1892 practically to zero (though vaccination was only 2 per cent. of births), and set such an example that she practically forced the adoption of the same methods of isolation and sanitation in other parts of the kingdom ; Rabies, by the isolation and quarantining of dogs, has in the United Kingdom been practically stamped out, so that not a single case has been known for two years ; Typhoid in England, owing to proper supervision of water and drainage, has become comparatively rare ; and Yellow fever in Jamaica, which a few years ago was a perfect terror, has "by the improvement of sanitation been diminished almost to extinction." While lupus, rodent ulcer, and inflammation of rheumatic joints have



vanished like an evil dream before the marvellous force of the Light cure.

On the one side we have, as I say, a kind of nightmare—the torture and dismemberment of animals, the inoculation of our blood and that of our children with filthy serums; everlasting controversies, doubts, recriminations, and every few years a complete change of front, and with it all such a small, very small result; and on the other hand, we have a continual and effective progression towards Health, by obvious and sane methods, and without violation either of our feelings or our consciences. Can there be a doubt which is the right way?

But the truth is that to-day—whether the medical world acknowledges it or not—a great revolution in thought has already taken place; we are recognising that there is no doom of disease upon mankind, except what we bring upon ourselves by foolish and idiotic living; and that practically health is in our own hands—largely even in our power as individuals, and certainly within our reach as societies and individuals combined. Even the medical world is being dragged along the line which public thought has already taken; and it is becoming obvious that to try to thrust upon tortured animals the consequences of our own distorted modes of life is both an evil and a futile thing to do. It may be asked, why, if the way of health is so clear, learned and scientific men who ought to be our teachers should still cling to and acclaim the methods of disease, and one can only reply (in the words of Mephistopheles in the Prologue of Faust) that man, the little creature, is just as odd as ever, and though the way of heaven is open to him, he still prefers to “bury his nose in every dunghill.”

I say even the medical world is being rapidly compelled to abandon the idea that for the cure of disease Vivisection is of much avail; and many vivisectionists nowadays boldly take their stand on the second plea mentioned—namely, the advance of Knowledge—as their firmest and most unassailable ground.

Certainly by removing their defence to this ground they reach a position which, though it is not really very firm, is difficult to assail on account of its vagueness. I shall not contest the *possibility* of advances in knowledge being made in this

way. I shall content myself by showing that knowledge which is gained by cruelty is to humanity more loss than profit.

Nevertheless, and as it were in passing, I may say that it is really surprising how *little* the defenders of Vivisection can credit to its account on this score. Taking Mr. Paget's book again, as a kind of official utterance, his efforts to point out the advances of knowledge gained by experiments on animals are almost pathetic in their paucity of result.

That the microbe-theory of disease, and with it aseptic surgery, and the dangers of infection through *sputa*, dust, etc.—that these are important discoveries no one will deny; but to ascribe them, except in the most collateral way, to Vivisection, is most gratuitous. Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood (the great stand-by of the Vivisectionist) was obviously mainly due to the position of the valves in the veins. If he mentions frequent vivisections, he still does not say how these helped him—and indeed it is difficult to see how they *could* have helped him. In this as in other cases the mere fact that vivisection was used does not the least prove that the discovery was due to it.

The truth is—and I believe it is becoming increasingly manifest—that any deep diagnosis or definition of the organic functions in the human or even the animal body is impossible. \* As soon as you pass beyond the more obvious and outer machinery of the organism, into the *arcana* of the deep-lying centres and organs, the nerves, the spinal cord, the brain, and so forth, you come to a region of such extreme sensitiveness, where all the parts are so intimately united with one another, that it is impossible to isolate one part for examination, or to injure one region without defeating the observations you are making in another region.

It is recognised, for instance, to-day, that the vaso-motor system of nerves is of the utmost importance in the animal economy, regulating as it does the flow of blood to, and consequently the activity of, the various organs of the body and centres of the brain, yet this system is of the last degree of sensitiveness and interdependence, and to wound it anywhere is entirely to distort its record in other parts. Or again, num-

bers of cruel experiments have been performed in order to determine the function of the fluid which the *pancreas* secretes; and it has been established (if that is any satisfaction) that by removal of the *pancreas* you will acquire diabetes in a very severe form! Yet it has also been shown that the sensitiveness of the organ and the variability of its action is so great that the least disturbance alters the character of its secretion; so that in the very act of research into the nature of the secretion we stultify ourselves, and arrive necessarily at a wrong conclusion.

If you will remember for a moment that experiment on a bull-terrier which I ventured to bring to your notice at the beginning—if you will think of the animal cut open, pinned down, with many of its organs exposed, *kept alive* in its terrible dismemberment by artificial respiration, if you will bear in mind what I have said about the unity of the body, and the fact that artificial respiration actually *reverses* the conditions of blood-pressure within it, and if you will then consider that what you are supposed to be doing in this experiment is to investigate with an oncometer the response of an organ to various drugs or stimulation of any kind, *as such response would take place in a normal and healthy creature*, why, I think you will be amazed at the childish folly of the whole proceeding. It is little better than playing at science. And it is impossible to be surprised that the results of the procedure are so slight, so dubious, and so ephemeral.

There is indeed an innocence and a lack of humour about the people who do these things which would be amusing to witness, were it not so ghastly in its consequences. The human and animal body (we have to remind them) is not a watch, which we can take to pieces and put together again. It is not a machine, in that sense, at all. Just now we are all being told of the wonders of radium; and we are getting familiar with the new idea that the old chemical atom (itself too small to be seen with the strongest microscope) must now be supposed to be constituted of thousands of smaller corpuscles. Nor is that all; but in order to explain the wonderful activities of radium we must suppose these lesser corpuscles to be

whizzing round each other within the atom at a rate of somewhere about 20,000 miles a second, and from time to time to escape into space at the same speed!

Well, radium is what you call an inorganic element, obtained from pitch-blende—a substance found in the mines in Cornwall. But if this is the subtlety, velocity, and energy displayed by matter of this kind, what must we suppose, what are we bound to suppose, of the matter which constitutes the brain, or the nerves, or even the organs of the body? Surely an even greater subtlety and swiftness. Yet here comes your vivisectioning scientist along, scalpel and forceps in hand, without a ripple of doubt or misgiving on his face, lays open the body of the animal, dissects out and isolates whole organs, and follows nerves to their roots as if indeed he were a watchmaker; and never seems to dream that behind the body beneath his knife is another body—that of the invisible chemical atoms, which he never has seen or will see; and that behind that again is another far more subtle still—that of the electrons and corpuscles, each a thousand times more minute than the atom; and that even while he is talking so wisely over the crucified dog which lies exposed on the platform-table before the class—even in that moment the very things which he has come to observe have with incredible speed escaped, and passed beyond all possibility either of verification or denial.

Compared with this man, seeking the reactions of highly sensitive and organised life with the aid of dissecting scissors, oncometer, and electric battery, the proverbial Bull in the China-shop is indeed a tactful and thoughtful investigator, increasing his knowledge of pottery with a minimum of destruction and a maximum of good taste.

But let us not do the Professor or the student an injustice. He is carried on by a popular current—a fashion and craze of the day—and he has hardly time to consider or to realise what kind of quest it is that he is engaged in.

He does not realise that fear and cruelty (fear of disease and callousness to animal suffering) which alone inspire and make possible the procedure of Vivisection—are themselves diseases—morbid conditions of mind which inevitably penetrate down

into the body, and produce more diseases in society than Vivisection has ever attained to cure.

Let us not rail against knowledge, or be understood in any way to rail against knowledge. Progress in knowledge is man's splendid prerogative, one of his deepest instincts and greatest pleasures. Yet here too as in everything else reason and good sense are concerned. To sacrifice—in the thirst for some fresh detail of information—whole hecatombs of living creatures, to carry on experiments so self-stultifying as I have described, is to indulge in a mere lust of knowledge (or I should say curiosity); and is exactly equivalent to indulging in any other lust that you can think of. To pursue knowledge in this way is to cover ourselves with darkness. It is to blind ourselves to that greatest and most health-giving of all knowledge—the sense of our common life and unity with all creatures. It is to sacrifice the greater to the less; it is to suffer loss rather than to effect a gain.

No, let us use all good sense and reason and humanity in this matter. The laws of Health are by no means too well known yet. Let this feverish energy which now goes to Vivisection devote itself in calmer, stronger fashion to studying the best methods of health, of diet, of life, of light, of exercise, etc., in our bodies, and in spreading these methods among the mass-populations. Here is a grand and endless work, and only just begun—only truly it might not lead to the conferring of so many honorary degrees or the wearing of so many scarlet gowns.

The way of Health is open to us—a lovely and glorious road for mankind to walk in. If we would pause but for a moment in the mad scramble which arises partly from our unworthy fears and terrors, and partly from our petty egotism and ambitions of distinction, we should see that it is so. And it is one of the reasons—apart from the care for the animals themselves—why it is a joy to combat Vivisection, that by closing *that* door, we compel men into the road of sanity, and deliver them from wandering around in darkness, and losing their way in the endless labyrinth of a false trail.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

## THE KINSHIP OF LIFE.

### A SECULARIST VIEW OF ANIMALS' RIGHTS.\*

LET me explain my position this evening. It is true that I have the honour to be President of the National Secular Society; it is also true that I cannot speak in public without a sense of that responsibility. It must be distinctly understood, however, that I am not addressing you officially. The great majority of Secularists would probably endorse the views I have to present; nevertheless they are not committed to everything I may say. I can only ask you to believe that, while speaking entirely for myself, I am confident that I am really, though not by express mandate, voicing the general opinions and sentiments of our members in all parts of the kingdom. On that point I have not the slightest doubt.

The subject before us is the Rights of Men and of Animals. But I imagine that I am not expected to discuss the Rights of Man, as declared by the French Revolutionists, as set forth in the American Declaration of Independence, or as advanced by the various political and social theorists of the nineteenth century. To do this might be beyond the scope of my powers; it is certainly beyond the compass of my time. I take it that the subject I am to deal with is really something more restricted; not so much the Rights of Men and of Animals as the Rights of Animals in relation to Men. What rights animals may have in relation to each other is a problem which we cannot ask them to determine, and in which we ourselves can only take a very limited and academical interest. It is a problem, indeed, which, as the French say, lacks actuality.

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\* Reprint of a Lecture given before the Humanitarian League.

In this discussion, as in others, it is necessary to guard against merely verbal disputes. Logomachies are the bane of controversy. Disputants often use one word with two (or more) meanings, or they use two (or more) different words conveying the *same* meaning, and thus fight over a distinction without a difference. Sometimes they waste time in another way, by not recognising that they have no common ground to start from, that they are divided by opposite first principles, and that they are aiming impossible blows at each other across an impassable chasm. To understand where we are, and what we mean, is the first preliminary to any useful discussion; and this involves, amongst other things, a precise definition of terms.

Now there is scarcely any word more abused in controversy than the word "Rights." Auguste Comte, indeed, stigmatised the whole discussion as fantastic and sterile. There are no rights, he said, except those which grow out of duties; and it must, I think, be admitted that unless the two are taken together we shall become victims of authority or sentimentalism. A right is really a duty that some one owes to me, and a duty is a right which I owe to another. They are like the two halves of a pair of scissors; inoperative and unintelligible except in relation to each other, and also in relation to the purposes they both subserve.

Rights are of three sorts—Legal, Moral, and Natural. The wit of man may be challenged to discover (or invent) a fourth species.

The legal meaning of "Rights" is undoubtedly the primary one. It has been said that Conscience is a residuum of Law, and there is more truth in the statement than Intuitionists would care to allow. In any case it is historically a fact that the legal meaning of "Rights" comes first. This is the only meaning which obtains in primitive communities. A member of a tribe, or of a barbarous society, dreams of no right but that which is sanctioned by written law, or by custom, which is unwritten law. And this is the only *definite* sense in which the word can be used. Such a right can be claimed and enforced; and this is the only right that is known to jurists.

But in the course of time, and the advance of civilisation and

intelligence, words take secondary and tertiary meanings. The conservative instinct clings to old terms, while the progressive instinct gives them fresh significance. The moral sense of a community expands, and its dictates are called "Moral Rights." What-should-be presses upon what-is; new comers clamour for admission into the old comity. Morality itself eventually broadens into Humanity, and then we hear of "Natural Rights." It is all a question of development. Moral Rights are wide-spread new sentiments, demanding incorporation into Legal Rights; and Natural Rights are still newer sentiments, aspiring to recognition as Moral Rights, with a view to ultimate incorporation as Legal Rights. Legal Rights represent the wisdom and power of the past, Moral Rights represent the wisdom and power of the present, and Natural Rights represent the wisdom and power of the future. They are respectively, a solid fact, a general demand, and a growing aspiration. As the aspiration ripens it becomes a demand, and as the demand gathers power it passes into a fact.

Evidently, therefore, the word "Rights" requires a qualifying adjective before it can be admitted as a term in our discussion. And I fancy the point of wisdom lies in the golden mean. We need not discuss the Legal Rights of animals, since these can be decided by an appeal to the Statute Book; nor need we discuss the Natural Rights of animals, as this involves too many grave differences of opinion and sentiment; but I think we may profitably discuss the Moral Rights of animals, for this simply means—Are they, or are they not, participators in the beneficence of our ethical progress? Or, in other words, Is our treatment of animals consistent with the moral ideas we should blush to repudiate? For, after all, animals can never have enforceable rights against us; they must take their fate from our hands; at the best they can only be sharers in the fruits of our wisdom and humanity.

It is now necessary that I should indicate the moral standard which I recognise as a Secularist. Our standard is utility; not the narrow utility of the passing hour, which is merely policy, but the wide utility of generations, which is principle. What conduces to human welfare is right; what militates against it



is wrong. This criterion is deep, and high, and solid enough to satisfy the profoundest philosopher; it is also simple enough to be intelligible to a little child; and it is applicable at all times, and to all the varied affairs of this world. There may be differences in its application, but the test is a practical one, and differences subside, and eventually disappear, in the course of experience and investigation.

Now the principle of utility rests upon the ultimate fact that we are capable of pleasure and pain, happiness and misery. We instinctively desire pleasure or happiness, and we instinctively avoid pain or misery. This is the normal tendency of human beings in all ages and in all parts of the world. Haughty, transcendental ethics may call it grovelling; but, for my part, I agree with Schiller that "there is no higher and no more serious problem than how to make men happy." I agree also with the great Spinoza, that joy is the passage from a lower to a higher state of perfection. At the same time I concede to my "spiritual" friends, who dwell so much on the idea of "peace," that joy is only durable when it is accompanied by serenity.

So much for the principle of utility. It is founded, I say, on our power of feeling, on our susceptibility to pleasure and pain. But who will deny that susceptibility to what are called the lower animals? And if they feel *as* we do, though not as *greatly* as we do, owing to our higher powers of memory and imagination, does it not follow that the moral law extends to them in their due degrees? And will not the man of sensibility and reflection gravitate naturally to the principle of Wordsworth's lines?—

"Never to blend our pleasure or our pride  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

This principle, at least to the Secularist, is strengthened by the teaching of Evolution. Darwin and his successors have demonstrated the kinship of life, and thus the lowliest organisms that swim, or creep, or fly, or run, are brought—at first negatively, and then positively—within the scope of the spirit of brotherhood. Strictly speaking, of course, the lower animals are not our *brothers*, but it is incontestable that they are our

*relatives.* This is not a mere spiritual perception, which is liable to be neglected in the tumult of actual life; it is a scientific fact, a truth of biology, a practical lesson from the history of our planet. In the ultimate analysis, then, I say that the moral rights of animals, their claims upon our sympathy and consideration, are involved in the Darwinian demonstration of the kinship of life.

Let us also recollect the great part which animals have played in the preparation of this planet for man's habitation, and in the subsequent drama of civilisation. Look at the little worms, for instance, which men tread upon so carelessly, and which they impale upon hooks for the purpose of fishing. Apparently nothing could be more inconsiderable, and yet those insignificant worms pulverise the soil upon which we live, and their continued action is the first condition of its fruitfulness. Think of the horse, and his services to man in civilised countries; think of the ox, and his use in more primitive communities in traffic and agriculture; think of the dog, without whose assistance it is difficult to see how man could have passed from the nomadic into the pastoral state. Surely the thought of what these animals have done, in aiding the development of our race, should give them a kind of consecration. Certainly it should save them from insult and cruelty. They have done more for us than we can ever do for them; and even if their service was at first compelled, it was afterwards rendered with a certain cheerful willingness.

It is the teaching of science and of history which is our best support in defending the moral rights of animals. As a Secularist, at any rate, I should be sorry to leave them to the tender mercies of unadulterated theology. And I think that Christianity has been the most callous of all religions in its treatment of them. It has denied them souls, which it perceived even in idiots; and upon this arbitrary and fantastic difference it has erected a superstructure of injustice. The first book of the Bible gives man absolute dominion over the lower animals; and in the story of Cain and Abel we see the Jehovian preference for the sacrifice of animals rather than the peaceful tribute of the fruits of the earth—a preference which

ran through the whole Mosaic Law, and befouled the Temple altars with perpetual blood. Saint Paul himself, who wrote that immortal panegyric on charity, stopped short at the confines of the human race. "Doth God care for oxen?" he asked, with the supercilious arrogance of a member of the elect species. I think it may be said, without fear of serious contradiction, that the Christian Church has never recognised any *rights* in animals, although individual Christian divines have asked that they should be treated mercifully.

Freethinkers, on the other hand, have usually looked upon animals in a different light. Sir Arthur Helps, in his delightful book on "Animals and their Masters," selects his strongest quotations from the writings of Voltaire and Bentham. After giving Voltaire's touching picture of a dog who has lost his master, who runs about wildly seeking him, and who testifies the liveliest joy on finding him, Sir Arthur Helps cites the following passage (in French) from the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*:—

"Barbarians seize that dog, who so prodigiously excels man in friendship; they nail him down on a table, and dissect him alive to show you the mezaraiic veins. You discover in him all the organs of feeling which you possess yourself. Tell me now, mechanician: has Nature arranged all those springs of feeling in that animal, in order that he may not feel? Has he nerves in order to be impassible? Do not suppose that impertinent contradiction in Nature."\*

The quotation from Bentham, who is known to have been an Atheist, is still more striking:—

"The day may come when the rest of the animal creation may acquire those rights which never could have been withheld from them but by the hand of tyranny. It may come one day to be recognised that the number of legs, the villosity of the skin, or the termination of the *os sacrum*, are reasons insufficient for abandoning a sensitive being to the caprice of a tormentor. What else is it that should trace the insuperable line? Is it the faculty of reason; or perhaps the faculty of discourse? But a full-grown horse or dog is beyond comparison a more rational as well as a more conversable animal than an infant of a day, a week, or even a month old. But suppose the case

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\* Voltaire's exquisite French cannot be translated satisfactorily into another language. I have simply tried to give the substantial meaning of this passage.

were otherwise, what would it avail? The question is not 'can they reason?' nor 'can they speak?' but 'can they suffer?'"

"No human government," Bentham elsewhere says, "has ever recognised the *jus animalium*, which ought surely to form a part of the jurisprudence of every system founded on the principles of justice and humanity." Schopenhauer, the German philosopher, whose irreligion was notorious, wrote very strongly on this point:—

"The unpardonable forgetfulness in which the lower animals have hitherto been left by the moralists of Europe is well known. It is pretended that the beasts have no rights. They persuade themselves that our conduct in regard to them has nothing to do with morals, or (to speak the language of their morality) that we have no duties towards animals: a doctrine revolting, gross, and barbarous, peculiar to the west, and having its root in Judaism."

The National Secular Society, in the list of its Immediate Practical Objects, has the following:—

"An extension of the moral law to animals, so as to secure them humane treatment and legal protection against cruelty."

Thus we place ourselves on the right side in this matter, and we are ever ready to help the Humanitarian League, or any other body specially organised for similar purposes.

Of course it may be said that I have hitherto been indulging in generalities, and I may be asked to condescend to details. I recognise this request as perfectly legitimate, and I will attempt a brief application of the foregoing principles to the present relationships between man and the lower animals.

Let us first take the subject of domestic animals. And let me here observe how difficult it is, on grounds of abstract right, to justify man's lordship. When it is said that the animals "like it"—as is even said of the foxes who are hunted—we must remember that one party is speaking for the other; the master is voicing the supposed satisfaction of his slave; which, by the way, is an extremely common thing in the infancy of our struggles for reform. We must, therefore, look at the matter practically. We have to accept the historic fact that certain animals have long played a part, and probably will long continue to play it, in association with man's progress. They are what we call domesticated, and it would be a

serious proposal to turn them adrift. What we have to do, and what we may do easily, is to render their position tolerable. All domestic animals should be brought within the pale of legal protection. A minimum of consideration and comfort should be stipulated for them, and the denial of it should be treated as cruelty.

I would also observe in this connection that, in a country like ours, the distinction between "domesticated" and "wild" animals is really fictitious. No animals live here except such as are *allowed* to live. *All* our animals, therefore, are more or less domesticated, and, as such, should be protected against carelessness and brutality. A great deal of what is ridiculously styled "sport" calls for immediate suppression. It is enough to make a decent person sick to read of the agony inflicted by "sportsmen" on helpless rabbits, pigeons, pheasants, and deer. The very dogs are brutalised by the men who keep them to hunt without the prompting of necessity. If it is wrong to shoot a man for amusement, it must be wrong to shoot an animal for amusement. Dear old Uncle Toby would not kill the fly that teased him; he opened the window and let it out, remarking, "The world is wide enough for me and thee." How different is this from the spirit of English "sportsmen!" It is different, too, from the spirit of the more "heroic" sportsmen who travel thousands of miles for the utterly immoral pleasure of killing large game. Where it is necessary to exterminate predatory animals, let it be done as swiftly and mercifully as possible. But why should the blood of even a tigress be poured forth over her cubs—why should the wounded lion drag himself off to die in slow agony—merely because a "sportsman" with a rifle happens to spy a fine opportunity for gratifying his lust of slaughter? It may be urged that lions and tigers kill their prey. Yes, but they do it under an imperious necessity. They do not hunt for sport, but to allay their hunger. It is not amusement, but self-preservation. They simply follow the law of their being.

With regard to the Food Question, I admit the progress of Vegetarianism, but it will take a long time to wean the majority from flesh-eating; and some of us consider that the

dietary problem is not to be settled by sentiment, although it may have *its place* in the settlement. People will eat to live, and they will eat whatever is necessary. Those who are too squeamish to do this will simply be eliminated by the law of natural selection. We must also bear in mind the force of heredity, the power of the organic habit of countless generations. I am a vegetarian myself, but I like a little meat with it. My vegetarian friends will consider me one of the *unregenerate*. Perhaps they are right. But I am what I am, and millions of others are what they are. The better treatment of animals must not wait until the millennium. Let us be practical, and deal with the existing situation; at least, let us deal with that *first*. Animals have to be killed for food, and Sir Benjamin Richardson says they can be killed almost if not quite painlessly. Well then, I am prepared to pay whatever is necessary to have it done in that way. I am strongly in favour of the most drastic regulation of the slaughter-house and the cattle-ship. I would not allow animals to be driven into towns to be killed. What bewilderment must assail them as they tread the busy haunts of men! Let them spend their last hours amidst the accustomed peace of their lives, and let their death come (as some day it *must* come) with the swiftness of lightning, leaving no time for suffering or apprehension.

I beg to assure you that drastic regulation is required. On a Saturday afternoon, I was once in a train with some cattle-dealers. One of these gentlemen chuckled over his defeat of an obstinate cow, who refused to rise from the floor of a cattle truck, probably because she was weary and sick of the whole business. The expedients he resorted to were really ingenious. Snuff and tobacco were rubbed into the cow's eyes, but she resisted these gentle solicitations. Finally the truck was flooded with water, and as the sawdust floated into her nostrils she had to rise to avoid suffocation. It was a triumph of brains, at least the gentleman thought so; but I shuddered at the thought of his victory, and felt humiliated by the knowledge that he belonged to my own species. Yet the great irony of the situation is to come. This gentleman had been unable to go to church for some weeks, owing to his professional engage-

ments, and was looking forward to attending service the next morning.

And now for a few words respecting vivisection. I regard it as the ultimate horror of man's unjust dealing with the animals. I believe that Secularists are prepared to support legislation for its entire prohibition. We are not in favour of any priesthood. The old ecclesiastical priesthood burnt men for the good of mankind ; the new medical priesthood tortures animals for the same object. But bad means never led to a good end. I suspect salvation that has to be promoted by murder. I am not in love with health that has to be promoted by torture. Personally I do not want to find a little gold dust in the polluted troughs of cruelty. I would rather keep poor and clean. Nor will I be misled by cheap talk about the great principle of sacrifice. When an Anarchist told me, soon after the assassination of President Carnot, that new ideas always had their baptism of blood, I told him that I did not object to their shedding blood: they might shed all they had ; what I objected to was their shedding the blood of others. If some person, full of scientific zeal, and burning with the enthusiasm of humanity, will offer himself to be vivisected, I shall respect his generosity, whatever I may think of his intelligence. But I object to his offering me. He must wait till I offer myself. And I object to his offering any other man—or any other animal.

No one has denounced vivisection with greater eloquence and sincerity than Colonel Ingersoll, the famous Freethought orator of America. The following passages are taken from his appendix to a book entitled "Personal Experiences," by Philip G. Peabody, formerly President of the New England Anti-Vivisection Society :—

"Vivisection is the disgrace and the shame of some of the sciences."

"Of what possible use is it to know just how long an animal can live without food, without water ; at what time he becomes insane from thirst, or blind, or deaf? Who but a fiend would try such experiments? And, if they have been tried, why should not all the fiends be satisfied with the report of the fiends who made them? Must there be countless repetitions of the same horror?"

"Let us do what we can to do away with this infamous practice—a

practice that degrades and demoralises and hardens, without adding in the slightest to the sum of useful knowledge.

"Without using profane words, words of the most blasphemous kind, it is impossible to express my loathing, horror, and hatred of vivisection."

Ingersoll says that a physician who practises or upholds vivisection is unfit to have the care of the sick, or to be trusted with the life or welfare of any human being. He declines to take the hand of a vivisector, or to sit at the same table with him. Some such ostracism is really necessary until we are able to stop this infamy by law. We must let doctors see that the lust of knowledge is no excuse for the deeds of a Jack the Ripper.

After all, it seems to me that the true guarantee for the eventual better treatment of animals is the cultivation of humanity—the greatest word in the world. This is a far safer ground for our hopes than any abstract theory of "rights." It is in the gradual extension of the sympathetic instinct, from the individual to the family, from the family to the tribe, from the tribe to the nation, from the nation to the race, and from our own race to that of the animals, that we find the surest promise for the future of humanitarianism. Above all things, let us cultivate sympathy and imagination. Imagination brings near to us the distant in time and space; and all cruelty, short of positive malignity, would be restrained by a realisation of future consequences. Children should be taught to be humane. Mere cleverness may make a clever rogue; it is *humane* education that is most needed, and, alas, that is most neglected. The scientific side of life is better able than the poetic to take care of itself. True culture involves the training of the emotions as well as the intellect, otherwise we shall never realise the fine ideal of Renan, who "could not be discourteous even to a dog." When we have cultivated humanity in children, and afforded later opportunity for its practice by men and women, the problem before us will be solved. My last word, then, is this: Let us be humane to each other, and the spirit of humanity will naturally extend itself to the whole kinship of life.

G. W. FOOTE



## SOME REMARKS ON CRIME, PUNISHMENT, AND DISEASE.

THERE are many current mistakes on the subject of the population of our gaols which seem to me calculated to impede the progress of genuine reform, and though the following remarks are not made from any specially humanitarian standpoint, I trust they may prove useful.

The population of our prisons does not consist exclusively of criminals. It includes also a considerable number of debtors some of whom have not only been free from any taint of dishonesty, but have committed no moral offence of any kind. They have, for example, paid the amount of their earnings to the landlord who threatened to distrain them or turn them out on the street, or to the baker who refused to supply any more bread unless paid for, rather than to the judgment-creditor who had obtained an instalment order enforceable by imprisonment. Our prisons also contain innocent persons awaiting trial, and in more cases than is generally believed, innocent persons who have been convicted. To which is to be added a certain number of lunatics and weak-minded persons, some convicted and others awaiting trial.

Coming next to persons who have been rightly convicted, we have in the first place to notice the wide distinction drawn by many jurists between a crime which is *malum in se* and one which is only *malum prohibitum*. Offences of the latter kind often involve nothing immoral—nay even in these days a man sometimes goes to prison for conscience' sake, or in order to assert the right

of free speech and free action. A man, for instance, proposes to deliver a public lecture in which there is nothing illegal. Certain other persons resolve to interrupt, and, perhaps, assault him if he attempts it; and a timid magistrate prohibits the lecture as calculated to lead to a breach of the peace, and sends the lecturer to prison because he attempts to disregard this prohibition. Such a prisoner is no criminal, and the lecture would probably take place without any disturbance if it were known that the magistrate was prepared to suppress any outbreak. Again, bye-laws or other regulations whose infraction is punishable by imprisonment are so numerous and so little known that a man often offends against them through mere ignorance. Apart from positive law, would not the poacher have as much right to the wild birds and animals as the landlord who is the legal owner? Hence, poaching is often regarded as no moral offence, not only by the poacher himself but by his neighbours. And a similar remark may be made as regards smuggling, private distillation, selling spirits without a licence, etc., etc. Properly considered, a violation of the law is a moral offence, although previous to the law the matter was one of indifference. And this is specially true of the laws relating to the revenue. It is necessary for the public good that a large revenue should be raised, and the man who seeks to prevent the raising of this revenue is acting contrary to the general welfare. But we cannot expect peasants to take wide views until general education is further advanced. Till then we must bear in mind that the commission of an offence which is only *malum prohibitum* may not imply any criminal tendency on the part of the offender.

It may be a moral offence to get drunk, but we do not punish a man for simple drunkenness. He must be drunk and disorderly, or drunk and incapable. These latter offences, which are among the most common, are very ill-defined. One man will describe the prisoner as neither drunk nor disorderly, when another will describe him as both. Drunkenness admits of degrees, and so does disorderliness. As a rule, moreover, a man may be as drunk and disorderly as he pleases in his own house without incurring any penalty, but if he goes to a public-

house and is noisy on the way home he will probably be arrested—at least if in any considerable town. Other ill-defined offences are those of being “an incorrigible rogue,” “a rogue and vagabond,” and of “loitering with intent to commit a felony.” In the two former cases the word “rogue” does not mean a “thief” nor, indeed, do I see why a man not accused of any recent theft should be punished as a habitual thief when he had already undergone the full legal penalty for every theft of which he had been convicted. Nor does “vagabond” mean a man without any fixed abode. If the prisoner has changed his residence two or three times in ten years it seems to be considered sufficient, indeed in some cases no change of residence seems to be required. Again, what is the meaning of “loitering,” and what evidence of an “intention to commit a felony” is required? With such ill-defined offences as these the prisoner may be a criminal or he may not. The net is spread wide enough to catch the fish both bad and good. And the magistrate may sometimes keep the good and cast the bad away.\*

One of the favourite theories on the subject of late years has been that which regards crime as a disease, and holds that a prison should be an hospital—the theorist usually adding that the disease is congenital, and that if we could prevent the criminals of one generation from having children, crime would become extinct in the next. Now, if there be any ground for the foregoing remarks it follows that many persons included in our prison population are not labouring under any moral disease whatever, and that to adapt our prison system exclusively to those who are thus diseased, would be a great mistake. Perhaps our prison population ought to consist only of persons morally diseased, but it is very far from doing so at present.

Let us, however, carry this comparison of crime to disease a little farther. We do not send all diseased persons to hospitals. Not to mention those who are confined to their own houses and attended there by physicians, a considerable

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\* These ill-defined offences, respecting which it is most difficult to arrive at a correct decision, are under our present system dealt with by the lowest and most incompetent class of judges.

business as usual for many years. This is especially true of some hereditary diseases, such, for example, as asthma. What would be the consequence of locking up every asthmatic person in an hospital and preventing him from earning his bread and performing his duties to society? Again, there are patients in hospitals who are not suffering from any disease. They have met with accidents—breaking, perhaps, a leg or an arm. Such a patient requires treatment, but not as a diseased man. Both of these examples have counterparts in the case of crime. Sometimes we meet with a man capable of earning his bread and getting through life in a fairly satisfactory way, yet who exhibits a tendency to commit petty thefts which seems very difficult to eradicate. Is it necessary to keep him in hospital for life, or until he is cured? Again, we meet with a man who has lived an honest, upright life for many years, but then gives way to a sudden powerful temptation. Even in ordinary parlance we often speak of his offence as a “fall.” He has committed a crime but he is not a criminal in the proper sense. He has no *tendency* to commit crimes; and nothing can be more futile than to boast of the success of a punishment inflicted on him in effecting a cure. The doctor who set the broken leg might as well boast of the success of his treatment because during twenty years that had since elapsed, the patient had not fallen and broken a leg or even an arm a second time. Non-recurrence is no evidence of the merits of any system in cases where there is no reason to expect recurrence: but the habit of speaking of every person who commits a crime as a “criminal,” and of assimilating crime to hereditary disease, has led many people to expect recurrence in all cases, and to claim credit for a cure whenever we do not find it. This is indeed the great argument in favour of flogging youthful offenders. An unfortunate little boy, who has no more intention of becoming a thief than the magistrate himself, is tempted into taking a few apples or sweets, and by the time that he is placed in the dock he has got such a fright that there would not be the slightest risk of his coming back again in any event. It is his first offence, but certain magistrates always refuse the benefit of the First Offenders’ Act to a boy whom the law enables them to flog (a

girl would get the benefit of it under similar circumstances, and the result would be precisely the same). So the boy is flogged and does not come back, and the magistrate boasts of the success of his panacea with as much confidence as if it were certain that the boy would have continued to steal apples for the rest of his life unless the rod had been applied. But this theory that wherever there is an offence there is a tendency to recurrence rests altogether on a failure to distinguish between different classes of offenders.

I now come to the distinction between crimes of passion and crimes of premeditation. It coincides to a considerable extent with the distinction between offences against the person and offences against the property. The coincidence, however, is by no means complete. Not merely may a murder be premeditated for the sake of gain, but there are many instances of murder premeditated for the sake of revenge. Robberies with violence, too, are often premeditated, while breaking a man's windows or doing some other injury to his property is often the result of sudden passion. And ordinary thefts may be committed without premeditation under the influence of a sudden strong temptation. These two classes of crime, however, generally speaking, require different treatment. A man who acts from passion seldom takes time to consider the consequences of his act, and, therefore, the severity of the penalty attached to it will have little effect in deterring him. A large part of the crimes which are treated as murders in our Criminal Courts—often by means of a very strained interpretation of the words "malice aforethought"—are crimes of passion, and the death-penalty has very little effect on those who commit them. In many cases the homicide succeeds in committing suicide; in others he attempts it; and in others again he gives himself up at once, or at all events makes no attempt either to conceal the crime or to escape. Plainly death has no terrors for him—at the time. He has no wish to live, and if he took time to reflect at all, the prospect of a long sentence of penal servitude or imprisonment would have a greater deterrent effect than the prospect of being hanged. Possibly after spending some time in prison he may change his mind on this subject, and be

anxious to escape with even a sentence of penal servitude for life ; but we have to deal with the deterrent effect of the expected punishments at the critical moment, and not with the light in which they may be regarded by the offender when too late to have any effect on the commission or non-commission of the offence. The deterrent effect upon others, which should usually be our main object in dealing with crimes of deliberation, is here of comparatively little consequence. Those whom we seek to deter will not be deterred. Reformation is therefore the main thing to be aimed at. We should seek to train the prisoner to control his passions and not give free scope to them whenever they are excited. But to control a man's passions is one thing and to control the expression of them is another ; and attempting to repress the expression of passions by fear, while leaving these passions themselves untouched, is dangerous even to the operator, but much more so to society, when the forcible repression practised in prison has once been withdrawn. We do not cure pain by threatening to punish the patient if he cries out sobs or weeps, even though he may be more ready to do so than most men ; and those who imagine that the patient is not suffering because he is thus kept silent are much mistaken. A man of strong passions treated as a slave will probably become a brute—in which case he is usually set down as having been a brute originally instead of having been made so by our prison system. He is usually a more troublesome prisoner than the man who is guilty of a crime of deliberation. The latter arrives at the conclusion that the most comfortable way of getting through his term of confinement is to conform strictly to the prison regulations, and if tyrannised over to exhibit no resentment at his treatment. A distinction, however, must be drawn between a prisoner of naturally violent passions and one who has given way to a single over-powering passion which may perhaps never return. A man may commit murder (or manslaughter) as well as robbery on a sudden powerful temptation or provocation with little risk of recurrence, even if no conviction should follow. Persons acquainted with the population of our prisons usually do not regard murderers as the worst class of inmates. But, as already noticed, there are

different types of murderers. There are deliberate murderers who have in several instances killed more than one person for gain, or in order to gratify some other desire before being brought to justice, and there are others whose conduct is best explained by homicidal mania, though even in recent times they have frequently ended their lives on the gallows. Men who kill others without any apparent motive are justly regarded as insane: yet does not this occur in every legal execution from which those who carry it out do not anticipate any benefit to the public?

The distinctions which I have thus adverted to might easily be enlarged on. A common system of treatment for all would (at least, so far as the improvement of our prison population is concerned) be as absurd as a common treatment for all the patients in an hospital, some of whom were suffering from accidents, others from fever, others from consumption, others from alcoholism, and others again from acute mania or softening of the brain. I have here again adverted to the theory that crime is analogous to disease. Perhaps so, if we use the term disease in its widest sense; but there could be no greater error than to treat them all as labouring under the *same* disease. And it is also a mistake to regard the disease as in all instances congenital, and consequently to seek rather to alleviate than to cure it. It is often rather of a kind in which complete restoration to health may be confidently expected, and the chief object should be to prevent the disease from spreading, and at the same time to accelerate the patient's recovery. Nor are we ever likely to have governors of prisons and other prison officials who can be regarded as experts in every possible form of moral disease that is to be found within the walls—without which, separate treatment suited to each individual patient could not be successfully carried out. The attempt to deal separately with each case would probably succeed little better than the cast-iron Procrustean system of treating all alike, which seems so generally prevalent. A humane governor gifted with strong common sense, and not tied up by red-tape rules, would probably effect a good deal towards improving the condition of our prisons—especially if militarism found no place there; not

that retired officers might not make excellent governors if they did not adhere too closely to the traditions of the military profession. Discipline is not reformation. It may impose on a visitor; but what permanent good does it effect? We do not make a man a better moral agent by converting him into a machine. Order and obedience are no doubt necessary, but it is undesirable to give useless commands and enforce useless regulations. Order and discipline in prisons as elsewhere are not ends but means. They must be insisted on because nothing can be rightly done without them, but apart from this they have no positive value. A number of linked carriages in which a jerk to one moves all the rest is not the ideal of humanity—not even of criminal humanity. But the value of discipline is still vastly overrated in other places than prisons. It is never useful otherwise than as a means.

LEX.



## SPORTS LEGITIMATE AND ILLEGITIMATE.

### I.

#### THE DRAG-HUNT.

PERHAPS there may be some who do not clearly understand what the drag-hunt is. Yet it is desirable that all who are interested in the promotion of humanity to animals should do so, because the drag-hunt is the sport suggested as a substitute for the practice of hunting foxes, stags, otters and hares.

In drag-hunting, a man is charged with the duty of making his way across the country dragging behind him a cord, to which is attached some woollen material—say an old stocking—saturated with aniseed or some other substance emitting a scent. If a strong scent is desired, aniseed is generally used; if a weaker one is in quest, some other substance is employed. There are plenty to choose from.

There are great advantages connected with drag-hunts. The pace can be made fast or slow, so as to meet the wishes of followers. Then the layer of the drag can select what country he likes for crossing. This suits farmers, who are not fond of having their crops ridden over or their cattle frightened.

If hard galloping is sought, large hounds would be used, the same size as fox-hounds; the drag-man would be given a short start, so as to keep the scent fresh, and he would employ aniseed, which has, as I have said, a powerful odour. Moreover, he would run pretty straight and keep the drag continuously on the ground, except at points where he thought the horsemen would require a halt to enable their steeds to

regain their wind. There is not, of course, the same amount of excitement in this business as there is when some panting, terrified animal is in front of the pack, doing all that its instincts suggest to escape their jaws; but only selfish and barbarous people would long for the zest procured from such a source. Those who like riding across country ought to find everything that a right-minded sportsman could require in the drag-hunt pure and simple. The Household Brigade at Windsor and the Staff College at Camberley seem to enjoy this species of sport; they both keep drag-hounds, and if the pastime satisfies their requirements, why should it not suffice for other persons? Here is a recent quotation from *The Sheffield Telegraph*, a paper favourable to sport:—

“There is little doubt that in time the drag-hunt will become the popular hunting pastime. For years it has been supported by the officers of the Guards, and besides having the merit of disarming criticism on the part of the Humanitarian League, it can be enjoyed by thousands of sightseers, as it defines the tract of country over which the drag leads the hounds.”

The drag-hunt can also be arranged so as to suit pedestrians. In this case, of course, the pace has to be made much slower. In the first place, the true beagle, a small dog, should be used. Then the drag-layer should be given a long start, in order to cool the scent. As he goes on his way, he will have to resort to twistings and doublings, and occasional suspensions of scent-dropping. These all tend to slacken the speed of the pack, and the followers can easily keep up with them on foot. I ought to say that something less odorous than aniseed would be employed by the drag-layer.

Here, then, we have an amusement which ought to suit that class of persons, on the one hand, who enjoy cross-country riding, and, on the other hand, those who seek for pleasure and muscular activity in long runs. It will be thus seen that the boys of Eton College and the “Britannia” cadets, who run after their hare-chasing beagles might just as well seek health and exercise and recreation in running after beagles which are picking up scent artificially deposited. The drag-hunt being able to furnish such advantages as I have described

we are surely justified in regarding as wantonly cruel all those who find delight in torturing animals by packs of hounds.

## II.

### WHIPPET-RACING.

WE all know, to our sorrow, what a hold rabbit-coursing has upon certain classes of the community, especially the miners of South Wales and the North of England. It is practised also in the environs of the Metropolis, and, what is more shocking, it is a common Sunday sport.

For example, the *Daily News* of Monday, October 26th, gave a full account of rabbit-coursing, which took place the previous day at Wimbledon. This is what a reporter from the staff of that journal says he saw on that occasion:—

A big covered van floundered up through the muddy lane and across the sponge-like turf to the far end of the field. Inside were stacked great shallow wicker hampers filled with the wild rabbits, which were to provide material for the day's sport. The dogs yelped and barked in chorus at the expected quarry which they scented in the van. About a couple of hundred "sportsmen" were present—pale, flabby errand boys came to learn "doggy" talk and to bet on the races. Soon after eleven these began. Two dogs were held by their masters in the centre for the first match, and a youth brought a rabbit from a hamper and dangled the wriggling creature before them to excite them to fury. The race itself was a matter of a few moments. The whippet—a cross between terrier and greyhound—has a speed nearly four times that of the rabbit. The little white tail of the latter had barely bobbed up and down a score of times, as it made for the nearest hedge, before the foremost of the pursuing pair had grabbed it and rolled over and over with the prize. The second dog then took hold, and there was a tug of war, the rabbit being alternately pulled and shaken as each dog tried first to drag the prey from his opponent by sheer force and then to jerk it away.

When the man in charge loitered up and separated the dogs the skin had been dragged off the rabbit from the waist to

the hinder knees, leaving the red, raw muscles and tendons just as you see them on a game dealer's stall. The races were all alike. Rabbit after rabbit was run down before it had done fifty yards, and the end was always a frantic tug of war, during which the two dogs madly tried to wrench the prey from each other. The mangled remains of the rabbits were carried about and dangled before other dogs to excite their ferocity. So the thing went on all through the afternoon.

It is horrible to think that in civilised England there is no law to interfere with such doings as these. It cannot be pleaded that if we were to stop this sport we should be unduly depriving workmen of their pleasures, for "whippets" could be employed just as well in races, as in torturing rabbits. I have seen whippet-racing, and am sure it would supply all that the working population may rightfully ask for in this line of amusement.

In whippet-racing, a course is formed which is kept free for the dogs by ropes on either side. At one end, men have in hand the whippets that are about to compete, and here stands the starter, holding his pistol. "Runners-up" now come on to the course, carrying in their hands a towel or scarf, and starting from the front of the dogs, and frantically waving the article they hold, and whistling and calling to the animals, they begin to run towards the far end of the course, where the winning line is marked out and the judge has taken up his post. When the right moment has arrived, the pistol is fired, and the whippets are liberated and commence to travel the course with the speed of the wind, the "runners-up" always getting well beyond the winning point before the dogs overtake them, in order that the latter may pass it at their utmost pace. It is altogether a remarkable sight, and, had I never witnessed the thing, I could not have believed that the little dogs would enter into the contest with the ardour they do.

What I say, then, is that there is a sport here which may well supersede rabbit-coursing. It would minister to the British workman's love of dogs; it would enable him to organise contests for prizes, and afford recreation of a kind which he appears to consider necessary. Humanitarians could

raise no objection whatever to it, as cruelty is entirely absent from it. We appeal, therefore, to the labouring classes to adopt it as a substitute for the practice of coursing and mangling rabbits.

### III.

#### PIGEON-SHOOTING.

PIGEON-SHOOTING is another of those sports which generous minds must regard with aversion. There is not a single element in it which cultivates any good quality in its patrons.

The late Lord Randolph Churchill, in the House of Commons, 1883, alluding to Monte Carlo doings, gave an effective description of a pigeon-shooting scene :

"He had had the opportunity," he said, "of watching the sight at Monte Carlo, though he never had the satisfaction of killing a pigeon himself. The pigeon-shooting at Monte Carlo was conducted on the same principles as that at Hurlingham, and under similar rules. He saw the birds taken out of the basket, and before being put into the trap a man cut their tails with a large pair of scissors. That probably was not very cruel, because he only cut the quill, though at times he seemed to cut very close. But worse followed. After cutting the tail, he saw the man take the bird in one hand, and with the other tear a great bunch of feathers from the breast and stomach of every pigeon. On asking the man what he did that for he replied that it was to stimulate the birds, in order that, maddened by excitement and pain, they might take a more eccentric leap into the air, and increase the chance of the pigeon-gamblers.

"He saw another very curious thing, too. One of the pigeons was struck and fell to the ground ; but when the dog went to pick it up, the wretched bird fluttered again into the air, and for an appreciable time it remained so fluttering, just a little higher than the dog could jump. While the bird's fate was thus trembling in the balance, the betting was fast and furious, and, when at last the pigeon tumbled into the dog's jaws, he would never forget the shout of triumph and yell of execration that rose from the ring-men and gentlemen."

Now what honest-minded man can approve of such a pastime as this? Yet the so-called sport is in much favour, from the aristocratic Hurlingham down to gatherings at the lowest public-houses. It is surely of the nature of anything claiming to be legitimate sport, that the quarry should be in its natural, wild condition, and should have a chance of saving its life from its would-be destroyer. What chance of this kind has

a dazed pigeon, fluttering from a box in the presence of guns ready to fire the moment it appears? The whole thing is cowardly and contemptible, and should be suppressed by law. This fate it would have met in 1883, had the House of Lords done its duty as well as the House of Commons, for a Bill, which aimed at its abolition, was rejected in the former House after it had passed in the latter.

Supposing all shooting of birds from traps were prohibited by law, is there any kindred diversion which might take its place? Yes, there is the clay-pigeon shoot, which affords good practice in gunnery, and amuses its patrons by enabling them to meet, and settle contests for prizes, and so forth. It ought to satisfy all who have not got into the vicious habit of thinking that sport is poor work unless it inflicts agony or death on animals.

The clay-pigeon, so-called, does not bear any resemblance to a living bird. It is like a small saucer, brown in colour, and brittle.

One of the ways in which the artificial shoot is carried on is this: A pit is formed, deep enough to allow a man to stand in it, and remain unseen. In the pit is placed machinery which a person can employ for projecting a pigeon to a considerable distance, at a quick speed, and at any angle. The pigeon may be shot up in the air, or sent skimming along the ground, and fly to right or left. The shooter stands some yards behind the pit, gun in hand, waiting for the appearance of the object. And, not knowing what course the pigeon will take, he is kept on the *qui vive*. From the sporting point of view, this is so much to the good, as uncertainty is an element of enjoyment in the matter.

At shooting grounds such as those of Messrs. Holland and Holland, of New Bond Street, situated at Kensal Rise, there are many diversities attached to the recreation. Birds are thrown, in some cases, from high structures, or go flying over trees, and move in a mode similar to that of pheasants or driven grouse and partridges. Then, further, at this establishment, the figures of birds with outstretched wings appear for a few seconds on a whitened screen, and form interesting

objects to fire at. Across this screen, again, metal representations of rabbits are made to run on an iron rod. From this it will be understood what a deal of variety may be introduced into this form of amusement.

What humanitarians desire to see is the substitution everywhere of this kind of shooting for that of firing at pigeons and starlings and other living birds liberated from traps. A little reflection and effort at self-control would surely enable sportsmen to content themselves with a pastime that does not inflict pain and destruction on some sentient being.

I ought to say that at Messrs. Holland and Holland's establishment live pigeons are kept for those who wish to fire at them, but I am pleased to learn that for every living bird killed one hundred clay birds are shot at.

Before I close my remarks, I may allude to the Bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to Wild Animals, which is in the hands of Mr. Corrie Grant, supported by Dr. Shipman. This Bill was drafted by the Humanitarian League in 1894, being called at that time the Sport Regulation Bill. Its sponsor was Mr. A. C. Morton who introduced it in the House of Commons. It subsequently passed into the hands of Mr. H. F. Luttrell, who changed its title to the Spurious Sports Bill. This was the same measure which the Bishop of Hereford brought before the House of Lords in 1902, under the name of the Prevention of Cruelty to Wild Animals Bill, and this title it retains.

Though its fortunes in Parliament have not been what we could have desired, its present prospects are not unfavourable. During recent years public feeling has much altered respecting practices the Bill aims at abolishing, which, I may repeat, are the tame stag-hunt, still carried on by about twenty packs of hounds; rabbit-coursing, an abominably barbarous and debasing custom; and shooting birds from traps. If the public will weigh the arguments by which we support this measure, we feel certain that no long time will elapse before Parliament enacts it, and does away with practices that have been too long in vogue, and are quite out of harmony with the educational ideas of our day.

J. STRATTON.

## NATURE-LESSONS FROM GEORGE MEREDITH.

"GEORGE MEREDITH has constantly devoted himself to the ever-fruitful fields of real living nature and human nature." So wrote James Thomson, one of the earliest and most sympathetic of Mr. Meredith's admirers; and the words remain to this day as true and appropriate as when they were written. For George Meredith is naturalist and novelist in one; the gospel which he preaches may be not inaptly summed up as a "return to nature." In the "Woods of Westermain," that suggestive poem which forms the introduction to the lyrics rightly named "Of the Joy of Earth," we have the essence of Mr. Meredith's philosophy. Wild nature is revered and celebrated by him as the inmost sanctuary of wisdom, the touchstone by which all human sentiment and knowledge must ultimately be ratified or condemned. Such is the note struck in the opening lines:

Enter these enchanted woods,  
    You who dare.  
Nothing harms beneath the leaves  
More than waves a swimmer cleaves.  
Toss your heart up with the lark,  
Foot at peace with mouse and worm,  
    Fair you fare.  
Only at a dread of dark  
Quaver, and they quit their form:  
Thousand eyeballs under hoods  
    Have you by the hair.  
Enter these enchanted woods,  
    You who dare.



It were easy to show, by examples taken from Mr. Meredith's writings, the extraordinary beauty and force of his descriptions of natural scenery and of his similes drawn therefrom ; but what is better worth showing, inasmuch as it has not received the attention it deserves, is the supreme power, and the supreme tenderness in power, with which he has imaged those mystic, subtle, evanescent, yet very real sympathies that subsist between Nature and Man. Especially is this noticeable in the great crises of his plots—turn to them, and you will find that then it is he touches with unerring finger on the very pulse of nature, and suggests to us that the heart of the universal mother beats in unison with our own. The solemnly-gorgeous "Morning at Sea under the Alps," when Beauchamp, alone with Renée on the Adriatic, is at the turning-point of his career ; the double-blossom wild cherry-tree, with its "load of virginal blossom whiter than the summer cloud on the sky," under whose shade Clara Middleton, sickened by the egoism of Sir Willoughby, first knows her love for the simple manly Vernon ; the "great surges of wind, piping and driving every light surface-atom as foam," on which Diana, her heart tumultuous as the wind, descends the Surrey hill-slope with the faithful Redworth ; the immortal sunset-sonnet in "Modern Love," when "the largeness of the evening earth" gives a divine moment's recompense for two wasted lifetimes ; the little stream of Beckley Park, that warbles its undertone, now sad, now glad, to the shifting fortunes of Evan Harrington ; the final sentences of "Sandra Belloni," where Merthyr reads Emilia's letter, "sitting in the Richford library alone, while the great rhododendron bloomed outside, above the shaven sunny sward, looking like a monstrous tropic bird alighted to brood an hour in full sunlight" ; the majestic part played by the Alps at the close of "Vittoria," where, by the surest poetic instinct, the scene is lifted from the reeking murderous battle-plains of Italy to the solitude of the spotless snows—these are but a few of the memorable passages in which George Meredith has represented human passion as finding an echo and a sympathy in the elemental forces of nature.

This "nature," however, is a somewhat ambiguous term, and

to avoid misconception it should be premised that Mr. Meredith's nature-worship by no means implies a sanction of mere sensual impulse; on the contrary, the perils, no less than the advantages, of natural instinct are repeatedly emphasised by him. "She is a splendid power," he says of nature, "for as long as we confine her between the banks; but she has a passion to discover cracks, and if we give her headway, she will find one, and drive at it, and be through, uproarious in her primitive licentiousness, unless we labour body and soul like Dutchmen at the dam." Note, as an example of this want of balance between "nature and circumstance," the character of Alvan, in the "Tragic Comedians," of whom it is said, "a stormy blood made wreck of a splendid intelligence."

How, then, shall the devotee of nature distinguish between the true nature and the false; how, entering the enchanted Woods of Westermain, shall he grasp as a blessing the gift which is offered him in the form of blessing or curse? The choice lies within himself. The essential condition of true nature is vital growth; and whoso has realised this law may wander a free man through the wildest recesses of the forest.

Then for you are pleasures pure  
Sureties as the stars are sure:  
Not the wanton beckoning flags  
Which, of flattery and delight,  
Wax to the grim Habit-Hags  
Riding souls of men to night:  
Pleasures that through blood run sane,  
Quickening spirit from the brain.

Brain and spirit, so Mr. Meredith reminds us, are integral elements in nature. "'Tis nature bids you be to nature true," he says in one of his poems; and elsewhere, "To demand of us truth to nature, excluding philosophy, is really to bid a pumpkin caper." And again, in the same chapter; "If in any branch of us we fail in growth, there is, you are aware, an un-failing aboriginal democratic old monster that waits to pull us down; certainly the branch, possibly the tree; and for the welfare of life we fall. . . . Be wary of him in the heart; especially be wary of the disrelish of brain-stuff. You must feed on something. Matter that is not nourishing to brains can help

to constitute nothing but the bodies which are pitched on rubbish heaps." Here we see the source of Mr. Meredith's repeatedly outspoken destestation of custom, of sameness, of intellectual stagnation, all of which are utterly alien to nature :

Sameness locks no scurfy pond  
Here for custom, crazy-fond :  
Change is on the wing to bud  
Rose in brain from rose in blood.

We see, therefore, that the basis of Mr. Meredith's philosophy is emphatically a belief in the saving wholesomeness of nature. And it is here worth observing that his nature lessons are, in one way, the more significant and effective, on account of the seeming incongruity of their surroundings. They are a cry for simplicity from the very camp of the artificial. We are not now alluding so much to the "artificialities," real or imagined, of Mr. Meredith's style—the protracted sword-play of the dialogue, and the other elaborate mannerisms of which his readers, perhaps not unfairly, complain—as to the fact that the scenes of his novels are mostly laid in an aristocratic, and therefore necessarily artificial atmosphere, a country-house assemblage of lords and ladies and gentle-folk, who move amid the continuous tittle-tattle of fashionable drawing-rooms and dinner-tables. Could anything, it might be said, be less congenial to nature? Yet perhaps for that very reason the moral is pointed more acutely ; certainly the position of the moralist is more piquant and stimulating. "One learns," says Mr. Meredith, in "Rhoda Fleming," "to have compassion for fools, by studying them ; and the fool, though nature is wise, is next door to nature. He is naked in his simplicity : he can tell us much and suggest more." And again, in "One of our Conquerors" : "An acutely satiric man, in an English circle that does not resort to the fist for a reply to him, may almost satiate the excessive fury aroused in his mind by an illogical people of provocative prosperity. . . . They give him so many opportunities."

Mr. Meredith, in brief, is a humorist who loves nature ; and when he tarries amid artificial surroundings, it is precisely because he is so keenly aware of the incongruity, and of the

rich material the contrast offers him; for comedy, as he has himself remarked, "is a game played to throw reflections upon social life, and it deals with human nature in the drawing-room of civilised men and women." His high opinion and masterly use of what he calls the "comic spirit"\* are thus seen to be closely connected with his philosophy of nature, being the weapons with which he scourges the follies and vices of civilisation. "Whenever men violate the unwritten but perceptible laws binding them in consideration one to another; whenever they offend sound reason, fair justice; are false in humility or mined with conceit, individually, or in the bulk—the Spirit overhead will look humanely malign and cast an oblique light on them, followed by volleys of silvery laughter."

We would especially call attention to the words "*humanely* malign," because there is no more lamentable misunderstanding of the humorist in general, and of Mr. Meredith in particular, than the idea that the "comic spirit" is in any degree cynical or misanthropic. Years ago an unfortunate critic identified the cynical Adrian of "Richard Feverel" with the author of that book; and later, Mr. J. M. Barrie has remarked that "wit does not proceed from the heart, and so in many of Mr. Meredith's books there is no heart. . . . This want of heart is a part of the price Mr. Meredith pays for his wit." Mr. Meredith's temper is, from first to last, a humane one; his works are everywhere as full of heart as they are full of brain; and the reader who has missed the recognition of this, has missed the most signal point in his teaching. It is his peculiar triumph to have demonstrated that there is no incompatibility, but rather the closest interdependence, between intellectual strength and spiritual tenderness—that to be large-brained is also to be large-hearted.

Let us now consider the application of Mr. Meredith's philosophy to certain of the ethical and social questions of the present time. "Sentimentalism" is perhaps the moral blot which has been most persistently indicated by him. "And how may you know," he says, "that you have reached to philosophy?

\* See his essay on "The Idea of Comedy, and of the Uses of the Comic Spirit."

You touch her skirts when you share her hatred of the sham decent, her derision of sentimentalism." In healthy nature there is no place for the sentimentalist. "Such persons come to us in the order of civilisation; wealthy communities must engender them. Our sentimentalists are a variety owing their existence to a certain prolonged term of comfortable feeding." Closely allied to this sentimentalism, perhaps at root scarcely to be distinguished from it, is the "egoism" which plays so important a part in Mr. Meredith's novels, and provides so large a field for his exercise of the "comic perception." And, further, we would remark that this sentimental egoism of which Mr. Meredith makes such havoc, bears a strong generic resemblance to the pseudo-idealism which Ibsen has set himself to denounce. The secret of the character of Sir Willoughby Patterne, the Egoist *par excellence*, is stated to be that "he is one of those excessively civilised creatures who aim at perfection"—a thoroughly Ibsenite utterance. Very notable, too, in this connection, is the following passage from that characteristic introduction to "Diana of the Crossways":

"'So well do we know ourselves that we one and all determine to know a purer,' says the heroine of my columns. Philosophy in fiction tells, among various other matters, of the perils of this intimate acquaintance with a flattering familiar in the 'purer'—a person who more than ceases to be of use to us after his ideal shall have led up men from their flint and arrowhead caverns to intercommunicative daylight. For, when the fictitious creature has performed that service of helping to civilise the world, it becomes the most dangerous of delusions, causing first the individual to despise the mass, and then to join the mass in crushing the individual."

On this misleading will-o'-the-wisp, whether it be called "sentimentalism" or "egoism" or "idealism," Mr. Meredith, as befits a champion of the natural, has waged unceasing and relentless war.

Naturalness is, in fact, the watchword of Mr. Meredith's art. It has been his avowed purpose to maintain, at all costs to his popularity as a novelist, a healthy and rational position, remote alike from the "rose-pink" of sentimental romance and the "alternative dirty drab" of realistic pessimism. His books, like those of George Borrow, are a sturdy protest against the

fashionable inanities of kid-glove literature. "My way," he says, "is like a Rhone island in the summer drought, stony, unattractive and difficult between the two forceful streams of the unreal and the over-real, which delight mankind—honour to the conjurors! My people conquer nothing, win none; they are actual, yet uncommon. It is the clock-work of the brain that they are directed to set in motion." Mr. Meredith's characters are accordingly neither immaculate heroes nor unmitigated villains, but real creatures of flesh and blood; while even the artificialities of his style and diction, already alluded to, are incidental surface-blemishes, not radical defects—indeed, as James Thomson pointed out, his language, at all important crises, is "beautiful in simplest Saxon."

Sentimental egoism is, of course, a very different thing from personal individuality, of which Mr. Meredith, like all nature-lovers, is an ardent advocate. There is a deliberate and very noticeable contrast, in his writings, between that gallery of weak self-indulgent "shuttle-cockians," of whom Sir Willoughby Patterne is the chief example and Wilfrid Pole and Percy Dacier among the lesser lights, and those typical, strong, self-contained men of the Merthyr Powys class, to whom the mature love of the noblest women is ultimately awarded. In Mr. Meredith's words:

Love meet they who do not shove  
Cravings in the van of Love.

To distinguish "cravings" from affection, egoism from individuality, is to know the true self from the false one, and this is one of the central precepts of the Meredithian philosophy.

It is obvious that this nature-gospel must have an important bearing on the question of the right relation of the sexes. Now the naturalness of Mr. Meredith's female characters, and the delicacy of his insight into the feelings of women, have been largely acknowledged, and his "heroines of reality" have already taken their place among the solid achievements of literature: it is sufficient to refer to the names of Emilia and Diana, of Janet Ilchester and Clara Middleton. But there is still deeper significance in Mr. Meredith's treatment of the social status of women. To preach nature, and the individual

freedom which is inseparable from nature, *here*, in this labyrinthine maze of the "sham decent," is to revolutionise indeed! Yet this is what Mr. Meredith has consistently done through the whole sequence of his novels; and the fact that it is done as an artist must do it, indirectly, and in no obtrusively didactic spirit, does not at all diminish the importance of the result. A flood of ridicule is poured in passage after passage on "the common male egoist ideal of a wax-work sex," an ideal which has made individuality of character a difficult, well-nigh impossible attainment for women, whose purity is "carved in marble for the assurance to an Englishman that his possession of the changeless thing defies time and his fellows—is the pillar of his home and universally enviable." "I must be myself, to be of any value to you, Willoughby," are Clara's unheeded words to the Egoist.

In "One of our Conquerors" Mr. Meredith has expressed the same conclusion with even greater insistence.

"Thus was Nesta, too, being put into her woman's harness of the bit and the blinkers, and taught to know herself for the weak thing, the gentle parasite, which the fiction of our civilisation expects her, caressingly and contemptuously, to become in the active, while it is exacted of her—O comedy of clowns!—that in the passive she be a rock-fortress impregnable, not to speak of magically encircled. She must also have her feelings; she must not be an unnatural creature. And she must have a sufficient intelligence; for her stupidity does not flatter the possessing man. It is not an organic growth that he desires in his mate, but a happy composition. You see the world which comes of the pair."

Well may Mr. Meredith suggest that grossness is at the root of this conventional ideal of womanly purity; and that sentimentalism, "fiddle in harmonics" as it will, is but the "fine flower, or pinnacle flame-spire of sensualism."

It has been said that "George Meredith's position is that of a mourner over the present state of womankind, and a devout believer in woman's future elevation, by man's kind permission and assistance," a criticism which is founded on the erroneous assumption that a certain sentence in "The Pilgrim's Scrip"—"I expect that Woman will be the last thing civilised by Man"—expresses the judgment of Mr. Meredith himself, whereas in

reality it is (in the sense attributed to it) directly opposed to the general tenor of his doctrine. The truth is, that the whole protectorate of men over women has had few more deadly assailants in English literature than the author of "Diana of the Crossways" and "Modern Love"; the monstrous absurdity, the utter *impasse*, of woman's present position is the moral written very clearly, for those who have eyes to read it, in Mr. Meredith's books. "They cannot take a step without becoming bondwomen; into what a slavery!" is the verdict of Clara on her sex. "I have had a Beauty's career, and a curious caged beast's life I have found it," is Diana's similar experience; and so in like manner with each of his other heroines in turn, until we read of Nataly, in "One of our Conquerors," that she "could argue her case in her conscience—deep down and out of hearing, where women, under scourge of the Laws they have not helped decree, may and do deliver their minds—she stood in that subterranean recess for Nature against the Institutions of Man."

What then is to be the outcome of this tyrannous coil of artificial restriction? Writing as a poet and novelist, and not as a lecturer, Mr. Meredith has preferred to suggest his views in outline, rather than propound them in full; but there can be no question that he foresees very distinctly, even from the slight indications of the present day, the resistless tide of the emancipation that is to come. Witness the four concluding lines of the final stanza of "Modern Love":—

In tragic hints here see what evermore  
 Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's force,  
 Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse,  
 To throw that faint thin line upon the shore!

If we may judge by the internal evidence of Mr. Meredith's writings, the sex question is the one which has had the largest share of his sympathetic interest; but no intelligent reader can fail to perceive that he is a thorough lover of freedom in all its forms and phases, social, national, or intellectual. His democratic instincts are unmistakable; their import, as I have already said, being enhanced rather than lessened by the contrast of their surroundings; and if the society of his Stukely



Culbretts and Cecil Baskett is felt to be somewhat oppressive at times by those who have not been fated to dwell in the same polite environments, it should be remembered that these very passages convey the most complete revelation of the character of the modern "gentleman," that "national apology for indolence," as he has inimitably expressed it. Best of all, Mr. Meredith has never faltered in his course; from first to last, through neglect and ridicule and misrepresentation, he has been true to his own genius and to the principles that inspired him. From the time, now many years ago, when he showed, in "Richard Feverel," the catastrophe that must ensue from the attempt of any Superior Person, whether scientist or humanist, to bind nature by a "system," he has enforced and reinforced, under a succession of various aspects, the same great nature-lesson.

And herein he has his reward. At once the sanest and the humanest of English novelists, the strongest brain and the most feeling heart of his literary generation, he will be read and studied with increasing attention when the great social and ethical movements that are now at work shall have rendered antiquated the larger portion of contemporary fiction. Unlike Dickens, unlike Thackeray, unlike George Eliot, he is essentially a poet; hence his subtler sympathies and loftier scope of vision, which have not only saved him from the lapses into morbid sentiment of which those writers were not unfrequently the victims, but have enabled him to read the signs of the times and to forecast impending changes with far greater penetration.

It has been well said that Mr. Meredith's purpose is "to reconcile the spiritual and the material by means of the intellect." The divorce of thought from nature, as if the two principles were in some way antagonistic, is utterly alien to the spirit of his philosophy; he would accept and humanise both, and by humanising reconcile them. His teaching is epitomised in the verse:

Mind that with deep earth unites.

The fruits of this steadfast deep-rooted nature-worship are seen in the healthy confidence, the fresh reanimating faith in

life and humanity, that breathes, like his favourite south-west wind, through Mr. Meredith's writings. Here, at any rate, is an optimism that is neither sentimental nor selfish, that has blinked no sombre or distasteful fact, but has looked reality in the face, and can yet bid mankind be of good cheer. It is no common debt that English fiction owes to the man who, during the past quarter-century, has done more than any other to redeem it from the slur of intellectual barrenness, and to point it to those "ever-fruitful fields of real living nature and human nature" where his own lifework has been accomplished.

HENRY S. SALT.

## A NORTHUMBERLAND QUARRYMAN'S STORY.

I AM an old Border quarryman, born and bred on the south side. With the exception of being once or twice in Edinburgh and Newcastle I have not been far from the Cheviots all my life.

Reading about the great interest you take in the welfare of the lower animals, I have taken into my head to relate to you by letter two fox stories.\*

The first happened forty years ago, the other more recently. I can vouch for the truth of the first, as I was present the whole time; the other is hearsay, but was told to me as gospel truth by an old country pedlar, whom I believe to be as honest and truthful a man as ever walked the earth.

Forty years ago I was working by contract in a small out-lying quarry. My only mate was Willie Stuart, well known about the Border at that time as "big Will the quarryman." He stood well over six feet and built strong in proportion. Few men could stand up to him at wrestling or boxing, but never quarrelsome, very tender hearted with children and all animals, and very gentle in the way he treated them. He was a native of one of the small islands on the west of Scotland, where it was said that his people had rented slate quarries for ages.

The old mistress of the Blue Bell knew more of Willie's history than anybody else. She aye said that "he was his ane warst enemy, and that drunk or sober there was aye a big strake of the old-fashioned gentleman about poor Willie, and that in his young days he was sairly wranged baith by man

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\* First written in the form of a letter to Colonel Coulson, of Newbrough, Fourstones-on-Tyne.

and woman." During all the years he came about her house she never heard him say an ill word about anybody, and only once saw him fairly roused in anger, and she hoped she would never see the like again. It was a Saturday night. He, with other men, was drinking in the kitchen. They got on talking about the Earl of Derwentwater and the Battle of Colloden. Willie was taking the side of what he called "the good old cause," when something was said about the auld Stuarts which Willie took to be a great insult, and from less to more a big row was started. Willie got fairly mad with anger, and in less than no time he cleared the kitchen.

He had travelled in foreign countries, whether as a soldier or what he was I could never find out. Two articles he always carried about with him: a packet of letters tied up in an old pocket book, and a well-worn book of poems, written by some ancient highland poet called Ossian. After dark he would wander about the moor looking at the stars and crooning over these old verses.

As I said, Willie and myself were working together in this old quarry. It had not been worked for many years. It was shaped like a horse-shoe, protected round the top and sides by paling and hedge. Half-way up the quarry face was a ledge, and on this ledge was a large piece of detached stone, the back of which was scooped out, forming a small cave open at the top and one side.

One afternoon we were jumping a blast hole at the back of this stone when we got a big fright with what we thought was the quarry-side coming in to bury us, but what turned out to be a fox that had slipped down from the hedge above, bringing along with it a smothering of stoor and stones. Being nearest the opening I jumped out, when Willie shouted me to come back and bring in the lowering rope, when we managed to tie up the half-stunned fox. By this time we heard the hunters and hounds both above and below us; a portion of them came round and up the quarry brae, the rest were above us at the back of the hedge. I was advising Willie to let the fox go, when he turned on me fiercely with a look of determination in his big eyes which I will never forget, and said in

a low determined voice: "Before these savages murders this poor creature they will murder Willie Stuart first. Good God! Liddel, put your hand on this poor beast's beating heart and feel they sore tired quivering limbs and tell me if it would not be a disgrace to our manhood to throw out this poor hunted fellow-creature to these bloody butchers. Go you on the ledge and face them below, and at the peril of your life say not a word about the fox being here. I will face the crew above."

When I got out I found the whippers and hounds trying to scramble up the loose stones on the quarry face, which they could not very well do as I was pushing loose stuff down with my foot. The huntsman shouted till he was like to burst, asking if I saw a fox. I wagged my head and put my hand to my ear pretending that I was stone deaf. Turning round to see what Willie was about I saw two red coats had got through the hedge and that Willie had managed to squeeze his big body through the opening at the top of the stone, and an awful sight he looked. His shirt got nearly torn off him, and the blood was running down his back and breast from scratches he got tearing himself through the opening, no bonnet on, a great big red towsey head, a small steel jumper in his big hairy fist. He looked a proper ancient Briton.

The red coats who were clinging to the inside of the paling were shouting to him about the fox, and he was threatening to murder them with the jumper if they would not give over pushing down stones on top of him. This went on for a long time. At last, after calling us damned stupid idiots and many other nice names, they whipped the hounds off and left us.

After they all left we sat behind the big stone until the gloaming, the restless fox behind us, its eyes shining in the dark, at times struggling to get free, and at times licking the blood from a cut it received when it fell. Will was lying back with his hands clasped behind his head, his big blue eyes fixed on a patch of sky seen through the opening. By way of conversation, I was making excuses for men and women hunting the lower animals for sport, when suddenly he gripped my hand and drew me close to him. Pointing with the other hand through the opening, he said in a voice which has rung in my ears ever

since: "Jamie, do you see yon little blue star beginning to shine in the east? It is one o' thousands and tens o' thousands of millions of worlds. In presence of the great Spirit who upholds these worlds, what mockery and presumption to talk of higher and lower or any distinction in the creatures of this earth. It is one of puir, ignorant, thoughtless, upsetting man's damned sophistries; a lie against the Maker and Ruler of the universe: He who marks the sparrow's fall, and counts every beat of the palpitating heart, and every quiver of these sore tired limbs of this poor hunted creature at our backs. Man, Jamie, I have lived for years in a foreign country where millions of black folk would rather die of starvation than take the life of an animal for food, far less would they hunt it to a cruel death for sport; and yet we have the impudence to send missionaries to teach them what divine humanity is. Oh! Jamie, Jamie, there is something wrang, very far wrang about it all. But come, let us give this poor thing another chance for its life and then go home."

And so we wended our way home across the lonely moor, speaking but few words to one another. Willie, half to himself and half to me, was saying, "What poor bewildered creatures we all are; " then straightening himself and throwing his head back would gaze round the heavens, now crowded with brilliant stars, muttering, "How awful, mysterious, and overpowering; it is all too big; to live up to all this is too much to expect from saint or foxhunter; " and when parting he said, "Good night, Jamie, we have lost an afternoon's work, but we have only done what the despised hunted Christ would have done. We have beds to go to, and the fox will find itself a hole, but the Man of Sorrows, escaping from his blood-thirsty hunters, had nowhere to lay his weary head." Poor wrangled misguided Willie Stuart, a big man with a warm heart! For many years now his body lies mouldering in African soil.

I have all my life been a pretty regular attender at church. I have heard hundreds of sermons from clergymen, who with quivering tearful voices preached about the uncertainty of life, the necessity of living up to our Christian profession, about the great white throne and coming judgment, about the merci-

ful heart of the crucified One, but never yet have I heard one single sermon denouncing the cruelty of fox-hunting.

I feel that my earthly pilgrimage is drawing to a close, and that in a very short time the shadow of death will be creeping over me. I hope that at the end of the valley I shall feel the same communion of soul and the same oneness of being with the great universe and its controlling Spirit as when, with firm grasp of my hand, I listened to the voice of my old mate in the quarry. I have had my troubles and cares like other men, but the feelings and impressions I received that day have never left me, and during the remainder of my life have often given me strength and hope. I must apologise for troubling you with this long story, but the other is short—true—sad.

A few seasons ago a fox, after being hunted over high-roads and through hedges, completely blown and exhausted, jumped for shelter into the garden of a Vicarage not a hundred miles from the town of Hexham. One would have thought, surely, the poor distressed creature would find a sanctuary there, but alas! no, the Christian's gate was thrown open to admit the pursuers. Speedily the head was severed from the body and the bleeding trophy was presented to the Christian Vicar, who received it gladly. The tail was hacked off and presented to a devout Christian lady. In her hour of exultation we must, surely, think she had one little touch of sadness at the fate of the hunted thing that lay dead at her feet.

The poor mangled body soon disappeared within the bloody jaws of the hounds. Exhilarated and proud of this achievement and deed of daring, these fashionable Christian hunters took their several ways home with the proverbial appetite to eat and drink the good things provided for them, and at the close of the day, probably, they will thank what they call "their God" for having been born in a land blessed with so many Christian privileges.

This brutal transaction took place within the sound of the tinkle of the bell of a venerable church, whose ancient walls have for hundreds of years echoed and re-echoed these divine words: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Alas! alas!

JAMES LIDDEL.

## ANTI-VIVISECTIONISTS AND THE *ODIUM THEOLOGICUM.*

ONE of the dangers that beset every good cause is the temptation to clutch at weak and unworthy arguments—the attempt to fortify sound truth by feeble reasoning. It is especially to be regretted that this tendency should be far from uncommon among anti-vivisectionists; for those who are engaged in pointing out (quite truly) that it is extremely immoral “to do evil in order that good may come of it” are the last persons who ought to permit themselves to reason wrongly in order to arrive at right conclusions. We refer particularly to what may be called the use of the *odium theologicum* in anti-vivisection work—the flinging of the abusive term “Atheist” at the advocates of scientific torture.

In this matter a very bad example was set by no less distinguished an anti-vivisectionist than Lord Tennyson, whose poem, “In the Children’s Hospital,” is so often quoted in the crusade against vivisection. Nothing could be better than the intention of that poem, and nothing could be worse than its logic, creating prejudice, as it does, against both vivisectionists and Freethinkers by its association of cruelty with freethought. To connect vivisection with “atheism” has now become so much a matter of course among a certain school of anti-vivisectionists that the editor of an anti-vivisection journal, when lately reviewing a book in which the usual insinuation was made, declared that he “did not need to be told” of the connection. But the most glaring recent instance of this *odium theologicum*, and the more deplorable, as coming from a



veteran and justly respected leader in the anti-vivisection movement, is the following passage from a letter addressed to the *Daily News* of August 22, 1903:—

“Let me for a moment endeavour to define the view of the order of the world which alone could be held consistently with the claim to vivisection animals after the fashion of physiologists and pathologists. It is surely this: that things have been so ill-arranged by the Author of Nature that the physical salvation of the highest animal, Man, can only be obtained by his moral degradation as a torturer, and by the agonies of tens of thousands of sensitive and innocent creatures. Such a view, I think, we may justly say is only logically open to an Atheist to maintain: certainly not to a believer in a Merciful Lord of Man and Beast.”

When afterwards replying, in the *Abolitionist* (October, 1903), to some Freethinkers who had criticised this reasoning, the same writer remarked that “for clever people these defenders of atheism seem in this little matter to be surprisingly dense.” Passing over the attempt to prejudice the issue by representing those who differed from such views as “defenders of atheism” (whereas what they were defending was, of course, not atheism, but simply their view of the truth), let us examine the matter a little more closely, and see where “the balance of density” belongs.

The moment one looks critically at this strange argument, its sheer absurdity (no other word is possible) becomes apparent. For it amounts to nothing less than this—that only “an Atheist” can believe that “the author of nature,” *i.e.*, the Deity, has arranged things so badly as to make vivisection permissible. How an Atheist, who disbelieves in the very existence of an “author of nature,” can be the only person to maintain that the author of nature has made a certain arrangement of things, is a puzzle which is more suitable for the “Bab Ballads” than for an ethical discussion. What the writer presumably meant—or ought to have meant—to say, was that only a *devil-worshipper* could approve a scheme of things based on the torture of sentient beings; what was actually said, and repeated, has no meaning at all. “Atheism” does not imply belief in an evil providence, but a disbelief in *any* providence; what the Atheist believes is that mankind has a

clear field—unencumbered by any “author of nature”—in which to work out its destiny for itself.

It might indeed be argued, with much greater force, that theism, not atheism, is responsible for the spirit of cruelty that is abroad in science as elsewhere; certainly it was not the atheists who created that horrible old picture of Hell, with its torments of the damned, which all down the ages has provided an encouraging object lesson for every would-be torturer; it was not the Atheists who invented blood-offerings, vicarious sacrifice, holy wars, the Inquisition, and the various bloody superstitions, so well known to the students of diabolism and witchcraft. But here, again, we would not fall into the contrary error to that which we complain of in others; for the fact that theism has in the past been so largely identical with devil-worship (and still is so) should not blind us to the higher possibilities of such a creed. We must judge it at its best, not at its worst; and with the practical evidence before us that numbers of Theists are ardent opponents of vivisection, what folly it would be to assert that the vivisectionist view of the order of the world is “only logically open to a *Theist* to maintain”! It would be less irrational than the above extraordinary dictum, but it would still be irrational enough.

For, seeing that not only are many Atheists strongly opposed to vivisection, but many devout believers are ardent upholders of the practice, it is strange that any thoughtful person can thus introduce a religious shibboleth into a question which is purely one of morals. Granted that there are vivisectionists among Freethinkers (as there are among Christians), why mistake the accidental for the essential, and insult foes and friends alike by bandying religious nicknames to and fro? And why, in the name of reason, should vivisection *only* be assumed to be the “abominable sin”? If it is “atheism” to support vivisection, it must be “atheism” also to support a number of other fiendish practices which are unfortunately rife. Who but an Atheist, knowing the diabolical cruelties, for example, of the seal fishery, would wear a sealskin cloak? Philosophically speaking, there is really no limit to this hurling of the charge of “atheism” at opponents, if once you begin

by defining "God" as the embodiment of your own convictions, and thus accusing those who do not happen to agree with you of being "logically" Atheists.

Consider, too, as a matter of *policy*, the extreme unwisdom, in a movement such as that of anti-vivisection, of outraging, by the importation of this *odium theologicum* into the propaganda, the sympathies of a considerable section of the anti-vivisectionist party, to wit, the humanitarian Freethinkers. It is quite true no doubt that, as indeed was stated, the *object* "was not in any way to attack Atheists," but the fact remains that there was a complete indifference to their feelings, and the remarks were strongly and justly resented in the *Free-thinker* and elsewhere. The subsequent explanation, that the writer was "glad to learn that there are many Atheists who do not need to refer to any such arguments to condemn vivisection," can hardly be regarded as improving matters, for one might be expected to have learnt before now of the services performed in the cause of anti-vivisection by such leaders of freethought as Colonel Ingersoll in America and Mr. G. W. Foote in England, and the names of such men as Mr. Philip G. Peabody, Mr. J. H. Levy, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and other Freethinkers who might be mentioned, must, one would suppose, have been not entirely unfamiliar.

Much allowance must doubtless be made for the horror and revulsion caused in sensitive minds by the great cruelties of vivisection. We yield to no anti-vivisectionist living in our detestation of that practice, and in our desire to see it utterly and for ever discontinued. But a protest must be made against an appeal to mere passion which can only, in the long run, recoil on the party which makes use of it. To assert that there is any sort of connection between vivisection and atheism is doubly injurious to the cause of anti-vivisection—it is philosophically false, and it is practically mischievous.

Humanitarianism, at any rate, will have nothing to do with this *odium theologicum*, for its principles are founded not on any religious or anti-religious formula, but on the simplest yet profoundest instincts of the human heart. For, as Schopen-

hauer says, "This compassion is an undeniable fact of human consciousness, is an essential part of it, and does not depend on assumptions, conceptions, religions, dogmas, myths, training, and education. On the contrary, it is original and immediate, and lies in human nature itself." That is the only sure ground on which humanitarianism, including anti-vivisection, can be based.

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We subjoin some quotations from letters and press notices on the subject treated in the foregoing article:—

(Addressed to the Editor of *The Abolitionist*.)

SIR,—In your issue of the 15th inst., the writer of "Notes," replying to a very proper protest from Mr. Henry S. Salt, against the notion put forward that Atheists are in a better position than Theists to justify vivisection, commits himself to the following statement:—

"Either the universe has, or has not, a Divine Orderer and Moral Lord. To those who believe it *has* one, it is forbidden by logic to argue that the order of things has been so constituted as that the relief of human suffering should be made attainable only by the commission of the heinous Sin of Cruelty."

But if so, is it not equally forbidden by logic to argue that the order of things has been so constituted as that the perpetuation of species "should be made attainable only by the commission of heinous cruelty?" But what then does the gentleman make of the processes of Nature? Is his "logic" indifferent to facts, or is he ignorant of them? May I remind him of some? I quote from a review of a recent work, by an eminent French naturalist:—

"The *modus operandi* of the group termed Hymenoptera . . . becomes diabolical. The weevil's most dreaded enemy, for example, is the cerckeris, and with good reason. The first mode of the cerckeris . . . is to seize its victim's proboscis in the grip of her powerful jaws. In the struggle which ensues, the lancet-pointed tail of the assassin is driven home at a point between the first and second pairs of feet, just where the centre of the weevil's nervous system is located. Then all is over. The hapless victim falls as if dead. This closes the first act of the drama. The denouement is more tragic still, and enacts itself in the burrow of the cerckeris. An egg is laid in the body of the insect, and in due time the grub is born. Straightway it begins to feed on the flesh of the unfortunate weevil. The tortured animal, awakened to life, writhes ineffectually to shake off the terrible parasite who is devouring him piecemeal. Not till the vital centre, arrived at by a succession of meals, is reached, does the long-drawn agony finish, and death release the luckless beetle."

After reading that, what becomes of your contributor's logic? It appears to me that the boot is altogether on the other leg. It is the man who believes in a Divine Orderer, who orders *thus*, who can easily find excuse for inflicting other torture for some imagined resulting good, while the man who stands clear of such beliefs, who recognises no "divine hand," or "wise purpose" in the terrible happenings of life, whose thought is not confused by ideas about "wrong" someway or other subserving "right," is by far the freest and the most likely to obey the dictates of his own humanity, and to condemn outright the doing of evil that good may come.—I am, yours faithfully,  
W. S. GODFREY.

(From *The Daily News*.)

ADDRESSED TO MR. H. S. SALT.

I think everyone will understand that Miss Frances Power Cobbe uses the word "Atheist" simply as an old-fashioned term of abuse, without attaching any more particular meaning to it. In the same way, when a man cuts his own throat, or shoots a potentate, or makes any other specially repugnant and terrifying exhibition of reckless personal bravery, the newspapers invariably describe his act as "cowardly." What is the use of arguing with such nonsense as gravely as if it were sense? Nobody believes it.

When Miss Cobbe implies that the Roman Catholic Church, which not only denies the rights of animals, but makes a very serious sin of their affirmation, is an atheistic organisation, and that you and I, and Shelley, and Schopenhauer, are notorious champions of vivisection, she testifies to the vigour and vivacity of her temper, which I, for one, should be sorry to see shackled by the formalities of logic. I have the greatest contempt for anyone who is logical on the subject of vivisection. Vivisection will not be crushed by argument, but by the frankly intolerant abhorrence of all genuinely virtuous persons.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

I am, as you may know, a somewhat zealous anti-Christian, and in the ordinary acceptance of the term, "Atheist," I constantly have it borne in on me that wisdom and love of justice require that religious and philosophical views cannot well be obtruded in humane work; so it gives me great pleasure to read your rebuke of the sneer at atheism. . . . When I see the wealth, energy, and devotion, given to the worship of a deity, and the agony, misery, and wretchedness, which the former might antidote, if properly applied, I cannot regard religion as a mere sentiment; my hatred of crime and cruelty, *as caused, or allowed by Christianity*, is, next to my hatred of cruelty itself, I think, the deepest and most sincere part of my nature.

PHILIP G. PEABODY.

Boston, Mass.

(From *The Freethinker*.)

Here is the editor of the *Abolitionist* failing to understand why any Atheist should object to Miss Frances Power Cobbe's association of Atheism with Vivisection. "For clever people," it says, "these defenders of atheism seem in this little matter to be surprisingly dense." Then it goes on to say that only Atheists are free to argue that the lower animals may be tortured for our own benefit. We beg to tell him that Atheists do *not* feel free to make use of this argument. Let him stick to his anti-vivisection and leave atheism alone. Otherwise we shall have to tell him, and prove it, that Atheists were in the field of humanitarianism before the Christians entered it.

(From *The Individualist*.)

It is, of course, quite competent for any opponent of vivisection to stand in the ancient ways and to defend them; but I deny his right to identify the opposition to vivisection with transcendental physiology, or with any theological views. The Churches have not been very conspicuously active on the side of the "lower" animals. From the leaders of the Roman Catholic Church to the Chief Rabbi, they have rather been occupied in finding excuses for the cruelty of the dominant animal.

J. H. LEVY.

## FLOGGING IN THE NAVY.

So there is still flogging in the British Navy, though people generally have been under the impression that this hoary abuse had been abandoned long ago! It is to-day in vogue for many offences, men and boys alike being the victims. Not only is the British seaman subject to the "cat" in our naval prisons,\* but canes and birches are part of the equipment of all the King's ships. Boys and young men up to eighteen years of age are caned or birched for non-criminal offences of a trifling nature—*i.e.* for breaches of the naval regulations, etc.—the instruments for the purpose being specified in the instructions issued by the Admiralty. There has been little change in the administration of naval punishments since the Naval Discipline Act (29 and 30 Vict. cap. 109) was passed in 1866; so we see that not only is the popular idea that flagellation is abolished in the service incorrect, but that it has, in point of fact, but little foundation.

Exact figures are not available as to what amount of caning is indulged in, as no proper return is published of this form of corporal punishment; but it is quite clear from the returns as to birching that such punishment must be of frequent occur-

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\* The officials seem to be turning the Acts of Parliament on the subject into a sham. For a quarter of a century after the late Emperor of Russia abolished the flogging of women they were flogged in the Russian prisons. Perhaps they are yet. Why? They were not sentenced to be flogged, which the Emperor had prohibited, but they were flogged for breaches of prison discipline, real or imaginary. We have got something of the same kind ourselves. A man commits a crime for which he cannot be flogged. He is sent to prison and flogged for the maintenance of discipline. We live in an age of shams, and Government officials are among the greatest adepts in the art.

rence. The last return before me shows that nine floggings with the birch were inflicted in 1900, under sentence of a court martial.\* As to birchings inflicted summarily, the return for 1900 gives the number as 315, and these were, for the most part, inflicted "at home."

The cane is administered in a manner which is deliberately degrading—it is always inflicted in public. The birch is even more objectionable, being applied publicly to the bare flesh. Any healthy-minded person must positively loathe this form of indecent torture.

The following letters on "Flogging in the Navy" appeared in the *Daily News* on September 17th and 20th, 1901:—

SIR,—You have once or twice lately suggested that if discipline can be maintained in the Army without flogging, contrary to many predictions, it probably could in the Navy. I think if it were more understood what the means used to prevent desertion from the Navy really are, your suggestion would make its way. I have lately seen a letter from a lad on board one of our training ships, in which the following passage (substantially) occurs:—"They caught a deserter the other day. I think he must have been mad. He was a boy-instructor, and had nearly completed his service. He has been docked sixty days' pay, sixty days' leave, and other privileges, and all his good conduct stripes have been taken away, and he was to receive eighteen cuts with the birch. All the boys were forced to assemble and watch the punishment. When it was over he was all over blood and writhing in agony, for he was quite naked."

Now if this account represents the facts, and it is so like other accounts from official sources as to excite no suspicion, here is a young man presumably eighteen years of age, who has borne an excellent character, guilty indeed, but of no crime pointing to a vicious or degraded character, subjected, in the presence of a number of his juniors, to degradation and torture which one would suppose would only be inflicted for the vilest offences, and on men incapable of being influenced by any but brutal methods. Can it be really the case that nothing but the fear of such treatment will prevent lads from deserting from His Majesty's service? Even if it be thought that the infliction of bodily pain is the most humane form of punishment for boys, surely it is not beyond the ingenuity of men to find a less repulsive mode of inflicting it; but indeed it is probable that more effective motives than that of fear might be discovered for attracting and retaining in the service honest-hearted English boys.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
H. L.

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\* There were no such floggings in 1896. Why?



SIR,—As a constant reader of your paper, the above subject, since it has appeared in your columns lately, has been interesting to me, which will readily be understood when I mention as my credentials for approaching the subject that I have been for years until lately an item in the rank and file of the Navy, and—may I state?—was begged by my last commander to remain for a further period of service, with promise of further promotion held out as an inducement.

Let me here say that I do not wish the use of your valuable columns to air any personal grievance; that if I have any sense of smarting from injury (which is just possible), time—as the subject requires my memory to go back some fifteen or more years, when I was a “boy”—would have so softened the same, you will grant, that still I could be credited with being fairly impartial.

I assure your readers, especially parents with eligible boys, that flogging is to-day rampant in the Navy for both slight and extreme offences against discipline. This all “boys” up to the age of eighteen render themselves subject to on enlisting; after that age imprisonment ashore and solitary cells aboard are substituted.

Referring to letter from “H. L.” in this morning’s issue, in which he quotes from a training ship boy’s letter, I can assure him, or her, that, given the “crime” as a fact, the punishment is substantially and literally correct, because the scale of punishment laid down by the Admiralty for desertion is sixty days’ pay forfeited, sixty days’ leave and pocket-money stopped, and either twenty-four or eighteen lashes with birch. But desertion is not the only “crime” that flogging is applied to as a deterrent. Far from it. It is a matter of daily routine for one or more (usually more) “boys” to be flogged in our training ships, and there is a special time of the day allotted to carry it out.

Does discipline demand the moral ruin of young men to maintain it? I say not, and I know my subject. If my small voice joined with others helps in the smallest degree to alleviate this disgrace to the service, which is daily recruited by respectably brought-up boys, who, if they knew the facts which they would have to face by enlisting would keep away from it, I shall consider myself well repaid for raking up bad, half-drowned memories. I enclose my name, and sign myself,  
LATE LOWER DECK, AND A PARENT.

Mr. A. G. Hales, the well-known war correspondent of the *Daily News*, describes what he saw on board H.M.S. *Jupiter* during the Naval Manœuvres, 1903, in a realistic passage:—

No boy may smoke until after he is eighteen years of age. If he does, and is caught, he will most certainly be flogged across the buttocks with a stout cane. If he lies, and is found out, the same punishment awaits him. . . . I went to see the boys punished. In the waist of the ship stands a dummy gun; beside the gun a ship’s corporal and a file of men. The ship’s corporal is a ship policeman, a big,

powerful fellow, who fingers a stout cane, such as schoolmasters in my school days used to use. The prisoner who has been smoking comes forward, hitches his pants, and throws himself across the gun upon his stomach; his head hangs down one side, his feet on the other. A couple of men kneel by his head and take a wrist and an ankle each and draw them together so that the trousers fit very taut in the most prominent place. The corporal throws himself into a striking attitude. Evidently this is to be no child's play. Swish! That boy would give every cigarette in his possession to be able to rub the spot where the cane has fallen, but he can't rub, he can only writhe and wait for the next. The corporal is in no hurry. The first stroke had been a sort of overhead and downward cut. This second one—*whew!*—*swish!* It comes underhand and upwards. Offer the boy a plug of tobacco now and he will gnash his teeth and curse the very memory of Walter Raleigh. He wriggles on the gun, and every wriggle wakes a memory of my school-days. He has my sympathy, but I know it is for his soul's good. He will be a man some day, not an asthmatic weed. *Whizz!*—*slosh!* A straight forearm cut fair across the other two lines. The men let his hands and feet go; he springs erect with flushed face and suspiciously brilliant eyes, and trots off to his duties. He may smoke again. Probably he will; but he won't sit down to do it for a day or two. The other lad gets his half-dozen, and the next time he feels like neglecting his work or 'cheeking' his officers he will pause and consider the matter; but it is safe to wager that if he gets his portrait taken shortly he won't send one to the ship's corporal. That much you can read in his eye as he glances at the policeman in passing. I fancy I read a little more than that, but I may be mistaken.

Some captains in the Royal Navy never inflict the cane or the birch, and yet the conduct of the lads under their care—in fact, the discipline of the whole ship—is almost perfect, and when compared with those in which flogging is practised, shows the latter to a disadvantage.\* There are other captains who resort to the cane or the birch very freely. What is the cause of the difference? Napoleon is reported to have said that "anyone can rule in a state of siege." May not this remark be extended? That is to say, the discipline or want of discipline depends upon the ability of the officers rather than upon the nature of the boys. An incapable officer is incapable of

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\* Here is the homely advice of Captain Hoare, of the training ship *Mercury*: "When a boy makes a mistake write it down and show it to him. It's more trouble, but it's better than whacking. Whacking's no good. Don't whack 'em."

ruling without the rod, whereas a competent man can dispense with it to a large extent, if not altogether.

Many years ago flogging in the merchant service was rendered illegal. This change resulted in a vast improvement, though in some cases a good part of the crew consisted of boys. Now, if the captains of merchant vessels can get along without flogging, why should not the Royal Navy do so likewise? Yet the naval authorities have no better answer than the parrot cry that "discipline must be maintained," and that corporal punishment is absolutely indispensable! Is it that the officers in the Royal Navy are less efficient than those in the merchant service?

Let us take another instance. Flogging is no longer legal in the Army for any of the juvenile offences for which it is inflicted on "boys" in the Navy, and as discipline is maintained in the Army without flagellation, the ordinary citizen is led to ask, very naturally, Why not in the Navy?

In view of the fact that our Army is now better disciplined without the lash than ever before, and that flogging is not in use in the navies of the other great Powers, there is a rapidly-growing conviction that this stupid and disgusting naval punishment should be discontinued. We should like to see the entire abolition of flogging in this branch of the King's service, but, failing that, we would welcome the suspension of the degrading penalty. Why does the Navy League, which professes to have the honour of the Navy at heart, remain silent? Can it be that the indecent flogging of British seamen is a matter entirely outside the sphere of its activity? Surely not. For what is more urgent than that the conditions of the service should be made attractive? At the present time they are distasteful, and it is scarcely to be wondered at that there should be a reluctance on the part of parents to send their boys into the Navy, and an unwillingness on the part of the boys themselves to enlist\*

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\* Some time ago a young lad on board the *Majestic*, who had shown slackness in manning a boat, attempted to take his own life, by shooting himself in the head with a pistol, in order to avoid the shame and disgrace of this disgusting torture. I called the attention of Lord Selborne to the case at the time, and his reply was a virtual admission that the facts were as stated.

At any rate, we cannot but feel that the Navy League would pay a truer compliment to the memory of Nelson if they joined in the demand for the supersession of a cruel practice, than they do now in decorating his statue with useless flummery on Trafalgar Day.

The humanitarian objects to flogging, not merely because it degrades the offender who suffers it, crushing instead of cultivating the qualities of manliness and courage; but still more because it degrades and injures those who take part in its administration either as executioners or witnesses. Experience has shown that flogging is neither necessary nor useful; that it too often develops the worst part of the recipients' nature. As the extract we quote from Mr. Hales clearly shows, hatred and a desire for revenge is stirred, but certainly not repentance. Flogging is cruel, indecent, and irrevocable, and it is pleasant to note that Navy men are supporting the movement against it.

It is quite time that Parliamentary action was taken in regard to these dark places of the British Navy. Some readers will remember Mr. Otway—a name which at one time was familiar in this country. Mr. Otway was a member of the House of Commons who on every possible occasion raised the question of flogging in the British Army with a persistence which earned for him the undying hatred of the official martinet-fossils who swore (and still swear) by the "cat." It was chiefly through his unceasing efforts that this brutal instrument of torture was finally snatched from the hands of the ruling classes who had flogged the common soldier for countless generations. Is there no Otway of to-day who is willing to take up the case of the young sailor who is still flogged with cane and birch under the antiquated rules of the Admiralty?

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

## THE MURDER OF AN INNOCENT.

A BRIGHT, crisp morning, with the hoar frost on the ground and the sun sparkling all over it, till the jewels born of the god of day's amorous glances flashed upon the dewy bosom of earth, and lit it to a dazzling radiance.

I was standing on the banks of the Thames, and its sluggish waters drifted slowly past me. Close by, my Canadian canoe was moored. I loosed off the painter thereof, jumped into her, and paddled across the river to the opposite bank. Here I landed.

"It is such a lovely morning, I will stroll across the fields," I said.

I did so, and came to a bank skirting one of them. I looked over it and saw a pretty sight. Close to me in its seat sat a little brownie-coated hare. He had a peculiar white mark on his side, but it did not spoil his beauty.

"Nothing could do that," I thought to myself, as I looked at his soft, brown eye, whose radiant life was laughing under the sun's soft kisses.

The hare blinked at me knowingly.

"I am enjoying my life," he seemed to say to me.

Then he sat up, stretched out his fore paws, shook himself, rolled on the ground, sat up again, and began to make his toilet. First he combed each ear with his paws, then he licked the paws and shook his head, then he carefully brushed out his whiskers and nibbled at his chest and sides, then he gave himself a tremendous shake and skipped about joyfully. How he loved the life nature had given him! Was it not his birth-right?

"Dear little brownie," I said. "Fancy taking pleasure in hunting, shooting, or eating a thing so gentle, so harmless, so

radiant with the breath of life. You, at least, are not savage. You hurt no one, poor little, soft, gentle, timid thing."

The hare started and sat up on his haunches, eyeing me somewhat fearfully.

"Who are you?" he seemed to ask. "Are you a two-legged monster?"

"Oh, I won't hurt you!" I said. "Enjoy your life. I would be ashamed to hurt a thing like you."

The hare skipped again and nibbled a blade of grass.

"I'll trust you," he seemed to say once more. "I am so happy. Life is so sweet—so sweet. No, don't hurt poor little, gentle me. Don't hurt poor little, soft, fluffy me. I have never harmed you, have I?"

"No," I answered. "Live, little beauty. Live, little jewel of the earth."

I left him "hurpling" here and there, picking out where he could a succulent and toothsome blade of grass and making a bloodless breakfast thereon. I left him so happy at it. Then I went for a brisk walk across the fields and returned with a capital appetite.

The same afternoon Lucifer called upon me.

"A grand day!" he exclaimed, rubbing his claws together.

"Grand," I replied. "But why have you come to spoil it?"

"How unpolished you are," he answered, testily. "I came to invite you to an afternoon stroll in a corner of my kingdom."

"What gruesome sight do you offer me now?" I asked.

"Come and see," was all he said. So I went with him.

We strolled along in the direction I had taken in the morning.

"Where are we going?" I inquired.

"Hark!" he said, stopping. "Do you hear that?"

"It is a hunting horn," I replied. "I know the sound well."

"Come this way," he cried, his face beaming with joy.

"There's rare fun in store. Hurry up."

I made haste to "hurry up."

"There! Look there!" screeched Lucifer. "See the beast—he is coming our way!"

"What beast?" I cried. "Is it a savage animal, a tiger escaped from some menagerie, Lucifer?"

"Oh, no!" answered that gentle fiend, dryly. "It is only a little gentle, timid, terrified hare."

A small brown, fluffy animal darted by us. On its side there was a little white patch of fur. In its eyes terror reigned.

"My hare!" I gasped—"my little 'hurpling' hare!"

The hare fled on. Not far off came a burst of music, the sound of hounds in full cry—beautiful in itself, but marred by the fact that ahead of it sped a frightened, timid, living, sentient animal. Surely a well-laid drag would have served the purpose as well—every bit as well—but then there would have been no torture and, therefore, to some, no fun.

"Come on," said Lucifer, "the hare will run a ring. Hares never run straight. We'll hit him off by yonder village."

Lucifer was right; we did.

Down through the village he came, terrified, dazed. Men yelled, boys threw stones, women shook their aprons and screeched as unmelodiously as Lucifer.

"She devils!" I cried. "Have you no pity for my 'hurpling' hare?" But none said "Aye."

The hare sped on. We took another short cut and reached a long hedge, where Lucifer cried, "Halt! We'll see the fun out here."

We waited some time. It was close to where I had seen the little hare in the morning. From afar I heard the "view holloa" of a yokel. Then I heard the horn again, and then the music of the pack as they swung along on a screaming scent.

Then I saw "a thing of woe" coming towards our fence. Could that bedraggled, weary object be a hare? Its fur was wet, its sides were heaving, its ears lay back, while its eyes, starting from their sockets, proclaimed its terror. And on its side I saw a white fur mark. It was my little "hurpling" hare.

It was stiff with fatigue, it crawled along the fence side and crouched down. It could go no further. It was spent. Lucifer holloa'd.

"You coward!" I exclaimed.

I would have tried to save the little creature, but he held me back.

Once more the horn sounded and the pack swept into view and raced along the fence. The hare sprang up and hobbled forward. It was viewed, and yells from human lungs sent forth their melody. The hare tried to double back, but a hound seized it. It gave a cry like a child and struggled from him. Another

hound gripped it by the foreleg, and then another, and then another. They dragged at it against each other and stretched it as would a rack. More yells from human lungs resounded. But midst them all came the piteous, pleading, agonised cry of the dying victim, a cry so like a child in intense pain that it should touch all human hearts not dulled by the lust for blood. The pack closed in, and then the worry commenced. The little creature's entrails hung out; but it died hard, uttering its pleading, piteous cry to the last. A crowd of boys had by this time come up. Huntsman, whips, field, all were boys. The former broke up the little carcass and cast it to the hounds, uttering the familiar yell. Who were these fresh-faced lads? Young Eton gentlemen! "Lucifer," I cried, "why does not the headmaster stop this? Surely a drag hunt would serve these young fellows' purpose as well, such as our officers at Windsor use? Who is this headmaster who refuses to teach mercy and pity to the young under his charge?"

"He is one of your Christian pastors," sneered Lucifer. "His Master said, 'Blessed are the merciful!' Ha! ha! what a joke!"

"It is no joke," I said. "Has he no pity?"

Lucifer guffawed. "Humbug!" he exclaimed. "He is a member of the Committee of the Windsor Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Is it not rich?"

"It is poor," I answered, dryly. "But we must petition him. He will surely be persuaded to make the Eton Beagles a drag hunt?"

"He will laugh at you," chuckled Lucifer.

I turned and left the grinning fiend, and as I went I thought of my little "hurpling" hare of the morning and its piteous martyrdom that afternoon. I am not a person prone to tears, but I confess my eyes were wet.

FLORENCE DIXIE.

(FROM *Reynolds's Newspaper*, SEPTEMBER 28TH, 1902.)



## REVIEWS.

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JOHN WOOLMAN.

*The Journal of John Woolman. A New Century Edition.*  
(Headley Brothers, 14, Bishopsgate Street Without, London,  
E.C. 1S.)

Among the early pioneers of humanitarianism (and by humanitarianism we do not mean philanthropy only, or zoophily only, but that consistent principle of benevolence which includes them both) an honourable place must always be accorded to John Woolman (1720-1772), one of the most humane and lovable of the New England Quakers. His journal, edited, with a memoir, by the poet Whittier, is steeped and fused on every page in humanitarian feeling. It has been well said of him that, "John Woolman's gift was love. Every now and then, in the world's history, we meet with such men, the kings and priests of humanity, who have entered, like Francis of Assisi, into the secret of that deep amity with God and with His creatures, which makes man to be in league with the stones of the field, and the beasts of the field to be at peace with him." Religion, in Woolman's case, was in fact identical with humaneness. "I was early convinced in my mind," he records in the journal, "that true religion consisted in an inward life, wherein the heart doth love and reverence God the Creator, and learns to exercise true justice and goodness not only toward all men, but also toward all the brute creation; that to say we love God as unseen, and at the same time exercise cruelty toward the least creature moving by His life, or by life derived from Him, was a contradiction in itself."

Woolman's life-work was practically an attempt to convert

his Quaker co-religionists to humane, and especially anti-slavery, principles. In this he had good material to work upon; for the Friends, though at that time many of them still held and purchased slaves, were more gentle in their treatment than the generality of masters, and, by their position as a distinct and devout sect, were naturally disposed to the consideration and practice of just and kindly dealings. Nevertheless it was a hard and anxious struggle that he had undertaken; and his Journal, which records his travels from place to place, and his introduction at the Friends' meetings of the subject of slavery, is full of interest for modern, and not least, for humanitarian reformers, because, *mutatis mutandis*, the propaganda on which we are now engaged is very similar to that which Woolman devoted himself.

The story of Woolman's early conversion to the humanitarian faith is well worthy of quotation :—

"I may here mention," he says in his Journal, "a remarkable circumstance that occurred in my childhood. On going to a neighbour's house, I saw on the way a robin sitting on her nest, and as I came near she flew off; but having young ones, she flew about, and with many cries expressed her concern for them. I stood and threw stones at her, and one striking her, she fell down dead. At first I was pleased with the exploit, but after a few minutes was seized with horror at having, in a sportive way, killed an innocent creature while she was careful for her young. I beheld her lying dead, and thought those young ones, for which she was so careful, must now perish for want of their dam to nourish them. After some painful considerations on the subject, I climbed up the tree, took all the young birds and killed them, supposing that better than to leave them to pine away and die miserably. I then went on my errand, and for some hours could think of little else but the cruelty I had committed, and was much troubled."

The feeling thus kindled in Woolman's heart never left him; and, as is usual in such cases, its influence was not confined to the subject from which it originated. A few years later we find him, when engaged as book-keeper to a Quaker business man, deeply concerned at receiving an order to write a bill of sale for a negro woman, and protesting that he believed slave-keeping to be "a practice inconsistent with the Christian religion"; and from this incident may be dated the commencement of his anti-slavery crusade. How truly he foresaw the terrible national Nemesis which slave-holding was doomed to

produce, may be judged by several ominous passages in his Journal. "I saw in these southern provinces," he says, with reference to a visit in 1743 to Maryland, Virginia, and Carolina, "so many vices and corruptions, increased by this trade and this way of life, that it appeared to me as a dark gloominess hanging over the land; and though now many willingly run into it, yet in future the consequence will be grievous to posterity. I express it as it hath appeared to me, not once nor twice, but as a matter fixed on my mind." Few indeed who read these prophetic words at the time of their publication could have realised what a tremendous fulfilment they were destined to receive in history—a result which justifies Whittier's remark that "A far-reaching, moral, social, and political revolution, undoing the evil work of centuries, unquestionably owes much of its original impulse to the life and labours of a poor unlearned working-man of New Jersey, whose very existence was scarcely known beyond the narrow circle of his religious society."

Nor was it on the slave question only that John Woolman's judgment was so greatly in advance of his contemporaries; for, by a still rarer faculty, he saw that the luxury of one class causes the destitution of another. "Every degree of luxury of what kind soever," he says in his "Word of Remembrance and Caution to the Rich," "and every demand for money inconsistent with divine order, hath some connection with unnecessary labour." And elsewhere, "A belief was gradually settled in my mind that if such as had great estates generally lived in that humility and plainness which belong to a Christian life, and laid much easier rents and interests on their land and moneys, and thus led the way to a right use of things, so great a number of people might be employed in things useful, that labour, both for men and other creatures, would need to be no more than an agreeable employ." In his own natural and simple mode of living he was a forerunner of Thoreau and the transcendentalists, as when he wrote, just a hundred years before the writing of "Walden," "I was learning to be content with real conveniences that were not costly, so that a way of life free from much entanglement appeared best for me, though the income might be small."

Humaneness, however, was the first and last word of Woolman's life. When on a visit to England, it is said that he would

not use the post on account of the hard treatment of the horses, and preferred to travel long distances on foot. His conviction was that, "Where the love of God is verily perfected, a tenderness towards all creatures made subject to our will is experienced, and a care felt that we do not lessen that sweetness of life in the animal creation which the Creator intends for them under our government."

In conclusion, one may justly say in the words of Coleridge, "I should almost despair of that man, who could peruse the life of John Woolman without an amelioration of heart."

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#### SIDE LIGHTS ON CONVICT LIFE.

*Side Lights on Convict Life.* By GEORGE GRIFFITH. (John Long, 13, Norris Street, London, 1903. 6s.)

Most persons who are allowed to have a glimpse of "convict life" are somewhat saddened by the spectacle, and Mr. George Griffith is no exception to the rule. But there is this difference—that, while it is usually the hard and pitiful lot of the captives that afflicts the mind of the visitor, in Mr. Griffith's case it is the comfort, the cheerful and careless existence of the imprisoned "scoundrels" (as he is never weary of calling them) that has seriously distressed him. In his recently published volume he continually makes moan over the fact that "the tendency of all our prison management is now towards leniency," and that convicts are now treated "as human beings" [*sic*]. The thought of the "generous and regularly supplied prison fare" is almost more than Mr. Griffith can endure, and he falls into a deep melancholy when he visits the "Convict Convalescent Home" at Parkhurst, where "the delicate tenderness of the British people for those invalids who have outraged its laws is most manifest." Especially he instances, as a proof of "the increasing leniency with which the authorities, doubtless in deference to a more or less mistaken public opinion, are treating the scoundrels committed to their care," the case of the juvenile offender, who may positively "be allowed milk, not exceeding one pint per diem, at the discretion of the medical officer." Thus it is, as Mr. Griffith points out with a groan, that the criminal "goes back to the world, hale and hearty, to increase his villainous species."

It would be in vain, we fear, to attempt to comfort Mr. Griffith by an assurance (amply proved out of his own book) that the state of prisoners, even since the Prison Act of 1898, is not by any means a bed of roses. So leaving him to weep and wail over the "paternal government" which does not allow even "criminals" to rot entirely unheeded, we proceed to deal with "the conclusion which stands out very clearly" as the result of his investigations :

"I have seen and conversed with criminals of all types—from the gentleman assassin who has shed blood, perhaps justifiably, in a moment of passion, to the common thief who steals for a living, *because there is no other way of earning a living open to him*—and I am absolutely convinced that what we call the criminal is a member of a species of the human family as distinct from what I may call the honest and respectable class, as an Australian dingo is from a pure bred St. Bernard."

Our readers will observe the flat contradiction between Mr. Griffith's monstrous assumption that the criminal "is not really a member of the human family," as he elsewhere expresses it, and his admission (in the words italicised by us) of the undoubted fact that crime is mainly the result of bad social conditions. If the thief is said to steal for a living "because there is no other way" of earning one, what absurdity to assert, in the same breath, that he is of a different race from ours! Again and again, in the course of his book, Mr. Griffith thus stultifies his own contention that the criminal is a race apart, by showing (1) that honest men are driven to "cross the borders of crime" through stress of poverty and wretchedness, and (2) that there is nothing whatever in the appearance, manner, or behaviour of some of the very worst criminals to distinguish them from ordinary members of society. In brief, we cannot compliment Mr. Griffith by saying that what he lacks in sympathy he makes up in discernment. Decidedly, as far as criminology is concerned, his head is *not* better than his heart.

The Lombroso theory as to the abnormality of crime may or may not be a correct one. What here concerns us is to note that, in Mr. Griffith's case, a cheap willingness to regard a convict as merely a wild beast in human form leads to a distorted and callous view of prisoners as a body. That criminals may have some good in them, as well as evil, is an idea which seems never to have occurred to him, so intent is he on their

scoundrelism. Take, for instance, the following suggestive little passage :

"While we were going through the foundry, I saw a prisoner pouring molten brass into a mould, and I said to the Governor: 'What is to prevent that man flinging that stuff over us, instead of pouring it into the mould?' 'Nothing,' he said, 'except discipline, and the absolute certainty of punishment.'"

Then Mr. Griffith observed that there were stalwart prisoners "swinging hammers with which they could have brained us in an instant," and he thought how they might be reprieved murderers or garotters—"certainly they were scoundrels of some sort"—yet they pursued their task inoffensively. Now to anyone who takes a rational view of crime and criminals, there is nothing at all surprising in the fact that these prisoners were not seized with homicidal mania on seeing Mr. Griffith in their vicinity (especially as they could not be aware what sort of "copy" he was making out of them), the probability being that while in one relation they were inhuman "scoundrels," in other relations they were human enough. Very different was the interpretation put upon their harmlessness by Mr. Griffith, who, as he looked at them, thought gratefully of what had just been exhibited to him in another apartment—the "big steel triangle," behind which was hanging "the dreaded cat and the degrading but less terrible birch." To these instruments of torture, therefore, and not to any possible instinct of humanity in the "scoundrels" whom he was studying, he ascribed his merciful preservation. That is a fair sample of his insight into crime.

As to the "elimination" of offenders, which is Mr. Griffith's panacea, all depends on what is meant by the term. Sir Robert Anderson's barbarous proposals for the rigid infliction of imprisonment for life are one thing; a humane application of the "indeterminate sentence" is another. It is against the *spirit* of Mr. Griffith's book, and its harsh and pitiless undertone, that we feel bound to make protest. The one sympathetic word he has to utter is for the *gentleman* prisoner, who feels "the transition from the club, the drawing-room, the theatre, the familiar place of business, to the prison cell, the tread-wheel, the stone quarry, and the dismal exercise ground." We do not complain of such sympathy in the least; what we complain of is that it is only on men of his own class that Mr. Griffith has any sympathy to bestow.

We have no space to make more than a passing reference to the many incidental blunders in Mr. Griffith's book—*e.g.*, his strange ignorance of the fact that the tread-wheel is now discontinued in English prisons; or his still more portentous remark that "it is of course [*sic*] true that flogging stopped garotting"—that never-dying fallacy which has again and again been disproved officially and beyond question. It only remains to be said that Mr. Griffith's personal references, especially the reference to Mr. Davitt, are in the worst taste possible, and that while truth compels us to state that there is one well and humanely written chapter in the book, viz., that on "Women in Penal Servitude," it has also to be confessed that this chapter was not written by Mr. Griffith himself, but by a lady contributor who has our respectful condolences on the company in which her essay appears.

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#### MR. PLOWDEN'S REMINISCENCES.

*Grain or Chaff? The Autobiography of a Police Magistrate.*  
By ALFRED CHICHELE PLOWDEN. (Fisher Unwin, 11, Paternoster Buildings, London. 16s. net.)

We must confess to some curiosity as to the "wise and thoughtful quarter," from which originated the suggestion that Mr. Plowden should write the story of his professional career. That the book contains a modicum of grain, as well as plenty of chaff, we gladly admit, and many of Mr. Plowden's remarks about the responsibilities of a Police Magistrate are both kindly and sensible; but there is a certain inconvenience, it seems to us, in the appearance of a public servant, like Mr. Plowden, as a story-teller and critic—retailing anecdotes of his police court experiences, and criticising the regulations under which his official duties are laid down. The book, however, if not a profound one, is very readable; and many of the stories are entertaining and well told.

The chapter of most interest to humanitarians is that which deals with the subject of capital punishment; and we are glad to see that Mr. Plowden's opinion is, on the whole, adverse to the death-sentence, and that he insists on the necessity of recognising different degrees of guilt in crimes which are at present classed indiscriminately as "murder." He is probably right, too, in tracing the apathy of the public on this question to the

fact that executions are now private. "I believe," he says, "that if such a thing as a public execution could take place nowadays, it would excite such a feeling of repugnance and disgust throughout the country that the public would be content with nothing less than the total and instant abolition of capital punishment."

It is to be regretted that Mr. Plowden should have weakened the force of his admirable remarks about the death-sentence by his repulsive and fantastic suggestion that murderers of the worst type should be flogged before being hanged. He thinks the proposal will show that he is "at least no sentimentalist." But does it? Are not suggestions of this sort in themselves symptoms of a somewhat sickly cast of mind?

One piece of sound practical sense, though of a negative character, we note in Mr. Plowden's book—his omission of the statement which he made to the *Daily Mail* of July 15th, 1903, that "flogging put an end to garotting." Having failed to take up the direct challenge of the Humanitarian League on this point, Mr. Plowden has wisely abandoned a statement which he must be aware he cannot defend. It would have been more candid if he had avowed his error; but it is some satisfaction to know that he is not likely to repeat it.

#### THE CENTENARY EMERSON.

*The Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson. With a Biographical Introduction and Notes.* By EDWARD WALDO EMERSON. (Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., Boston and New York, 1903.)

We have received the first five volumes of this very handsome centenary edition of Emerson's writings, viz. :—

1. "Nature, Addresses, and Lectures." 2. "Essays," First Series.
3. "Essays," Second Series. 4. "Representative Men." 5. "English Traits."

The series is to consist of twelve volumes in all, and will include a good deal of hitherto unpublished material. The Introduction and Notes, by Dr. Edward Emerson, are extremely valuable, as also are the portraits, if we may judge from those already published in the earlier volumes. The edition will be the final and authoritative one, and appears to us to be in every way worthy of Emerson's great and justly appreciated genius.



## RECENT BOOKS OF NOTE.

*The Building of the Body.* By ALBERT BROADBENT, F.S.S. (Albert Broadbent, Manchester. 2s. 6d. net.)—An admirable handbook to the reformed dietetics.

*Resurrection: a Novel.* By LEO TOLSTOY. Translated by LOUISE MAUDE. With Illustrations by PASTERNAK. (Grant Richards, Leicester Square, London. 2s. 6d.)

*Sevastopol and Other Stories.* By LEO TOLSTOY. Translated by LOUISE and AYLME MAUDE. (Grant Richards, Leicester Square, London. 6d.)

These cheap and well-got-up editions of two remarkable books will be welcomed by Tolstoy's admirers.

*Essays and Letters.* By LEO TOLSTOY. Translated by AYLME MAUDE. (Grant Richards. 1s. net.)—An extremely interesting volume, consisting partly of reprints, partly of new matter, or articles now published in English for the first time.

*The Morals of Diet; or, The First Step.* By LEO TOLSTOY. (Free Age Press, 12, Paternoster Row. 2d.)—A reprint of Tolstoy's famous vegetarian essay.

*Selections from the Poems of Eugene Lee-Hamilton.* With an Introduction by WILLIAM SHARP. (Walter Scott Publishing Co., London. 1s. 6d.)—We are grateful for the inclusion of this little volume in the Canterbury Poets series. There is much charm and distinction in Mr. Lee-Hamilton's poems, especially in the "Sonnets of the Wingless Hours."

*Consider the Children.* By HONNOR MORTEN, formerly member of the London School Board. (R. Brimley Johnson, 4, Adam Street, Adelphi. 1s. net.)—A most useful plea for better physical and moral education. The chapter on "School Discipline" is especially admirable.

*Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical.* By HERBERT SPENCER. (Watts and Co., 17, Johnson's Court, London, E.C. 6d.)—One of the excellent reprints of the Rational Press Association, which is doing much good work for the advancement of more liberal thought. Mr. Spencer's somewhat antiquated remarks on the need of flesh-food for the young might, however, have been omitted with advantage.

*Short Studies in Economic Subjects.* By J. H. LEVY.

(Personal Rights Association, 32, Charing Cross, S.W.)—No. 1 in the "Personal Rights Series."

*From Adam's Peak to Elephanta.* By EDWARD CARPENTER. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co., London, 1903. 4s. 6d.)—A new and revised edition, containing a portrait of the Gñāni to whom the author's visit was made, and an appendix on the state of India.

*Browning and Tennyson as Teachers.* By JOHN M. ROBERTSON. (Messrs. A. and H. B. Bonner, Took's Court, London. 3s. 6d. 1903.)—A very interesting volume in the collected edition of Mr. Robertson's works.

*Morals: a Treatise on the Psycho-Sociological Basis of Ethics.* By PROFESSOR G. L. DUPRAT. Translated by W. J. GREEN-STREET, M.A. (The Walter Scott Publishing Company, London, 1903. 6s.)—A most valuable addition to the Contemporary Science Series, edited by Havelock Ellis.

*The Island that Bobbed up and Down.* By MRS. TIGHE HOPKINS. With illustrations by E. STUART HARDY. (George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden, 1903.)—This little book will establish Mrs. Tighe Hopkins' reputation as one of the best writers of humane stories for children.

*Christianity and War.* A series of Lectures delivered in Rutherford United Free Church, Glasgow, during the course of the South African War. By the Rev. JAMES BARR, D.D. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co., London.)

## CORRESPONDENCE:

### NON-RESISTANCE.

SIR,—It is with the deepest interest that any thoughtful person must read Mr. Aylmer Maude's paper on "Non-Resistance," appearing in the October issue of the *Humane Review*.

We need not be surprised that difficulties beset a teaching which goes contrary to age-long established belief and practice, and which teaching seems to some of us to mark the first step—that "first step" which always costs so much!—into a new epoch of human progress.

Nor is it strange if some of us have already gone farther in this direction than others. If we recall what was the standpoint of most "non-resisters by violence" a very few years ago, it will give us not only patience in argument, but lively faith in our opponents' possible transformation! Indeed, lest we should forget our old standpoints, it sometimes happens that some sudden, surprising contingency throws us back upon them, and the old state of mind revives for a moment, only to prove to us the more both its hatefulness and its futility.

The question, however, which Mr. Aylmer Maude raises, is not of this principle itself, but rather of its possible limitations and exceptions. I beg leave to offer a few considerations concerning some of his conclusions as to the limitations of this law of non-resistance to evil by violence.

Mr. Maude says: "A policeman who forcibly checks someone running amuck on the public highway, would not necessarily injure the man." This at once suggests the question; "Do the police, as a whole, do good or harm?" Now the police force is probably the weapon of "resistance by violence" which comes the readiest to the hands of most of us. It is my own

conviction, founded on what I saw and heard in earlier life—notably, from a London solicitor, who had seen so much of “police methods” in the office where he was “articled” that he ever afterwards held them in utmost mistrust and abhorrence—and on more recent experiences of my own as a prison visitor, that crime will never cease while its existence supports officials, and while, through influence and money, the worst criminals can generally go scot-free, and are known to do so by the lesser and weaker criminals. The existence of the police, too, tends to divert attention from any general duty towards those matters which are popularly regarded as safe in their keeping. How often do we hear: “That is the business of the police—the police are here to see after that,” as if that quite disposed of anybody else having any duty in the matter in hand. Yet so illogical are our ways of thought that one who has just said that “the police are quite useless” will often, in discussion over “non-resistance by violence,” ask wildly, “Where should we be without the police?”

If to our question “Is the police as a whole a healthy social element?” we are driven to answer “No”; then, can it be ever right for us to invoke a force which we believe to make generally for evil—to do, accidentally or incidentally—something which we happen to imagine to be good?

I must confess that my own study of Tolstoy's writings had not led me to think that, in this matter of non-resistance, he has varied from what Mr. Aylmer Maude says the great Russian has, on other questions, repeatedly pointed out as the best religious and moral guidance *i.e.*—“such as points to an ideal and gives a direction for each man to follow as far as he can; not such as draws hard and fast lines, and bids men toe them.” Tolstoy has repeatedly said that true spiritual life does not consist in any point one may have attained, however high—but only in the rate of one's progress. Yet while thus interpreting the teaching that the awakened conscience of publicans and harlots may carry them forward more swiftly than the stagnant righteousness of “respectability,” Tolstoy always gives warning of the danger of lowering the ideal to meet the present grasp of men. The ideal is “non-resistance by violence.” If once we concede that it is right—not excusable, much less absolutely right to use violence to drunkards or insane people,

we should presently find those inclined to violence ready to assert that any whom they wish to fetter, to imprison, or to destroy, are insane!—even as London policemen often accuse as drunkards any who interfere with their tyranny and whom they wish to hale, discredited, to the cells. Also, concede that this violence is not only right, but will be constantly necessary, and one must have not only a police force with batons, but soldiery with bayonets to enforce their authority.

Again, it is only from very petty drunkards and madmen that this "violence" ever dreams of "saving" us. It is not—and never will be—directed against monarch, statesman, or general who lets loose the dogs of war on unoffending people who have scarcely heard his name, and thus at once becomes responsible for horrors far more unutterable than could be perpetrated if every criminal and lunatic were left absolutely loose in society. This "physical force" seems to be a very cowardly thing—attacking only the small and the weak—the powerful and the truly dangerous are after all already left wholly to the moral influences of public opinion!

It may be noted that Ballou himself declares that "the principle of *non-injury* is inviolable," even while he hesitates to go so far as Tolstoy and asks the question: "Is it good for any man to perpetrate the most atrocious mischief unexposed or unproved?"

We must not forget that we must define what is "atrocious mischief"—and how many will define it alike? Many governments—for example the Russian—always regard free speech and a free press as "atrocious mischief"; all governments do so whenever they go specially a-sinning, and have reason to dread frank criticism. The Spanish Inquisition regarded itself as doing not injury but actually good, not only to the community at large, but to the very victims whom it tortured and slew.

On the other hand, we may ask why physical violence need enter into the exposure and reproof of evil? The man who cheated the Doukorbors might have been restored to honesty by strong moral influences. Certainly no others would do lasting good. An evil-doer may not even be aware that he is doing wrong—and anyhow, it is a clear Christian duty to tell him how it looks to other eyes. Possibly this would be done with much more vigilance, and would be much more acceptable if,

on both sides, the present consciousness of "law" and "force" lurking in the background did not exist.

When Mr. Aylmer Maude deprecates the "irrational position" that we may express opinions about people's *actions* but not about their *motives*, he seems to me to shift his ground a little and not to reason with all his wonted clearness. To revert to the great Russian writer, with whose thought Mr. Maude is mainly dealing, I do not think Tolstoy ever condemns a strong and unmistakable disapproval of evil. Nay, is not his whole work on that very line? Does Mr. Maude state quite fairly the illustration of the lady and the groom? Is it not rather that while we may disapprove of the lady's elopement, we ought not to attempt to measure her actual guilt, being unable to estimate the pressure of her environment, temptations and nature? Did not Tolstoy himself recently give us an example of what we ought not to do, and what we ought to do, in his judgment on the action of the princess who deserted her husband and went off with a lover? At first, he spoke out with the utmost reprobation alike of the action and the woman; but, after a little consideration, while abating no tittle of his disapprobation of her proceedings, he recalled his harsh words of herself, with the reflection that nobody could tell how she had been tried nor what she had resisted.

Surely to "judge not" does not mean to hold no strong views on what is right and what is wrong, but rather not to attempt to apportion the guilt of wrong actions.

I have sometimes wondered if we might clear up this subject of the lawfulness of physical control or restraint, if we put aside the cases of childhood, delirium and insanity? Are we sure that they come exactly under the same conditions as cases of adult age and mental soundness? Is not our whole relation to childhood and mental infirmity essentially different? It is our distinct duty to care for these in every respect, as there is no occasion for us to care for others. Babies must be nursed and carried about. Sometimes they have to be moved and washed against their will—though we know that these occasions are the fewer, the wiser is the nurse! We have to provide food and clothing for the insane; are we not therefore equally bound to provide safety? They are in our charge—we are responsible for them and their doings. In delirium, too, should we not

consider what the sufferer really needs, rather than what he says he wants? For example there is a kind of mental infirmity, called I think aphasia, by no means dangerous and frequently compatible with general mental soundness, wherein the patient is unable to name things rightly. Such an one might say: "Bring me poison," when he meant "Bring me toast and water." Ought not one who saw the poison brought in obedience to the *words* of the wish, to dash it from the drinker's lips, and even to struggle with him if he resisted? Of course, it may be said that the man's mistake can at worst only cost him his life and that death is no evil. To that argument there is little answer. Only certainly the man did not mean to ask for what would kill him—and did not will to die! Physical force, in itself, is scarcely always an evil. If so, what of a surgeon reducing a dislocation?

When one falls into arguments and instances of this kind, surely one is falling away from the spirit and into the letter of the law. Surely the law of Love—of doing unto others as one would wish done to oneself—and at any risk to oneself—is greater even than the law of non-resistance by violence, and can smooth away its difficulties and solve its problems. At the risk of his own life the Krésinik of Tolstoy's parable, "The Godson," saved the merchant's son from the cut-throat—and the cut-throat from his crime.

But the moment we lower the standard that all force, as force, is wrong, we shall be always finding excuses for it—excuses into which little love will enter! And all force is proved to be utterly wrong because, as we move towards the ideal principle, the cases in which we now seek to excuse it tend to disappear, as we have seen by the modifications of treatment of the insane, and of educational methods, even within the last few decades. Certainly, if society evolves on right lines, there will be ever fewer unhappy children ill born and ill bred—the more violent types of disease will pass away—the furies of insanity will be over. Then we shall find that we have been justifying moral wrong—the resistance of evil by violence—only because we have been strongly tempted towards it by social and physical evils which need not exist!

I cannot understand why refusal to avail oneself of civil courts or police force involves the "condonation of any theft,

fraud or malversation." We do not "condone" many evils against which neither courts nor police could ever help us. All use of the law to "compel" others to what we think right action is a repudiation of the doctrine of non-resistance. For law courts are useless but for police forces behind them: and police forces require the soldiery and the executioner to back them. Whoever uses the law courts puts all this machinery in motion. This is the truth which Tolstoy sees so clearly—though many are blinded to it by custom and by the general social submission which seldom drives "Law" to display her last resources.

In giving up recourse to law courts, the sacrifice may not be so great as it seems. The law is proverbially uncertain. It has little to do with justice. A technical omission may send right to the wall, and give the triumph to wrong. The greatest wrongs are those which are "legal." The ruling of the courts, the law of evidence, etc., are purely conventional. People who might well fear the straightforward investigation of arbitrators might have much to hope in a law court. Such a man as Mr. Aylmer Maude's "healthy minded" Peace Society secretary, would have probably delighted in "legal proceedings," wherein long purses, and quips, and quibbles, have many advantages over truth and moral integrity. Law is simply impossible for poor people. The lawyer to whom I have already referred told me of one case of flagrant injustice, wherein he had not only given his own services freely but had even paid innumerable small outgoings, amounting altogether to £15 or £20. Finally, he was pulled up by a "court fee" of £15, which had to be paid before a "judgment" could be got, which could not have been final and might not have been favourable. The plaintiff was a poor old captain of a merchant vessel; the defendants, a wealthy shipping firm. This lawyer's advice, given frankly both to clients and to his own nearest and dearest, was "never go to law: to accept the first injury and to be warned how to avoid another is the best way—the only way." He used to supplement the saying: "He who takes the sword shall perish by the sword" by "and he who takes the law shall perish by the law." He added that this view does not militate against the existence of a body of men trained to advise how business should be properly conducted, but remarked that



however the livelihood of these was to be derived—it should come through what they keep straight, and not, as is the case now, by what they allow to go wrong.

Because, in our existing environment and our present moral condition, it is so difficult, as to be well nigh impossible, perfectly to conform ourselves to the law of non-resistance to evil by violence, shall we therefore lower and bend the law? Shall we not rather strive with all our might to keep it, and by so striving, to bring about, in the only way possible, the decrease of our difficulties and the vanishing of the “impossibility?”

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

SIR,—Tolstoy, in the course of conversation with my son (who lately visited him at Yásnaya Polyána), gave kindly expression to his regret that—as shown by my article in the October *Humane Review*—I do not agree with his view of Non-Resistance. Tolstoy admitted (and this is important) that perhaps, once in a million times, a case may arise in which we must use physical force to restrain our fellow man, but he says we should not indict the law of non-resistance (understood as a law forbidding man to use physical force to restrain his fellow) on that account. The Old Testament says, “Thou shalt not kill,” and—even if cases arise in which it seems necessary to kill someone—that law should be held valid. So also, Tolstoy contends, the New Testament says, “Resist not him that is evil,” and a few rare cases, in which the use of force seems inevitable, should not be allowed to invalidate so valuable a rule.

A fair reply to this, I think, is, that if it is *ever* right to use force—reasonable beings must always be prepared to recognise these exceptional cases, and, consequently, must reject any hard and fast rule of non-resistance, prejudging every case before it arises.

Mrs. Mayo's amicable criticism of my article brings out some essential matters on which I can, as well as others on which I cannot, agree with her.

I recognise that the police do harm as well as good. Like Government, they are “at best but an expedient—and sometimes they are inexpedient.” I recognise also that as mankind progresses (and within the limits of our experience) moral and mental forces tend more and more to replace physical force. But I

*decline to lay down ethical principles, which we cannot test in practice, for future generations whose circumstances we do not know*, and, as far as our own generation is concerned, I am convinced that it would be disastrous (and, whenever tried, has proved disastrous) to bind men's reasons and consciences by a fixed rule bidding them restrain no man by physical force.

Mrs. Mayo, like Tolstoy, says we must not "lower the standard that all force, as force, is wrong." We must not "lower or bend the law"—but I do not believe that law or principle to be valid. It appears to me not only unreasonable, but also immoral; and I firmly believe that we should be ready to use *all* our powers—mental, moral, and physical—to help the right, and to enable men to live together in the best possible relations. I refuse to be hypnotised by the constant reiteration of a text or phrase into accepting as a moral law that which I believe to be only an intellectual blunder. Both Tolstoy and Mrs. Mayo are sincere, good, and able people. They are reacting against great and palpable wrongs, and one can sympathise with their good intention. But, unless my reason quite misleads me, they have reacted too violently, and fail to *discriminate* between what is good and what is bad in property, law, government, and the use of physical force between man and man.

Mrs. Mayo, for instance, says: "Do the police, *as a whole*, do good or harm?" and "Can it be ever right to invoke a force we believe to make generally for evil?" This is as though a man said: "Does not the reading of halfpenny newspapers, on the whole, do more harm than good? Can it, therefore, ever be right to read anything in a halfpenny paper?" It is the old, old, fallacy of "*all or nothing*." Neither police nor newspapers are altogether "good" or "bad," and we ought to discriminate between the services they render and the harm they do, and try to increase the former and diminish the latter.

As to the evils which, we are told, will result if we once admit "that it is right to use violence"—I can only say that the possibility of evil resulting must not prevent our speaking the truth as we see it. It will not do to conceal what one believes to be true, lest others should deduce from it unjustifiable conclusions.

On the side issue of whether we may express opinions about *motives*, Mrs. Mayo has misread Tolstoy's second letter about

the Crown Princess of Saxony. He there wrote : " I know all the malignity and power of the snare into which the unfortunate woman has fallen." This shows that Tolstoy (like every rational man) judges actions in connection with the motives that prompt them. He declined to be hard on the poor woman—because, " being myself full of sins, I cannot even think of throwing a stone at a suffering woman." That is quite different to judging actions without observing motives. To take a very plain case; it would surely be unjust to Virginius to judge his conduct in slaying his daughter, without considering the motive that prompted his action.

That, however, is only a side issue. The bottom error, as I understand it, in Tolstoy's position, is that he does not see that *definiteness* in dealing with property tends to make it *easier for men to live in amity*, and that his " principle " leads to *indefiniteness*, and therefore *breeds misunderstanding, confusion, and strife*.

Selfishness is bad. But it is good to know how we stand in relation to a given spade, book, or house which we wish to use for our own or other people's benefit.

Mrs. Mayo suggests that we should put aside the cases of childhood, delirium, and insanity. But Tolstoy, in his letter to Adin Ballou, objects to this, and says : " The great sin is to compromise in theory—to lower the ideal of Christ, in order to make it attainable. And I consider the admission of force (be it even benevolent) over a madman (the great difficulty is, to give a strict definition of a madman) to be such a theoretical compromise." Indeed, some sane men, when angry or excited, are clearly more in need of physical restraint than an average lunatic.

Again, Mrs. Mayo says : " All use of the law . . . to ' compel ' others to what we think right action, is a repudiation of the [Tolstoyan] doctrine of non-resistance. For the Law Courts are useless, but for police forces behind them; and the police forces require *the soldiery and the executioner* to back them. . . . This is the truth which Tolstoy sees so clearly."

But what about Switzerland, where there are no executioners? And what about Pennsylvania, during the many years when it had no army? The fact is, that police, or common law, have

been, are, and no doubt will be, frequently used where there is no executioner and no army.

The Tolstoyan theory of non-resistance—intelligible only as a violent reaction from existing evils—is urged with remarkable rhetorical force, and backed by the exact words of Jesus (who, Tolstoy elsewhere tells us, perhaps never lived), and is assumed to be correct and valid, not because it is justified by experience (experience, both in the Franciscan movement and in the Tolstoyan Colonies, has been against it), but because it pleases certain people to call it a “principle,” and to say that we must not “lower it.”

We have no right to assert “principles” without showing reasonable ground for assuming their validity, and the *final test of all moral principles for us, is whether they really tend to forward, or to hinder, the cause of goodwill among men as we know them*, and not among men as we think they may be, thousands of years hence.

If I have not been able to agree with Mrs. Mayo's views, I can fairly say that I have never known any adherent of Tolstoyan non-resistance make out a better case for that hypothesis than she does, or argue it more courteously. If she has failed to make out her case, the failure is due, I suspect, not to any fault on her part, but to the weakness of the cause she defends. Nor need I, on my part, be very strenuous. The appeal lies to experience. And whenever, and wherever, a group of people pledge themselves to claim no property, use no physical force against any man, acknowledge no Government, and appeal to no man-made law, they will quickly know whether these “principles” are helpful or harmful to mankind.

AYLMER MAUDE.

#### TOLSTOY AND EDWARD CARPENTER.

SIR,—In reply to a remark in the July number of THE HUMANE REVIEW, please allow me to explain that I have no wish to represent Edward Carpenter as advocating the abolition of self-restraint. The contrast between him and Tolstoy lies in the fact that Tolstoy thinks that definite *guidance and direction* can be given on sex-matters (whether he does or does not push this advice to an extreme, is not the present question), whereas, as I remarked in “Tolstoy and His Problems,” “It would seem

from what Carpenter has written on the subject, that guidance, either by pointing out an ideal to aim at, or by indicating fixed rules of conduct, cannot be given. People must make their own experiments. How far men and women may go [even in the extreme case of amatory relations between individuals of the same sex] '*in default of more certain physiological knowledge than we have, is a matter which can only be left to the good sense and feeling of those concerned.*' "

It is only on this point that I regard them as standing at opposite poles of thought: the one thinks that we already possess guidance which the other hopes may some day result from improved physiological knowledge.

I should be sorry to do Edward Carpenter any injustice, for I much admire many of his writings.—Yours truly,

Great Baddow, Chelmsford.

AYLMER MAUDE.

[We still think that Mr. Maude, in using Carpenter as a foil for Tolstoy, has misunderstood his writings on the subject of sex. There is no lack of "guidance" in "Love's Coming of Age," though it is not dogmatic guidance, like Tolstoy's, but rational, suggestive, and sympathetic. The isolated sentence quoted by Mr. Maude refers to a particular subject on which more certain physiological knowledge is desired; it is not in the least representative (as its context shows) of Carpenter's views on the sex question in general.—Ed. *Humane Review*.]

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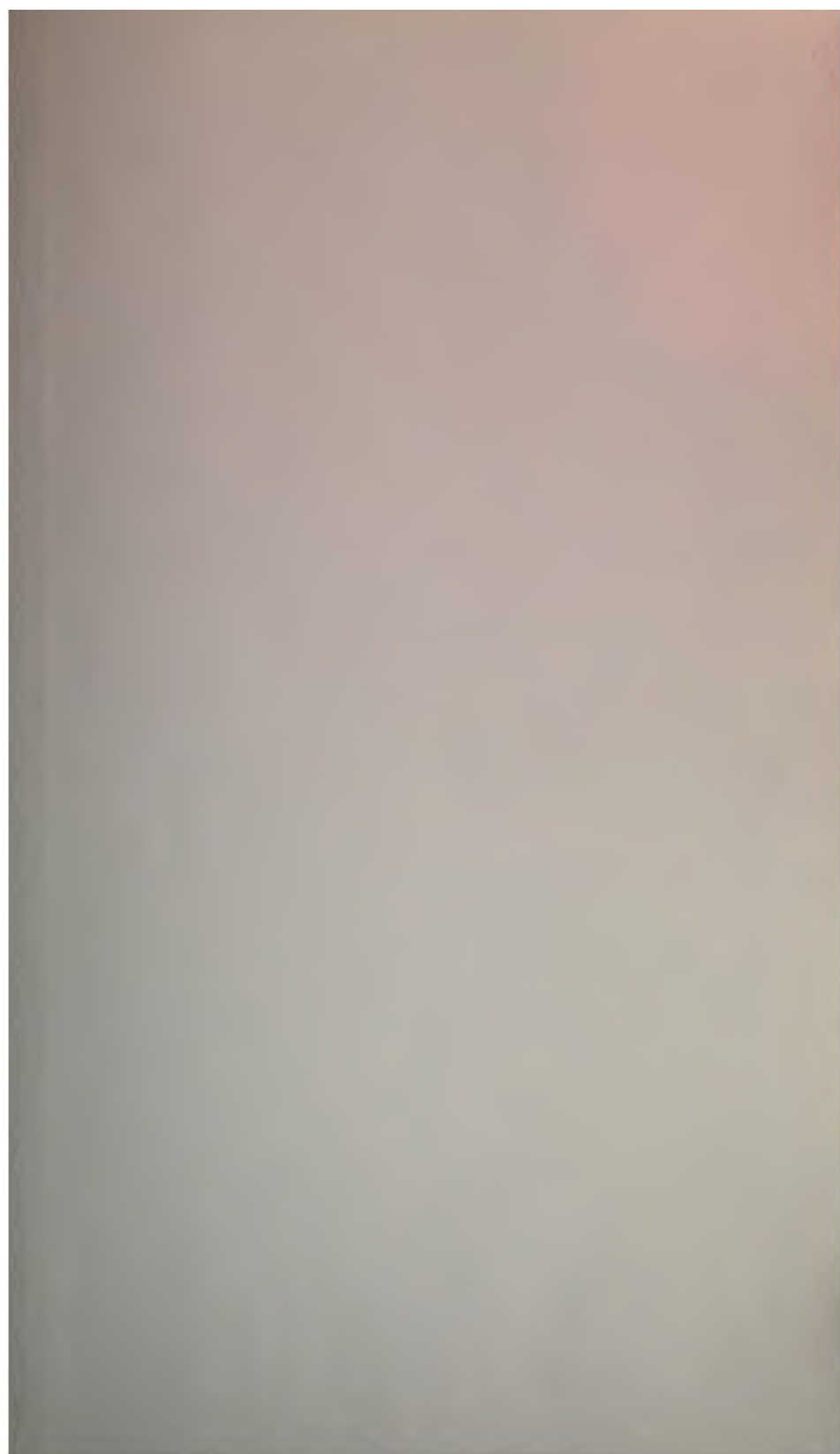
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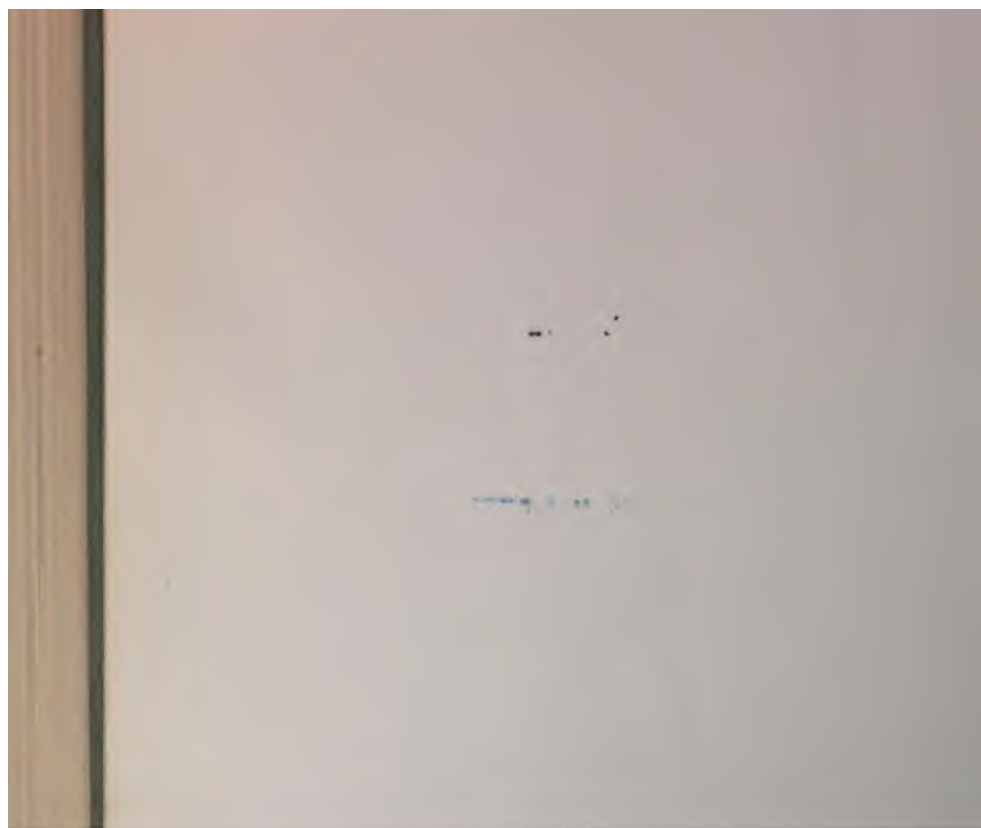
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